MRS. ROYALL'S

PENNSYLVANIA,

OR

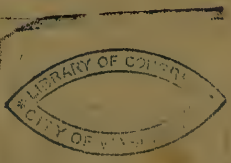
TRAVELS CONTINUED

IN THE UNITED STATES.

By MRS. ANNE ROYALL,

Author of "Sketches of History, Life, and Manners in the United States," and the "Tennesseean."

IN TWO VOLUMES: VOL. II.



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DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, *to wit:*

SEAL.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That, on the Ninth day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine, and of the Independence of the United States of America the fifty-third, Mrs. ANNE ROYALL, of the said district, has deposited in the office of the Clerk of the District Court for the District of Columbia, the Title of a book, the right whereof she claims as author, in the words following, to wit:

"Mrs. Royall's Pennsylvania, or Travels continued in the United States, in two volumes," By Mrs. Anne Royall, author of Sketches of History, Life and Manners in the United States, &c. &c.

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of *Maps, Charts,* and *Books,* to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and, also, to the act entitled, "An act supplementary to an act entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of *Maps, Charts,* and *Books,* to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned," and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed the public seal of my office, the day and year aforesaid.

EDMUND I. LEE,
Clerk of the District Court for the District of Columbia.

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MRS. ROYALL'S

PENNSYLVANIA.

JOURNEY TO GREENSBURG.

On the 28th of November, 1828, I took leave of my friends in Bedford, and pursued my route to Greensburg. I would fain have visited Somerset county; but had I done so, I would have had to give up Greensburg, which place I was anxious to see, from having spent some of my infant years in the neighborhood. This circumstance alone induced me to forego the pleasure of seeing Somerset, much the largest town, and inhabited, (as I was led to believe from the samples I had seen,) by a generous and intelligent people. But I longed to see the place my infant feet had pressed, and where, unsheltered from the storm, I braved the wild beasts, and trod the lofty forest fifty years since.

Hitherto I had had an agreeable time of it through the state—the country delightful, and the people, generally, kind and hospitable; and though satisfied to the full, I anticipated still greater pleasure, and panted once more to see the beautiful forest, through which I used to glide, and for which, we have no parallel in the Union.

So far, all had gone on smoothly; but the scene now changed to perils and adventures, by no means pleasing.

We had a stage full of Pats, and one or two Americans. Two of these Pats were rather above the grade of *canal* Irish, in appearance; but far below them in honor and principle. These were brothers: one was a narrow-faced, narrow-souled man; wore a cap; dressed well; was a merchant; lived in Nashville; was proud, empty,

and arrogant as a Haytian negro-colonel. The other was broad-faced, also a shop-keeper; and lived in Louisville, Kentucky.

These Teagues were quite consequential, and looked down with impudent contempt upon ourselves and our soil. These low Irish always remind me of free negroes; and the only difference is, that the latter are more respectful in their manners, more moral, and, by a long way, more sober and industrious.

Another poor, pennyless, Teague; shabby, friendless, disconsolate, and thinly clad, sat in one corner of the stage, with a red face, and shivering with cold. He was, by far the genteelest man in the stage. There were two Americans, whence I know not; nor is it material, as they were alike depraved and dangerous; which will appear in the end.

I had received a packet just as I stepped into the stage; and the hand-writing being difficult, *Teague Sharpface*, with the politeness common to men of business, offered to read it. The letter itself ought to have protected me from Irish impudence, if, indeed, any thing can.*

Teague Broadface, who had all the appearance of an impudent wag, and a friend to the other, after reading the letters, seemed disposed to sing; and though he, like his brother, was rather overdone with brass, I encouraged the song, particularly as I am fond of lively songs; and, to do Pat justice, he sung equal to a play-actor; that is, with a good deal of taste. He had taken a good charge at the tavern, and was uncommonly disposed to conversation and mirth; and to use the old adage, give an Irish boor an inch and he will take an ell.

Perceiving I was familiar and free in my conversation, Teague, with all the characteristic of his national impudence, tried, without a selection of words, how far he could go in the use of unlicensed conversation. It may be supposed he soon found himself mistaken; and between myself and the driver, we forced his Teague-ship to as-

*I am told this impudence is confined to certain portions of Ireland; and this I believe, as I have met with many worthy Irishmen.

sume a more decent behavior. He begged pardon, and conducted himself well for several hours. He became serious, and conversed about Alabama, and repeated the names of several of my friends in Moulton, Lawrence City; was familiar with the towns about the Muscle-Shoals; and became quite (as he was doubtless very capable,) entertaining, and respectful in his deportment. He repeated anecdote after anecdote; and I was charmed and delighted with my Pat, who was by no means as vulgar as the sharp-faced one. I am the more particular about these Teagues, as by holding them up to public view, it may serve to put people upon their guard, and not by any means meant to reform them, being beyond every thing but the rope. Nothing but whiskey and the rope can cure Irish impudence.

After the first fracas, however, we went on very well; dined at a small town, where I offered a few cents to the friendless Irishman, which his noble soul refused, while the big tear stole down his cheek. Neither he nor any of the company dined, but myself and the two *adorable* Teagues. One of the passengers, a one eyed knave from Pittsburg, it appeared, was one of the gang, and doubtless, often makes the tour from Pittsburg over the mountains; for what purpose, I leave to those who have hardly escaped with their lives, to tell.

I heard, afterwards, he was a paper-printer in Pittsburg. Every body knows him, I find; and many a better man have I seen in the state prison. All these fellows, and several hundred more, (though, doubtless, some have met with their well deserved fate,) are leagued together with a design to rob travellers; and the road is strung with them from Bedford County to Pittsburg, and far beyond, doubtless: and though they have escaped hanging, they are in a fair way to take the *lash*. The woman where we dined, was an English woman; that is, *not* a *German*. She was, of course, a tract-woman, and, as I am a missionary too, I tried to convert her to common sense. She was very ignorant, very pious, a great fool, a great hypocrite, and to crown the whole, (as all those priest-ridden women are) very insolent. She had plenty

of whiskey, however, with all her piety, which suited the Pats better than her piety, as she was rather old and ugly.

I do not know the name of the town; but it was precisely at the foot of the Allegheny mountain.

Meantime, the pleasure of the scenery, notwithstanding a very cold drizzling rain, more than compensated for all the difficulties.

We begin to rise rapidly, upon leaving Bedford; the streams dwindle down to little rills, and the vales narrow as they draw near the mountain, till at length they disappear; and the little rill continues to run between two steep sloping points of the mountain, called spurs; at length *these* disappear, and we have nothing but the genuine mountain, called, I think, Jack's Mountain.

These mountains have no rocks visible, nor evergreens; but are thickly covered with very handsome timber; the whole breathing an air of wild independence.

A most charming valley lies at the base of the Allegheny, as smooth and level as a calm sea. It is enclosed, for the most part; overgrown with timothy, and thickly studded with lofty sugar-maples. I ought to have mentioned the maple, or sugar-tree, appears as soon as we arrive at the Juniata. This vale is very rich, watered by a handsome stream, and makes a fine appearance from the road as we ascend the mountain. I observed in Vol. I. that all the rises of the Allegheny have valleys running between and parallel to them. This is the narrowest and most romantic of the whole, as the sudden pitch of the mountain on both sides, the elegance and symmetry of the beautiful umbrella-topped sugar-tree, standing, as it were, by magic, on the smooth shorne green. I kept my head turned, as long as it was in view, admiring its beauty.

I had taken a receipt for my stage-fare, at Bedford, specifying my pleasure to travel to Greensburg, as I thought proper—wishing to travel by day-light, with a view of seeing the mountains; I intended to stop at the Inn on the top of the Allegheny, and take the next stage, which passed in the morning.

Within two miles of the top, we changed horses and drivers, at a very suspicious, mean-looking house. My courage, which had often been put to trial by the impudence and rudeness of the passengers, almost failed me at the sight of the house and its inmates. As we stopped at the door, a gang of robber-looking men, to the number of eight or ten, rushed out of the house to view the passengers, who all descended from the coach but myself, to take a fresh priming of whiskey. While they were in the house, those ruffians, who were impudence itself, surrounded the coach. Some would come up to the door and peep in; others would walk round to look at the boot, as if examining the baggage. At length, one of them addressed me in a style of insufferable impudence. I assumed an air of courage, and ordered him to begone. The new driver, who was little better, by this time had come out of the stable with the horses, and hearing what passed, resented the affront bestowed upon his companion, with a volley of oaths, and said, "if I did not mind he would break my neck." Meantime, the Teague with the pewter-dish face, came to the door, and grinned from ear to ear. The ruffians being encouraged by his approbation, redoubled their insolence; and had I not been sustained by the hope of being rid of them at the distance of two miles, I should have given myself up for lost. The driver, pretending some chain or something was broke about the coach, purposely, as I believe, detained till dark. Meantime, the passengers, who had charged themselves well with whiskey, entered into a plot of no honorable nature, while in the house, of which the driver was a partner, as appeared in the end.

At length the passengers entered the coach, all more than half drunk; but imagine my feelings at seeing one of the ruffians, after whispering to the Pats, mount the seat with the driver, for which, he (the driver) ought to have been sent to the state-prison. This ruffian, as well as most of those at the house, were discarded drivers; and being drunken, vicious, and lazy, gathered about these Inns in the mountains, with a view of robbing and murdering passengers, and riding in the stages from one stage to another, free of cost.

It was dark, raining, the road very deep, and we were without light, consequently were in danger of upsetting every moment from the steepness and winding of the road.

We arrived safe however, at the Inn on the top of the mountain, where I got out and ordered out my trunks; but the ruffians had laid their plan too well to let me have my trunks. I had observed the sharp-faced Pat of Nashville jump out with the one-eyed Pittsburg man, and run into the house before I got out of the stage; being lame, and the mud half leg deep, it was some time before I could enter the tavern. But imagine my surprise, when the landlord informed me, he could not let me stay at his house! nor would he take out my baggage, saying he kept no tavern, and as no stage office was kept there, he would not, nor dared not, take out my baggage. I saw through the thing at once; the Teague, with his fellow ruffian, had put the landlord up to this, to carry their plot into execution, whatever it might be.

I appealed to the humanity of the landlord, showed him my receipt, but all in vain, he said I must go on to the next tavern where the stage office was kept, and there they would be obliged to take out my baggage. I saw it was useless, and though it was seven miles further, I was forced once more to enter the stage with the ruffians!—meantime the Teagues and Pittsburg were indulging in winks and smothered laughs.

After charging well with whiskey, again they entered the stage and I with them, the brutal driver swearing, and cursing me the whole time.

It appears his highness took offence at my ordering the robbers from the stage at the house back, as he often repeated my words. We had proceeded but a short distance from the house, before the horses getting out of the road, the first place we found ourselves was upon the top of a high bank, and found it impossible to regain the road without upsetting. The Teagues were not so drunk, but they were afraid of their necks, and got out of the stage; I also got out in the mud again, the driver being now alarmed, abated somewhat of his savageness and assisted me out of the stage, it was dark, cold, and rainy. But

such were my presentiments of *greater* evils, that I was insensible to the less, that is standing half leg deep in mud and water, and the rain pouring upon me in a torrent.* After so long a time, the driver got the horses and stage into the road, and travelled at a snail's gate to the tavern, which took him over two hours, the longest two hours I ever spent before or since.

When we arrived at the tavern, as I expected, the same game was played over again. The same Irish man, the other being too unwieldy or too drunk, it matters not which, jumped out as before and ran into the house. I knew he, with his Pittsburg friend, went into prejudice the landlord again, and as they were to travel all night, their plot whatever it might have been, was to be effected. But I was *determined*, and as we were to have a new driver at this house, I had some hopes of defeating the plot of the robbers, as they proved in the end.

Whatever they told the people of the house, I neither knew nor cared, as I was determined not to move from the house at the point of the sword. I began to perceive, in fact had for some time, it was but death, and I might as well meet it in one place as another. Upon entering the house, I met another appalling sight, another gang of ill-looking men, and here I must remark, that nothing but my courage saved my life. "What, another band of robbers here too!" I exclaimed. I heard one of the ruffians whispering to somebody as I entered the house, of which I only distinguished the word *crazy*. This was done to intimidate the people of the house, what else passed between them, I have never learned from that day to this. The landlady, the greatest savage in petticoats, met me at the door sill with a candle in her hand; "come this way good woman," said she, leading the way into a back parlor, "what is the matter," I told her, "nothing was the matter, that I had stopped for the night and intended to take the Accommodation in the morning, that I was wet and cold, and wished to have a cup of tea as quick as pos-

*Had they been any thing but *bog* Irish they would have loaned me an umbrella which they had.

sible." "You cannot stay here, we don't keep any body." "You have a sign, what is that for? and whether you have or not, would you be such a savage as to turn a female out of doors such a dark night as this! besides there are robbers in the stage and I shall not travel with them." "You cannot stay, we dont kept any body, you cant stay." "I *will* stay, and get me something to eat this moment or I will have you fined and your license taken from you." She then went off for the landlord, and I went to order out my trunks, but the Pats and the *mud* driver had come to an understanding with respect to the trunks, nor would I suppose, it was the first time either had committed robbery. But admitting this, what are we to think of the landlord who, after attempting to force me into the stage, suffered these robbers to carry off the trunks before his face? To come to the point, I have little doubt but the landlord, one Hawk, was the worst of the gang. But you must know before we go any further, that the woman was one of the godly ones, and had you seen her efforts to force me into the stage, you would have thought she was converting a heathen. "You can't stay, and you ought to go and take care of your trunks, you will never see them again, they will go to New-Orleans, you will never see them again, you can't stay, you can't stay, you must, you shall go." She would every now and then, (putting her face close to mine, as though she were going to kiss me,) bring my cloak and bonnet. I went to the door however, and the driver, as great an *old* v——n as ever went unhung, being pointed out to me, I told him to take my trunks off at his peril. The Teagues and Pittsburg, would whisper to him; mean time I told the landlord, he was a party concerned and I would prosecute the whole of them. "You must go and take care of your trunks." "You ruffian, how dare you say I *must* go, I *will not* go an inch;" "I will make you go," said the brute.* "Touch me if you dare, you ruffian, are you all robbers?" At this I turned from the door, the landlord turned pale, and the

*I showed the driver Col. Lindsey's receipt, he "did not care for Col. Lindsey."

she-wolf growled and gnashed her teeth; she followed me up however, with my cloak and bonnet, and seemed to enter warmly into the interest of the Teagues. There were two young women about the house, who were clever, good-looking women, and looked displeased with the movements of the enemy. One of them prepared to set me some refreshment; but kept her eye upon the mistress of the house, who was in great agitation, repeating, without intermission, "You will never see your trunks again;" and the driver, old *Folk*, at the door, "The stage is agoing—the stage is agoing;" he cracked his whip, but all in vain. I was determined to meet death in the house.

When she heard the stage drove off, she threw herself on a chair, (my cloak still hanging on her arm,) and almost expired from despair.

The young women then set the table out, and brought me some tea, and bread and butter, and attended me very politely. Meantime the table was set with profusion and variety for the ruffian of a driver, in the same room!—This driver, who drove from the last stage, was the principal in the affair, as it was his business to interfere and see that I was treated well; and the robber Folk ought to be sent to the state prison for carrying off my trunks, which he did, after I ordered him not. But what astonished me was that these Teagues should have been able, in so short a time, to succeed so effectually with the woman: their bringing over the scape-gallows Folk was a matter of course. The landlord kept mostly in the bar-room, and here I was with a gang of robbers—no bed or private room to repose in, and the whole of my baggage carried off!

After some time the landlord, with his band of ruffians, came into the room, and I addressed him as follows: "I am, doubtless, to be murdered, as I have been robbed, through your means, whose business it was to take my baggage out of the stage; but you may rely upon it, my friends will make you a public example; they will revenge themselves by nothing short of your life; being well assured of this, I shall die contented: you are a pret-

ty ruffian to keep a public house, and be trusted with the mail; were you the robber that shot the man lately, instead of Mr. Ramsey?* He was confounded, and slunk off out of the room. I then asked if I could get a place to lie down, or was I to sit up all night. "You ought to have gone on with the stage," said the landlady. I told her not to give me a word of her insolence; "I will fix you, madam, for the game you have played to-night: speak, —am I to have a bed or not?" She then called the young woman to her, and said something which I did not hear; and the girl picked up the candle and told me to follow her; and, taking me through the decent chambers, entered a dirty room over the kitchen, used, doubtless, for stage-drivers and dirty travellers. The room had two doors, both without locks. I saw the drift, but was perfectly undaunted. There were two beds in the room; one was tolerable; the other, a straw bed with one sheet as black as the pot, and an old dirty rug; and the whole stunk. The girl led me to the straw bed, and said, that was the bed I was to sleep in. "Not I, indeed; I'll never go into that bed: why may I not go into that bed?" pointing to the best one. "She says you must sleep in this." I told the girl to go and bring my cloak, and a glass of water, that I should sit up all night. She went off, and after some time brought another bed in, and laid it on the top of the straw bed, and putting a clean sheet and some dirty covering on it, went off, and I lay down in my clothes; but do not imagine I slept. I lay and listened attentively when the murderers would make their appearance; for an attempt I knew they intended to make, by their putting me in a room without any means of fastening.

One door was at the foot of my bed, and one at my head. I watched both, and had also put out my candle.

About eleven o'clock, I heard footsteps approaching up the kitchen stairs, at the foot of my bed; and presently the door opened softly, and the landlord entered with a candle in his hand! My face was only covered with the

*Every one knows the narrow escape of Mr. Ramsey of Pittsburg, another man being shot in his stead, near this place.

sheet, through which I saw him plainly. He passed round my bed softly, and walked to a pile of apples that lay in a corner, and picking up one of the apples, stood and listened, and walked back again, close to the side of my bed, and seemed to be ascertaining whether I was asleep or not. Just as he was opposite my bed, walking on tip-toe, I sprung up, and accosted him with— "You ruffian, how dare you come into my room at this time of night? begone this instant, or I will shoot you." But never did a fellow run down stairs faster, while I had neither gun nor pistol. After his flight, I got up, and put a chair against each door, and, concluding from his cowardice, he would not return, I betook myself to sleep with all possible composure.

Next morning the conduct of the family was, by an accident, suddenly changed into something like fear and respect. After taking my coffee, I procured a pen and ink, and was about to address a note to Colonel Lindsey, of McConnelstown, informing him of my misfortune, and the conduct of the whole posse; and taking my papers out of my reticule, to look for a piece of blank paper to write on, I put my hand on a letter of introduction (I had several) from Capt. Jack to his brother of Greensburg. I asked the landlady who was standing by "if she could read writing." "Not very well." "Well, then, I will read it for you;" and read to her the letter. "Now, madam," said I, "what will the public think of your conduct, and that of your husband?" "It was them people's fault." "It was your fault. Had I not as much title to credit as the people? What *did* they say?" She would not tell. "Then you are as vile as they, and I will have the whole of you punished." She then asked me to let her take the letter to her husband in the bar. I gave her the letter, and in a short time they both came in, very much alarmed. "You see, now, sir, whom you have to deal with, and I am glad to find you are a man of property sufficient to pay the damage I have doubtless sustained by the robbery." This cut him to the quick. "Why did you not show me the letter last night?" "Because a letter cannot make an honest man of a rogue." They

were both apparently much distressed; but the man said, I would be sure to find my trunks at the next stage office." I replied I cared nothing about it: I had several hundred dollars worth in the trunks, which the line was liable for, and I was not at all uneasy; I was safe enough. I fancy Hawk did not spend the day very pleasantly, particularly as he discovered I was *no* way concerned. To warn all travellers of this dangerous man, he lives two miles from Stoystown east; that is on the side next to Bedford. He lives upon a bold running mill stream, through a thick forest, as well as I recollect at the foot of the Allegheny Mountain. I feel no hestitation in saying from what has gone before, and what followed, that it is a dangerous house, and is, doubtless, connected with a band of robbers, which forms a line from Pittsburg to Philadelphia. Many of these robbers way-lay the road, and attack those travellers whom they suppose to have money. Several murders and robberies have been committed in these mountains: and as it happens in point; a lady, one of the first in Pittsburg, was travelling in her own carriage down Sideling Hill. She was accompanied by a young gentleman on horseback, who had rode on before and was out of sight, leaving her and her daughter with the driver, some distance behind. This being her situation as she drove down the hill, she saw a man get up out of the bushes before her, and walk slowly along the road. At length she passed him, and he seemed to eye the carriage suspiciously. As he dropped behind, she turned her head, and watched him through the coach window. In the course of a few minutes, she saw him take a pistol from his right side, and look behind him, when to her great joy she saw the mail-stage! This saved her life! I saw the lady (after this, however,) in Pittsburg. But, to resume: I wrote my letter, intending to drop it in the next Post Office, and amused myself in looking at the scenery, till the accommodation should arrive.

To compensate for the difficulties and dangers of the night, nature had reserved for the morning, one of her choicest treats. Thus is life checkered with curse and blessing, woes and wonders.

Upon going to the front door, I was transported with pleasure, and carried away with delight and astonishment. A bold mountain reared itself in front, and the stream before-mentioned, swollen by the rain, dashing, foaming and thundering to the skies. The great fall of the river over a mill-dam and a multitude of rocks—the heights on each side, the dark hemlocks, while the raging river shook the shores—it certainly was the grandest assemblage of objects I had met with in the mountains.

Meantime, Hawk, who used to catch all the chickens at Stoystown, (where he formerly perched,) tried all his art to conciliate my favor, and, to my infinite relief, the Accommodation arrived, and brought one of my favorite Tennesseeans—one passenger only; and I leave the Inn.

I ought to have described my lord and lady of the Inn. They were both rather young, tall, lean, sallow, and gaunt, like all the missionary gang, with the looks of midnight pickpockets. The proprietor of this part of the line is equally guilty with those robbers, for patronizing such a knot as these innkeepers and stagedrivers; and it is very evident they are all combined.

Stoystown is a considerable and most romantic village upon the top of a hill, two miles from the inn of blessed memory. It contains about two hundred inhabitants, and commands a view of the wildest scenery, being surrounded with lofty heights and deep chasms of unequalled wildness—not an acre, however, of tillable land was in view; and Stoystown, in appearance, is quite an ærial city amongst the clouds.

I had a delightful drive along the stream to Stoystown, where we leave it. This stream is a branch of the Youghiogeny. It had no name that I could learn. I was truly mortified that I was forced, notwithstanding my arrangements, to pass through so great a part of the finest mountain scenery in the night; which I ascribe wholly to the Teagues, whose character for tipperary improves as we go on. We shall overhaul them presently; as all know that I am slow, but sure. The curses of Pennsylvania will ever pursue them wherever they

go; as it has, through them, lost the most interesting part of my travels; and it is very probable their Teagueships may end their travels with a rope or penitentiary. This was the place it was supposed my baggage would be left; but no baggage was here. I was on the winning side, however, as I was sure of my baggage, or the worth of it; and the incident was of no little value. Those mock gentlemen want a little Tipperary fun—they shall have "their fill."

The distance from Bedford to the summit of the Alleghenies is fourteen miles, seven miles from there to Hawks, and two to Stoystown; which we leave, after taking in a handsome, well dressed little boy, who was going to Greensburg.

I was much pleased with my Tennesseean, who combined all the elevated, cool, steady bravery of his country. Had he been with me the previous day he would soon have settled the business with the bogtrotters; and it is hoped that every Tennesseean in Nashville will show a proper and dignified resentment towards Teague Sharpnose, who may very easily be known, having still one of the *praties* in his mouth, which rather impedes his speech. And as for the ladies of Nashville, I trust they will, for once, act becoming, and cease to patronize those bogtrotters. An Irish gentleman I admire; but those Teagues, even to the canal diggers, make it their boast, to our disgrace, that "all the American ladies love the Patts." I should be gratified never to hear the expression again; and, still more, that the man who would use it might be kicked out of doors. What can our women see in them? I see nothing but impudence. Curious taste.

But I was pleased with my driver as well as with my Tennesseean. He had heard of the conduct of the people behind us, and resented it highly. He very politely inquired at every stopping place for my baggage; and my Tennesseean, also, showed a very becoming resentment, and deported himself with the manners of a gentleman, although a plain farmer. He was a young, stout man. Here I have a remark to make, which never struck me before, that the dress and manners of a Tennesseean

are always the same, let him be of what occupation he may, mechanic or philosopher; and their philosophers are mechanics and farmers; and though I never acquired the gentleman's name, I felt proud of his company and his country.

We descended very little in passing from the Alleghany to the Laurel hill; from the summit of which to the summit of the latter is twenty-six miles. I have elsewhere remarked that these chains are several miles distant from each other, with handsome rich valleys of meadow-land between them. These vales are well watered, and in a high state of cultivation. [Now John Bull laughs again. He thinks nothing is cultivated out of Hengland—suppose the reason why he sent Pishey Tom's son as a specimen—wish him safe over the water again.] The cattle are not so large but equally sleek and thrifty, particularly upon the German farms; and these are most numerous. Sheep run at large on the mountains, look very white and clean, and are larger than those farther east;* and the water is the purest in the world, doubtless. The land is rich and level here, but rather cold and moist.

In the course of six or seven miles we arrived at the foot of Laurel hill, now and then crossing some of the finest streams imaginable. The Laurel hill, which is a mountain of some height, has very little in it, at first sight, indicative of a mountain. It merely presents a gentle swell, and very little laurel to be seen; and by casting your eyes forward to see the celebrated Laurel hill, so famous in history, you are entirely disappointed; you see the sky through the trees, and I, no little mortified, asked the driver in a pet, "where are the Laurels?" "You will see enough of them by and by." I was sure the man was mistaken. But after driving a mile or so, I found laurel and rocks and steeps in profusion, and a real mountain, three miles to the summit; and, also, three to the base—the whole a barren forest of evergreens, and some of the most beautiful transparent

*The wolves often attack and kill many of them:—vile missionaries.

fountains I had met with. The features of this mountain are precisely similar to what is called Sewell's Mountain, in Virginia, on the Kenhawa road, except that it is steeper to the top. But on the summit, you would imagine it to be the very same which it is. We find the same deep vales, shaded to darkness, and the same rushing streams, (running over white sand,) as clear as crystal.

After descending from the Laurel hill we enter upon a beautiful plain, lying between the *Laurel* hill and *Chesnut* Ridge, the last of the Allegheny range. This vale is fertile, and covered with handsome farms of grass, grain, and orchards; and here the beautiful timber begins to appear, so famous in the western parts of Pennsylvania. One of the handsomest situations I saw in the mountains lies at the foot of the Chesnut Ridge. A rural stream runs swiftly through a rich meadow, of uncommon beauty. The stream is broad and shallow, and meanders and ripples and murmurs in a most delightful serpentine, as far as you can see.

Though the Chesnut Ridge is low, compared to the other ranges of the Allegheny, it has all the appearance of a mountain as you approach it, and is of considerable extent; but you hardly perceive you are on a mountain while crossing it, either from the aspect of the timber or the surface of the soil, which is nearly the same with that of the valleys, and is susceptible of cultivation.

The distance across these mountains has been noticed in the first volume, which is one hundred and sixty miles, viz. from the Blue Mountains to the foot of Chesnut Ridge.

From the commencement of the mountain to the end, the appearance of the inhabitants gradually but sensibly change in size, manners and complexion. The small stature, sallow face, and uniformity of manners, gives place to a stout robust figurge, fair complexion, and manners very different from the people east of the mountains.

The difference in complexion and size is easily accounted for, which is the salubrity of the air and water. The beautiful bloom, the lily-white forehead, and plump cheek of the young women and children may be traced

from Carlisle, where it begins to dawn, to this place; and presents the very same distinguishing traits, found in East and West *Virginia*.

The distinctions between the east and west of the Allegheny Mountains had long been familiar to me, as respected the great State of Virginia; and why it should be expected to differ from Pennsylvania but one reason at all can be given, as these two States present a like resemblance as respects these mountains; and are, so far as I know, the only States that exhibit the identical ridges of Appachian Mountains.

But the state of society in the mountains of these two States are very different, which is doubtless owing to the different periods each has been settled, and the great flow of emigrants, which has been a thousand to ten in favor of Pennsylvania. The cause of this has been already noticed; which is, that the armies clearing the roads through the latter at a very early period. From this cause the people on this Great Western Road have become a set of sharpers, vicious and insolent; which they have doubtless acquired from the character of the vast number of that description of people, called the scum of the Old States, who flee from justice, and those who live no where longer than they are found out. Of the latter, there are multitudes continually on the wing, seeking for prey. From this cause, as in all countries where society is infested by vicious characters—the transportation of commerce from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh—the vast number of stages, and the powerful effect of money upon these innkeepers and stage-proprietors, it is no longer safe for people, unarmed or unprotected, to travel; and the tide of travelling will, without doubt, be withdrawn so soon as the Pennsylvania canal is finished, which lies to the north of this route. This character of the route is only applicable to the mountains; from which, however, we must exempt all who have no concern with travellers.

It is quite the reverse in the mountains of Virginia—there is not a more noble race upon earth than those who inhabit the mountainous part of Virginia. I never heard

of an insult, much less a robbery or murder committed there, where I lived many years; and the reason is obviously to be attributed to the causes I have mentioned.

Not only the complexion and size but the dress of these mountain people differ from the lowlanders. We always see these cherry-cheeked damsels, as well as children, dressed in domestic woolsey, mostly red and blue stripes. They have very handsome features, but are not well shaped. Their hair is generally fair, and their eyes blue. But the children astonished me by their activity and beauty. I saw one of those little urchins, as I drove on through the mountains, who could not have been more than seven months old, trolling along upon his hands and feet, on his way to the barn *by himself*. He was about a hundred yards from the house, when the mother missing him, sent one of its sisters after it. The little fellow apprehending something of the sort, would often look behind, and when he discovered he was pursued, never did a pick-pocket mend his pace with more desperation to escape from his enemies than the little *crawlaway*.

The farmers in these mountains cultivate all kinds of grain, and prefer timothy to clover, to which the soil is very favorable; flax and potatoes grow in great perfection, in short, nature has blessed them with every thing but a discriminating respect for strangers, which I can by no means allow them; they are a mixture of Germans and Irish, and most of them are great admirers of priests and tracts.

We dined at Laughlintown, the place where it was finally supposed I would find my baggage—but no baggage excepting a small bundle was to be found; and the old ruffian who kept the inn at Laughlintown, was a party concerned in the robbery I am pretty sure, whether he had the property in possession at the time or not. The moment I entered the house I saw guilt in the countinance of the whole of them, and bribing one of the domestics who was upon the point of disclosing something relative to the party who robbed me, whom she said took supper there about midnight, when the old

ruffian of the tavern discovered her, and sent her into a another room under pretence of preparing my dinner. He watched me so close afterwards, that I had no opportunity of conversing with any of the family, who though they evidently knew something of the baggage, were afraid to divulge it; all I could get out of the old man was the bundle which was of little value, and that the driver when interrogated about being late said, "they had a troublesome woman in the stage." I told the old man the driver's words would probably prove true to him as he must, when shifting the baggage, (which he did into another stage,) have perceived there was more baggage than passengers, and that my name being on my trunks as well as the way-bill and the bundle, and no female being in the stage when it passed his house, he must know that the trunks with a woman's name could not belong to the men in the stage, of course must belong to the woman mentioned to you by the driver. "It was your duty by an established custom at all stage-offices to not only see that the passengers and baggage was safe, but to have stopped the extra baggage till I came up." Had this man been any thing but the most hardened ruffian, he would dread punishment; and as he owned a part of the line he must have expected to pay his part of the loss, should it prove to be one. I told him he might expect the rigour of the law, to all of which he testified the unconcern of the most hardened v————n. It is needless to *warn* travellers against this house. I do not know the ruffian's name, but he may be known by his picture.

The Tennessean and the little boy (who came with us from Stoystown,) as it was late did not dine, but took a glass of cider apiece, for which it appeared the innkeeper charged them double price. I could not forbear laughing at the Tennessean (after we left the tavern,) he paid the exorbitant price for the cider, and watching his opportunity laid the glass behind the fire and covered it up carefully to roast; our driver this day was a very clever man and was highly displeased with the innkeeper for suffering my baggage to go on in the stage, but we now changed our good driver for one who was a match for the

innkeeper and the teagues. He was about two-thirds drunk in the first place, and in the next place, he stopped at every tavern on the road to drink more, and finally came very near getting his jacket trimmed by the Tennesseean; we had taken in a very genteel man a little after dark, who interfered, or doubtless there would have been war. This drunken driver after taking his portion of grog at one of the inns, sat down before the fire very contentedly and commenced smoking a cigar, the door being open we had a fair view of the gentleman who joined the company of the house in all the mirth and frolic of drunkards. The night was extremely cold, and just beginning to snow. The Tennesseean had the misfortune to have his over coat stolen, and was in no humor to wait in the cold, and finding the driver in no haste to relinquish his situation, after calling(the whole of us) till we saw it was useless; the Tennesseean took hold of the reins and began to drive off. This soon brought the driver out, who cursed and swore furiously "Who was it moved them horses? "I did sir," said the hero of Tennessee, "do you suppose we are going to suffer with the cold all night, and let you sit by smoking your cigar?" "D——n you, I'll stay as long as I please and give you the stage whip besides." He had the wrong hand to deal with, the other replied "if he did not get up on the seat and drive on instantly, he would get out and kick him to pieces." The driver being charged high with whiskey, was all spunk, and high words ensued, and had it not been for myself and the other gentleman, the driver would have felt the effects of one Tennesseean, at least. Had the man not been so drunk I should have been pleased to see him get a good drubbing.

The gentleman mentioned after the driver vouchsafed to get on the sent, observed very mildly to the man to be cautious as it was very dark, "D——n you all to h——l, said the fellow, I have a great mind to upset the stage and break all your necks." This is a fine line to travel in; but we could expect nothing else from robbers. This line is owned by one H. of Greensburg, of whom I shall speak hereafter.

I was provoked at passing through *Leginier* in utter darkness;* and also, *Loyal Hannah*, both familiar to me, from having often heard of the one in my childhood, and lived upon the banks of the other. I merely had a glimpse of the Loyal Hannah as I crossed it over a bridge which alone filled me with unspeakable sensations of pleasure, thus to hail an old acquaintance after an absence of 48 years, viz: since the burning of Hannah's town by the Indians.

I ought to have mentioned a laughable incident of the morning. One of the innkeepers on the road had been at much pains and expense to errect a great hickory Jackson pole, and some of the Adam's men had come in the night and cut it down. It was done the preceding night, and the innkeeper was fuming with rage as we drove up, at the fellows who perpretrated the unpardonable deed.

I do not know the name of the innkeeper where we spent the night four miles on this side of Greensburg. He is another old ruffian, who, had he lived in any country but the land of fools, and tracts, and the bible, and the Lord's doings, would have been hung. It is certainly our aim as a nation to command respect—to effect this, we have only to respect ourselves, but patronizing vice and infamous men in this barefaced manner, is only proclaming to the world, "We trample on virtue, insult and annihilate it." But I shall speak more fully on this subject at the end of my journey.

I met with a very genteel man at this tavern, from Washington, Pa. he was a noble fine fellow, and gave me a laughable account of the power of the Priests over the females at Washington; "We want you there, Mrs. R. very much, to expose these men; they have the whole population of our females at work for them. Was there ever a country so besotted? I should, as I have no children to suffer, be glad to see these religious thieves and robbers triumph, and, (though I destest cruelty,) slay every man who suffers his wife, daughter, &c. to work for Priests, ten times worse than ever Popery was. The gentleman

* I am pleased to hear they are going on rapidly with the canal as it will break up this den of robbers.

told me many anecdotes of those abominable swindlers, and expressed much pleasure at my visit to his State. He was a young, stout, pleasant man, an attorney, as I afterwards heard, though I never knew his name.

We suffered a great deal this day with the cold, the little boy, as well as the Tennesseean, was without a cloak, and I having a thick shawl, loaned them mine.

GREENSBURG.

Early in the morning we departed to Greensburg which we reached by breakfast-time, where I was dissolved in extacy, it being in the county of Westmoreland, where I had spent some years of my childhood. It had snowed during the night which just covered the ground, though not so as to conceal the rank wheat which checkered the country on each side of the road, but I was more delighted with the country, and trees of the forest, which for height and symmetry is unequalled by any in America; these trees are very tall, straight, and slender, and terminate in a luxuriant diffusion of slender drawn branches of surpassing beauty. I can liken them to nothing but the broom-corn magnified. Greensburg is the capital of Westmoreland county, one of the handsomest and richest counties of land and water in West Pennsylvania. The land lies in gentle swells, and is of the richest quality. Greensburg is a very handsome borough town, of about one thousand inhabitants, and occupies one of the most delightful situations to be met with, off of the waters, in the State. This town, which is mostly built of brick, was built since Hannahstown was burnt by the Indians, if I am not mistaken, in 1782: but it doubtless will not improve much more as it is some distance from navigation. It will, however, always allure the eye of taste from the beauty of its scenery and fertility of the surrounding country, which arises around it in swelling hills of unrivalled beauty. The Chesnut ridge is seen plain from Greensburg, stretching along to the east, in an unbroken line.

I was recommended to the tavern of Col. Rohrer, in preference to the stage-house, one of the most dangerous

houses perhaps, from Bedford to Pittsburg, and though I had nothing to lose now but my life, I was much pleased I had escaped the house.

When the stage stopped at the door for the passengers to get out, I enquired, if my trunks were left there; they were not; I had understood, he was proprietor of the line, and shewing my receipt taken for my fare at Bedford to Greensburg; I informed the man who came to the stage, that I should look to the proprietor for the baggage, stating at the same time the manner it was carried off—he was not the stage owner, he said, but he would mention it; I then requested them to drive me to Colonel Rhorer's, which is customary with all stages that I have ever travelled in—no—I must get out there, the driver would be d——d to h-ll if he would drive me any where, (he ought to have a few tracts.) Meantime a perfect rabble gathered about the stage, doubtless many of them were highway robbers, but she had been robbed before.

By chance a ragged old man pointed out to me the house of colonel Rhorer, and I trudged along on foot to the colonel's. The first thing I said upon entering the house, was a charge of unkindness against the stage folks of the other house, and the next thing was "I wanted breakfast." Col. R. however, stood still and looked at me in amazement; meantime I was taking out some letters, I happened to have one which caught the eye of the Col. it was directed to a Mr. Barclay, next door but one, and instead of ordering breakfast the colonel stepped into Mr. Barclay's and brought him in. I saw in a moment, the colonel had no idea of giving a woman breakfast who came alone and on foot to his house, without baggage; but after he heard the letter read, and the respect with which I was received by Mr. Barclay, every thing in the house was at my service, and never a kinder man, though I often laughed at him for his suspicion. He would laugh too, and said he thought I was some poor woman, and he thought correctly. In the course of the evening, (this was Sunday,) several gentlemen called, and Mr. B. spent most of the day in my parlor.

But the first thing I did, was to send my letters to Pittsburg (written the previous night,) to apprehend the one-eyed man in case the baggage was not forthcoming; whether he or the Teagues had the trunks, the crime was the same in him, as he was equally guilty, for it was evident the driver at Hawk's, would not have dared to carry off my trunks without the assistance and persuation of the passengers, and though he had laid himself liable to a prosecution for forcibly taking my property before my face, it did not exonerate them. I addressed my letter to Messrs. Johnston and Stockton, and requested them to write immediately, and resolved to await at Greensburg until I should hear the fate of my baggage. The Teagues, I supposed, would take passage down the Ohio as soon as they arrived at Pittsburg; but by arrresting the one-eyed, I conjectured the trunks would be forthcoming; at all events I was safe, as the line was able to make good the damages, and I would have spent my time happily had the thieves not carried off my M. S.

Besides Col. Rhorer (to whom, though I had forgotten it, I had a letter of introduction,) and Mr. Barclay, I had letters to Gen. Wise, Col. Wise, and Mr. Jack, a brother of Mr. Wm. Jack whom I saw at Bedford. Col. Wise was gone to take his seat in the legislature of Pennsylvania at Harrisburg, and neither Gen. Wise nor Mr. Jack were at home. Mr. Alexander, with whom I had corresponded some years back, called in the course of the evening, which, and the company at the house, helped to beguile the time until Monday. Hearing Hon. R. Coulter, member of Congress lived in Greensburg, I addressed a note to him apprising him of my presence, and that I would be happy to see him; he returned a very polite answer, representing he was indisposed, and I amused myself the best way I could until the next day. The ensuing day was delightful for the season, and I indulged myself in viewing the borough, and first paid my respects to Simon Drum, esq. the Postmaster, being anxious to see a man of whom I had formed a high opinion, from having exchanged a few letters with him several years ago; I was much pleased to hear he was still living in Greensburg.

As I passed by the stage-office, near to which the post-office was kept, I called in with a view of gaining some information of my baggage, the passengers, and see the landlord, and take my observations, and cast an eye round the house; I found a tall black looking man in the bar, whom I asked if he was the landlord, he was not, the bar-keeper then, no, he was neither; I was amazed, if there was a master about the house, or a bar-keeper, why would they suffer a stranger to stay in the bar. Seeing a woman sweeping the bar-room, I asked her, where was the master of the house, she did not know; where is the bar-keeper, I do not know, who is that in the bar? I don't know. She was ugly enough to frighten a bear, and as vicious as she was ugly; a gangling young man passed by, I asked him, who that was in the bar; he did not know. I saw at once, that this house was perfectly in the secret of the robbery, and observing, as they were all so very ignorant, I hoped to have the pleasure one day of giving them a few lessons.

I then stepped in to see Mr. Drum, and found in him a most amiable man. He said he had learned from the papers I was to be in Greensburg; and our interview was mutually pleasing. I related to him the robbery, and also the occurrence at the stage office. He sent a boy with me to show me the stage proprietor, who was no other than the man I had seen in the bar! I then began to broach the business of the robbery, and asked, why he did not stop the trunks; as he must have seen from the way bill that I was behind, and the name on the trunk corresponding with that on the way-bill, he ought not to have let the trunks pass his house. With the very front of an assassin, he ordered me out of the house: he cared nothing about my trunks, nor me either. Doubtless, he had a hand in the robbery, or connived at it, which was the same thing. But, finding from his looks and his language he would not hesitate to murder me, (as I had escaped the hands of the other assassins,) I quit the house.

From the great tide of travelling, and, doubtless, a share in the plunder, this man, one of the last of human beings, has become immensely rich; and so have all those

blood-suckers in those mountains; which accounts for their insolence. I trust their time is short: nothing would induce me to travel such a dangerous road again. Thus people run the risk of their lives in travelling through this den of robbers. There is a regular chain of them from the summit of the Allegheny to Pittsburg; and how much farther I know not. Had this man, or any man of them on the road, been any thing but a beastly savage, he would have testified some regret that the robbery happened in his line. But he had not one trace of the human species in him. I would just as soon take my chance of sleeping in a forest infested with panthers and tigers, as to sleep under the roof of such a thorough going ruffian. I had paid my money, and patronized his line; what good reason could he give for treating me with so much insolence? Had I not suffered enough in his line? Had I been a man, it would have been bad enough, and what none but a robber would have been guilty of. But, considering my age and sex, it was certainly unequalled by any thing excepting the missionary affair at Burlington. Now, there are no better people in the world than the people of this borough, excepting this fellow. It is hoped he may, and doubtless will be shunned, by all, but his own sort, of which, there are enough to go sharers with him in his unprincipled and foul actions. The more I reflect upon the conduct of this man, the more I am astonished that I escaped out of his house with the life, which nothing but his cowardice prevented him from taking.

When I returned to Col. Rhorer's, I had the pleasure of finding Gen. Wise. The General, one of the best of men, as well as Mr. Drum, formed a pleasing contrast to the stage man, whose name, if I recollect, was Hoback. The General is a low heavy-made man, of middle age, dark complexion, with a pair of the finest black eyes in the world, and his heart was equal to his countenance, which was open, gay, and friendly. His manners were plain, and like those of all the Pennsylvania gentlemen, warm and sincere. His engagements, however, called

him away, in the course of half an hour, and I saw him no more.*

I had also the pleasure of meeting with the gentleman who accompanied me from Carlisle to Chambersburg; whose polite attention is mentioned in the first volume of this tour. His name was Underwood, and a brother, perhaps, of the editor who lives at Carlisle.

How necessary it is for those whose aim is to instruct, or even amuse, to lay aside prejudice. Had I judged of Mr. Underwood by his countenance, I should have supposed he was a blue-stocking, as the Presbyterians are called in Pennsylvania; and I am not sure he is not. But I judge of all by the same standard, and found Mr. U. from first to last, a gentleman; of course he called on me as soon as he heard I had arrived. Mr. U. is the sheriff of Westmoreland co. and well spoken of, which I was proud to hear, being attached to the man. He is a young looking, intelligent man; tall and thin-visaged, with rather an engaging countenance. Besides Mr. Underwood, and those gentlemen already noticed, Rev. Page, Hon. Judge Young, Hon. R. Coulter, Frederick A. Wise, Esq. (you see they are mostly wise people in my old county,) Mr. Jack, Messrs. Wills and Summerville, the latter principals of different seminaries, waited upon me in the course of the day. Rev. Page is a very tall, spare man; like myself, neither learned nor polished—none the worse for that. He is an honest, blunt, good-looking parson; and, though an Episcopalian, I believe he has nothing to do with tracts; and, from his gaunt looks, I would suppose, as a pastor, he handled very little cash, which seems to be the main-spring of the modern clergy; and, doubtless, he deserves it.

Hon. Judge Young is a foreigner—a Scotch gentleman, I think. He is advanced in years, and quite an affable man. He, doubtless, has a larger salary than the parson, which is an evidence of the good sense of the people of Greensburg; who, like myself, have no idea of a religion, or a God, who needs money. The judge has a free, open

*We met afterwards at Harrisburg.

countenance, and a fair, oval face. Next ought to have been my friend, Hon. R. Coulter; but he is mentioned in the third volume of the Black Book. He is one of the most fascinating men in Pennsylvania, and eminent in his profession, which is that of a lawyer.

Frederick A. Wise, Esq. is also amongst the wise men of Greensburg, and one of my favorites, an editor. He is a brother of General and Colonel Wise; (ought to have dubbed him Major.) Editor Wise is a fine, noble-looking man, who, had he been properly encouraged at an early day, and received a few of those advantages, thrown away upon worthless, ungraceful youths, he would beyond doubt, have shone in any line he might have struck out for his advancement. Mr. W. has a keen, sensible face, large fine hazle eye, and high, retreating forehead; he is unaffected, kind, and generous, and a very independent editor.

Much to the honor of my old sylvan county, tracts and missionaries are unsupported here, if we except Mr. Alexander, and the stage man. Apropos: Mr. A. is one of the oldest lawyers in the place, and has become amazingly wealthy. He does not condescend to live exactly in the borough; but has perched himself upon one of those delightful situations in sight of it. Here he amuses himself in improving his terrestrial paradise, upon which he spares neither cost nor pains; and I was only sorry that he had neither taste nor desert, in proportion to the blessing. He fulfils, at once every thing understood by the word *purse proud.**

Having exchanged a few notes with him, some years back, I had a wish to see him, and acknowledge my obligations, without dreaming I had had the honor of corresponding with a *nabob.*

I addressed him a note, saying, I would be happy to see him at Col. Rhorer's. He replied to the note quite in the style of a gentleman, and called on me the same day of my arrival. But never was I more disappointed: a

*If we had no other evidence, the success of ignorant or learned lawyers in gulling the people, demonstrates clearly that one portion of mankind is determined to be slaves to the other portion.

great, surly, boorish-looking man, as rough as a bear. Finding I offered him no fee, which, doubtless, brought him, he transplanted himself off, giving me a tremendous frown. Now, all this making fish of one and flesh of another, by the people, is something like the Quaker's dog—nothing but folly—and the greater any absurdity, the more greedily the people will swallow it. Any thing like common sense, or common every-day occurrences, will never do for the people. If, therefore, you were to tell one of the people that if he were so silly as to throw his money away in courts, there were Messrs. A. and B. and C. &c. very amiable men, equally, if not much better lawyers; men of address, who would treat them like human beings, and would give them a thousand times more satisfaction. This would not please the people: they must have a master, who will treat them like slaves. The repelling countenance of this man would be enough for me—a great, rough, grim-looking monster, who carries off the cash, while others, of pleasing manners, and equal, if not superior, in legal knowledge, are left in the back-ground. I merely conjecture this from his great wealth.

Mr. Wills, a very amiable man, is the principal of an academy. The academy of Greensburg is situated upon a lofty eminence, and overlooks the country for miles. There were but sixteen pupils when I called; but many, attached to the academy, were absent. The pupils consisted of boys and girls. The boys learn Latin and Greek, and the young ladies—grammar, geography, and history. I examined several of the latter, and found them perfect in their various studies. But, handsomer children I never saw. The beauty of these upland people is surpassing, and their modest behavior reflects the highest honor upon their teachers. Mr. Wills is a young, thin, oval-visaged man, light figure, and rather fair. His manners are genteel and graceful, and he appears in every respect very well qualified as a teacher.

The view from this academy takes in prospects of peculiar beauty, the most gratifying my eyes beheld from the day I left this charming country till I returned! Perhaps

fancy and feeling might, from the associations of my childhood, have swelled its beauties beyond reality; but it was a sweet delusion, if delusion it might be called.

The day was mild and serene: not a breeze disturbed the silken branches of the tall, slender trees, perfectly familiar to me;—the straight fence, the green wheat, the undulating surface, and the vast extent of the prospect edged by the Chesnut ridge, all, smiling in nature's charms, seemed to welcome me to its peaceful region with the ardor of an old friend. I was completely entranced with delight, as I retraced my steps from the building.

Upon gaining the corner house of the first street, I was struck by the appearance of an interesting female, who was leaning over a high portico, viewing me with deep attention. She had a very alluring countenance, and withal, her face was quite familiar. I saw she was anxious to become acquainted, and saluted her under pretence of inquiring for the other schools, adding I was a traveller, and wishing to witness the improvements of the place, I had just paid a visit to the Greensburg academy. She returned the salute with great affability, and said, "This must be Mrs. Royall?" "You are right, madam," I replied; supposing she had merely heard of my visit to the borough. "I heard my brother speak of you, Mrs. R. and from his description of you, I longed to see you." "And who may your brother be?" "Mr. Williams, of Somerset." I instantly discovered a likeness of Mr. Williams in her features, and a like resemblance of expression and good feeling. I should have been happy to have spent an hour or so in her company, but time pressed me from her. She pointed out, however, the other school, which stood in a hollow at some distance; and taking leave, I pursued my way to the building. It was a low, one-story log house, though extensive in dimensions. The building stood in the commons, and from the exterior, I expected to see an ignorant, old field school-master, and a rabble race of awkward children. But imagine my surprize, upon being saluted at the door by a tall, gentlemanlike man, who very courteously invited me in and to take a seat. If I was surprised at the

appearance of the man, I was still more at his manners and conversation, as well as the modesty and intelligence of the pupils. I was astonished at the disappointment, though from the distance and looks of the building, I had nearly passed it by, and would certainly have done so, had it not been for the deep interest I took in every thing attached to this delightful region. The name of the gentleman was Robert Summerville, a native of England, whose ardor for liberty brought him to our shores. Mr. S. is a gentleman of learning, taste, and talents, and an enthusiastic admirer of our country and our laws. His conversation proved him to be a man of fine taste, and his writings, (which are known only to a few of his friends,) breathes a spirit of independence, liberality and love to mankind, unfelt and unappreciated by our countrymen. He is a gentleman of great energy and warmth of heart, and his whole soul seems bent upon the improvement of his species,* and is now struggling with *prejudice*,

*I never saw any of the English, with the exception of the traveller Bradford, till I visited the Atlantic country. We of the West have a strong aversion to the English, which is natural enough, from their hiring the Indians to murder our women and children. From this cause we are very inveterate against them; and never was I more astonished at the affability, charity, and friendly manners of the first English people, when I first came to see them.

It has been seen that I entered New Haven, Conn. a stranger, friendless and penniless. At that time there were several English families boarding at the house of Mrs. Widow Bishop, the lady who took me so kindly into her house. I was so destitute of means, however, that I was unable to purchase a dress, sufficiently decent, to appear in company; and an amiable young lady of Massachusetts, pierced with my situation, went round to the females of the place, who were not ignorant of my claims on my country, and if I am correct, the amount she procured, was $ 1.75, and the most of this was presented by one man. But by some means, the English ladies and gentlemen were apprised of the matter, and some threw in a dollar, and some fifty cents, till the sum amounted to the price of a decent dress. All this was done in the most delicate manner, while they blushed for the poor, cold, ungrateful--yes, I say Americans *are* ungrateful, let them praise themselves as much as they will; and (unless it be a certain class) unfeeling. The persons who thus put our boasted country to the blush were Mr. Jones and lady, Mr. Allen and lady, Mr. Harris and lady---all of Barbadoes, and two English officers, of Trinidad, who, though at a great distance from home, and upon half pay, contributed cheerfully. What must these people think of our boasting,

bigotry, ignorance and *fortune!* Here is a lamentable evidence of the great rock, upon which all nations, and we, of course, are to be wrecked.—Talk of being a great nation! What is to make us great? The only road to greatness is knowledge, which seems to be left to shift for itself.

Instead of spreading the gospel, (as if wicked men had any gospel,) we were to spread knowledge, the only wise use to which money can be put, this enlightened foreigner would not be suffered to stop in a rude building. But the building is very well—I always am pained at the sight of a fine house. But I was going to say, one would expect that this man would have been placed at the head of some Seminary, instead of teaching children their a, b, ab's.

The school was very full, and Mr. S. teaches upon an improved plan, and seems to interest himself deeply in the success of the pupil. His sacrifices must have been great to taste the privileges of our enlightened country—I mean the drudgery of teaching our backwoods children. Perhaps he might have been worse employed. Here I found the boy who travelled with me. The children had the same modest appearance and fine features of the others. The small children were much attached to Mr. S.—the best evidence of his knowledge of human nature. Mr. S. is a young man, stout and well formed. His complexion is dark, face manly, and countenance very prepos-

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when one of their officer's widows was relieved before their eyes, and by the men of that country, against whom he fought. Had I been a *man*, doubtless, the godly women would have furnished me with *every* thing I might have wanted.

I lament to hear Col. Jones is no more. He died at Col. Dummets, in Florida. Also, the death of Mrs. Harris, who died at Brooklyn, N. Y. The rest have, as I understand, returned to the Islands, where, they are said to be wealthy. May they be happy wherever they go. Their kindness to me is engraven on my heart. I live in the fond hope that we may one day meet again. I have, since this, met with several worthy English. I never was more attached to any people:—these foreigners have a nobleness of soul, and warmth of heart, uncommon to Americans. But this can only be said of the better sort, as the lower class of English are very mean, proud and haughty; more so than any other nation. It must be from these last we descended.

sessing. He was much astonished at my courage and independence in attacking the religious hornets—"I never heard of such a thing! it is most astonishing, really! it is without a parallel! You deserve eternal honor, Madam, and doubtless your country will reward you!" As for that, I find my reward in the action. Mr. Summerville was the first person that ever informed me of *Pestalozzi*, of Berne, and his wonderful manner of teaching youth. I have since had the pleasure of seeing Mr. *Neef*, who teaches at Steubenville upon the Pestalozzian plan, which I shall speak of in this volume.

But, to go on. Mr. S., as well as all people of education, perfectly coincided with me about the tracts and Sunday schools; and he had written several pieces on the subject of improving our situation, and ridding priestcraft out of the country; which, as he wisely observed, had obtained a greater height, for the time, than under the old religion of the pope.

On Monday evening my parlor was quite a levee—almost every one flocked in. The Hon Mr. Coulter I had met with in the day—he was much better. But Mr. *Jack* was doubly welcome, for his brother's sake. I almost dreaded to see Mr. Jack, lest he might not be as good as his brother; but, if any difference, I should say he was the best of the two. He was considerably taller than William Jack, and must have been nearly six and a half feet high, and one of the finest looking men in the world. There are several of these brothers which, as I observed before, are nephews of Capt. Jack, whom I used to know when a child. The Captain is still living, but at some distance from Greensburgh; of course, I did not see him, nor did I see the child, now a man, whom he threw in the hemp-field when pursued by the Indians.

I saw none of the brothers but the one who called on me, to whom I had a letter from his brother William. I have heard that William has since gone to Europe for his health. These Jacks are all bachelors, and are men of great wealth. Their father owned the land where Greensburg now stands, and they still own a large quantity of the finest land in Westmoreland.

I was forced to part with Mr. Barkley, his business calling him away early on the second day of my arrival. My best wishes went with him.* He is quite a young, interesting man, genteel, kind, and generous.

Thus was I received and entertained, free of all cost, in the country of my childhood—Col. Rohrer refusing all compensation for my board during my visit. It may be supposed, (notwithstanding the loss of my baggage,) from the kindness and polite attention of the citizens, except as before excepted, I never was more pleased or more at home. There were several boarders at Col. Rohrer's, but he was the flower of the flock, and the only person, with ladies of the family, worth naming about his house. The Col. is one of the most generous, warm-hearted men living, and his house is large, neat, safe built, and commodious, and I would recommend every traveller to stop at his house instead of the stage-house, which is only a resort of pick-pockets, where no person is secure either in their person or property. This man having amassed a great fortune by the road, and transporting the mail, has become insolent and disobliging; and never was calculated to keep a public house for any thing but wagoners, and not fit to wait on them. He was not disposed to give either me or my friends the least satisfaction on the subject of my loss. I trust, therefore, the generous traveller will transfer his patronage to my friend, whom I can confidently recommend.

HISTORY.

Greensburg was settled by the Messrs. Jacks and the family of Mrs. Rohrer, who brought the Colonel a considerable fortune in land, which is greatly increased in value.

I was very anxious to visit the place where Hannahstown once stood, which was only three miles distant; but the road was said to be bad—unfit for a carriage, and I was afraid to venture on horse-back, not having been on horse-back for several years. It grieved me to the

* We met again at Pittsburg.

heart that I was compelled to sacrifice the pleasure of seeing a place where I first learned the nature of care; but my happiness at once more beholding Westmoreland, which I had never expected to see on this side the grave, was certainly as complete and ample as any human being ought to covet. No language can convey the thrilling pleasure I felt at once more beholding these sylvan regions, unmatched in beauty by any other forest. The only thing I was not pleased with was its opulence and improvements.

On the third day I took my departure for Pittsburgh, without hearing of my baggage. I had intended to await the result of my letter to Messrs. Johnston and Stockton; but as, in my opinion, they had had time enough, I thought it prudent to proceed, particularly as I was in want of clothes. My friend Drum settled all that was to be done between me and the stage-man, as I was determined never to approach the ruffian again. Wish the missionaries would convert him. Whilst waiting for the stage, I stepped into the parlor, and Mr. D. very politely, as I had not taken my coffee, had some made instantly.

Whilst this was preparing I was struck by the appearance of Mr. Drum's children—the finest children I had seen in the country. There were, I think, seven, and some nearly grown. Upon making some remarks as to what he intended to do with a fine looking youth, whom I found in the parlor, poor Mr. D. shook his head, "Ah, Mrs. R., they must trust to Providence, I have not one cent to give them—by endorsing for a friend I have lost the fruits of many years labor, and am not worth a dollar." A sigh was all I had to bestow upon this amiable man—one of the best of his species. Thus virtue is oppressed and vice prospers!—See how much the missionaries have begged.

At length the stage came to the door, and with one man and woman only I set out for Pittsburg, which is thirty-one miles from Greensburg.

The day was fine, and the country beautiful; and my pleasure may easily be imagined.

After gaining the west side of the mountains the land is broken off into rounding swells of exquisite beauty, with a deep soil, covered with sugar-tree, walnut, beech, hickory, and locust—the tops of the trees in the hollows being even with the summit of the hills. The winding streams—the neat bridges, intermingled with factories and fertile meadows—the sportive colt—the massy barns, enlivened the prospect the whole way.* On the top of every hill we have a grand prospect of the country for many miles, all uniformly rich, and the sugar-tree growing upon the summit of the hills as thick as hemp-stocks. It is impossible to describe the stateliness and exquisite symetry of these trees—so tall, so straight and slender; and yet the inhabitants, from never having seen any other, do not seem to appreciate the beauty and wealth of their country.

Every now and then the rolling volumes of smoke proclaimed a dwelling at hand. Here we have brick instead of stone houses—very few stone houses appear west of the mountains—also, white headed children and handsome young women. These always come to the door to peep at the passengers. But, to their great disappointment, there was but one rather shabby beau in the coach, and advanced in years, and, very probably a married man.

The woollen frocks, red and blue stripes, seems to be the national dress of the females from Bedford to Pittsburg. But the flush of the cheek, bright and lively eye, the glossy hair, fair complexion, and steady, innocent countenance threw the costume far in the shade.

We had not proceeded more than half a dozen miles from Greensburg when a poor old man met us in the road, and taking his old hat from his head, held it out for charity, without speaking a word. The cruel driver was passing him rapidly, when I called to him to stop,

* You scarcely go a mile in Pennsylvania but you see a *Preacher*—as signboards are called. They point out the road, but never travel it.

and had to speak very sharp to him before I could prevail. I threw a trifle into the hat, and my fellow-traveller, much to his honor, did the same, though his purse, like my own, was light. The beggar was the most pitiable looking object I ever saw, doubtless the victim of drink. He looked as if he had been half roasted, and tottered as he walked along, his limbs being scarce able to carry him. He muttered something upon receiving the bounty, and would no doubt spend it at the first tavern he came to, though he had more need of meat than drink.

At the last stage on this side of Pittsburg, where we changed drivers, horses and coaches, another of the line of robbers lives. I forgot my gloves in the coach, which were a present from Miss Keime, of Reading; and, upon getting into the fresh coach, I left them on the seat of the other stage-coach, but the landlord denied they were there! I was much hurt to part with the gloves, for the sake of the donor. They would have proved a great friend eventually, had the robber not stripped me of them—the last thing that was left me. Not contented with this act of cruelty, the ruffian had the insolence to walk some distance to the stage I was sitting in, and bringing an old book in his hand, opened the door of the carriage and said, "Here is a book some gentlemen left here, is it your's ?" He seemed well acquainted with the gentlemen, as he called them, and was no doubt in the secret of the robbery. Thus, a regular line of robbers, as well as stages, is formed from the top of the Alleghany to Pittsburg; and this line I see has recently been advertised as one of the best in the Union. It must have mended its manners greatly since I travelled in it.

Towards evening we came in sight of the Monongahela, on our left: the appearance added to the multiform picture which now presented itself to the astonished eye! It is in vain to attempt a description of the stranger's feelings upon a first view of the scenery. Fields encircled by hills, and hills encircled by fields; the multitude of teams laden with iron for the Pittsburg forges; the vast black coal-wagons; the jolly drivers and work-hands,

as black as Satan himself; the amazing throng and bustle, which completely block up the road; the broad, sparkling Monongahela, seen at a distance of four miles, is only a foretaste of the Birmingham of America

We soon however, lose sight of Monongahela, and the Allegheny meets your eye to the right, and the throng and bustle continue to increase till we arrived in the city.

It grew dark some time before we reached the suburbs, which from the volumes of smoke, fires, and thundering of steam-factories, I took for the city itself; we pass through this uproar of machinery upwards of two miles before we reach Pittsburg. The blood-tinged blaze, intermingled with volumes of smoke, rushing outwards and upwards, crossways and oblique ; it was equal to an exhibition of fire-works.

The Arsenal of the United States, lies about two miles above Pittsburg on the Alleghany river, here the man who travelled with me got out of the stage and proceeded to the arsenal where he it appears was engaged as a gun-smith. The woman who lived in Ohio, went on to Pittsburg, where I arrived the 4th of December, 1828, having lost every thing but the clothes on my back and the reticule in my bosom, where I placed it for safety. From the time I left Philadelphia, 14th October, one month and 20 days, I had travelled ——— miles. The only time reckoned as lost was one day perhaps at Greensburg where I spent three days. The public will therefore see by my travels how this time was filled up. I ought to have mentioned that my friend Col. Rhorer came to Pittsburg the same day as commandant of a guard, who conveyed a prisoner from Greensburg to the State prison in Pittsburg. They did not however permit me the honor of travelling in company. The Col. called on me however sundry times while he remained in the city, and I parted with him finally with great regret.

It may be supposed I felt a little anxiety upon drawing near the stage house, (the worst house but one I ever set foot in;) I longed to hear, but was afraid to ask, about the baggage which I faintly hoped must be in Pittsburg; but as this is a great town, to say nothing of the great

tavern and great stage line—I must be more circumspect. Every one knows that at taverns or stage-offices, (which are mostly the same thing,) there is a small share of attention of some sort or another paid to the arrivals and departure of the stages. Either the landlord himself, his barkeeper, his farther, his son, his ostler, his cook, or his shoe-black, and I have once in my life seen a chamber-maid come to the door after dark with a candle in her hand to aid people—woman, an aged woman particulary, in dismounting from the stage, but no one appeared with a light at this place. I requested the driver to go and tell the landlord to come and help me out, he being one of the corps aforesaid, said it was none of his business, and made himself easy; meantime, an old shabby man so drunk that he could scarcely stand brought the steps, (which are kept at stage houses for the purpose,) and placing them against the coach called to us to descend; not having recovered from my lameness, and without a light I was by no means willing to trust myself with Tom Toper, and told *him* to go and request the landlord or bar-keeper to come and bring a candle—not even a lamp at the door! He staggered into the house, and after staying some time, he returned. I asked him "If any one was coming with a candle," "O do you want a candle?" said he. To be brief, he appeard to be a stranger, and did not know the bar-keeper from Adam. His highness the driver, who had amused himself in exchanging salutations with his brother ruffians, began to be impatient, and we had to risk our necks at last by dismounting as well as we could. The old drunkard was the politest man I found at last, and offered me his hand. "Get away you old drunkard," said I, "do you think I would let you touch me." "Not so drunk as you think," he replied with much spirit. The lady and myself, rendered each other all the assistance we could, and descended safe, and bid adieu to the line for ever I hope. As we stept in at the door we were met by a finished-up, shrivel faced, grey headed animal, more like a babboon than a man, he had a candle in his hand, and thought he came to conduct us in—not he, he only came to receive the way-bill, to ascertain how much

money was due for our fare. This was the stage-agent who kept his office in the house. But as for landlord or barkeeper, saw none. Some of the people who put up at the place, had the politeness to show us into a small dirty over-heated parlor, where Tom, Dick, and Harry, were enjoying themselves at their ease, about two thirds drunk; a servant coming in, I request supper, and to be shewn into a private parlor, it being customary at all taverns that ever I was in before to keep a separate parlor for females; the servant replied only by a grin. Meantime the windows being without shutters or curtains; the rabble from the supper table would stop at them, and gaze at us, and one of the fellows in the room who was very drunk, and who said he had seen me at such a place, was very troublesome. I prevailed with him however to go and hunt up the barkeeper and say, "We wanted supper and a chamber as quick possible." He sat off with great cheerfulness, and returning said, "Tea would soon be ready;" "but will the bar-keeper come," "he would be in, in a moment." All this while he had never seen the bar keeper, and doubtless, did not know such a man. After waiting events, patiently some time, a negro came in. I spoke very sharp to the servant, and asked if I was to have supper or not, he grined and went off. Shortly after this the bar-keeper, (as I found afterwards) came in, and I requested to be accommodated as quick as possible, or he must show me to another house. He was an awkward young man, but the best in the main about the house. After sitting in the parlor till I was ready to drop, and gazed at by every boatman in the vicinity, I was called to tea in the common dining room—no such thing, the servants apprised me, as setting private tables in Pittsburg; my heart began to ache your sure, but if any one I thought, could put up with such privations I could, and set down contentedly.

But you all wish to know about the baggage—then there was no baggage of mine in Pittsburg so far as I was able to learn; the landlord who came to see me at the supper-table, went to the bar-keeper, and returning, brought the ill news that no baggage of mine had arrived

I then repeated to him the circumstance, and that I should look to the proprietors of the line to make good the loss He neither appeared alarmed or the contrary, and very politely, accompanied me to the book-store of Messers Jonston and Stockton. I had heard from the driver who drove down, whom we met on the road, that no extra baggage had arrived at the stage-office; but having particularly described the trunks, and the passengers in the stage, in my letter to those gentlemen, I thought, perhaps, they might have gained some information on the subject; and, fatigued as I was, I called upon them before I retired to my chamber. But they had seen the one-eyed man, and interrogated him respecting it. As well as I recollect, his answer was, that he knew nothing about the matter. This was sufficient to convict him, as he certainly did know every thing about it. I heard, moreover, that the Teagues were still in the city. But my chief dependence was upon Col. Lindsey; and knowing the line, when they found it a serious matter, would exert themselves, I made myself quite easy, but determined to arrest *one-eye* in the morning, and hold the line to it besides. With these impressions I retired to my chamber, which having two beds in it, I invited the old lady, who seemed fearful of sleeping by herself, to come into my chamber and take one of the beds.

She was unaccustomed to travelling, and observing she had not taken tea when I did, I thought, perhaps, she was scarce of money, and gave the chamber maid a trifle to give her a cup of tea and some bread and butter. She had complained of a head ache, and being a widow, and destitute, I felt for her. I sat up till she should have finished the tea, (she being in bed,) to lock the door after the maid, she waiting till the lady should have done. Whilst I was sitting at the table, deliberately reading a newspaper, the lady sipping her tea, which was placed in a chair by her bed-side, some one knocked at the door: the maid opened it, and in pops a great negro with a load of something, which he took from his head, and setting it down in the middle of the room, said "*Trunks*!! are these your trunks, madam." "Yes, those are my

trunks, where did you find them?" "They came in this evening's mail-stage!" Which was not impossible, as the mail-stage did come in after we arrived.

This was quick work: "But where have they been all this time?" He could not tell; nor have I heard from that day to this who had them in possession, or where they came from; and had I made a great stir I should, probably, never have seen them again; but the perfect indifference I testified at the loss no doubt alarmed the proprietors of the line, as it proved I considered them liable.

I have my doubts however, as to the fact of their coming that evening, from a similar occurrance, which I shall mention after a while.

Now, these trunks had been carried away five days since, where had they been? why did they not arrive in the *mail* stage or *any* stage *before?* I had enquired at every stage-office on the way, they must have been known to be mine from my name, which was on the way-bill; and it is not probable the drivers, honestly disposed, would leave trunks of their appearance at any house but a stage-office. But let them have been, in whose possession they may, every one who had a hand in the business beyond doubt ought, and would have been sent to the state prison, had they been prosecuted; and it was not only one man or one stage office, but the whole line from the top of the Alleghany to Pittsburg, was guilty in as much as they, seeing a woman's name on the trunks, and the same in the way-bill, and no woman in the stage! If these robbers were not combined, why did they not stop the baggage and make the drivers give an account of themselves? how did they know, and what right had they to suppose any thing than that I was murdered, and there is little doubt but I would have been murdered, had I not quit the stage, as the driver and passengers could have no other motive in attempting to keep me in the stage by force. Had the proprietors been innocent, they would have come forward as gentlemen (which they are not,) and apologised, and given up the principals of this daring outrage. I should have spared them and exposed the guilty. This

was their only alternative; but they did not, and from their profound secrecy all around, I have little hesitation in saying, the line is a party in these illegal and dangerous violation of the laws, as I shall make appear more plain before I have done; and in this line, the mail is carried, as I am informed, for I did not see it; and in this line numbers of innocent people travel at the hazard of life and property. Are such people fit subjects for public patronage? Are these men fit subjects for the patronage of the general government? The proprietor, who lives in Pittsburg at the same house where I put up, I understood, was highly displeased at the circumstance, but he never showed his face to me; if he had been a man, why did he not come forward and apologise, it is the least he could have done for such an outrage after receiving my money; and if the drivers were innocent, why would they connive at the conduct of the passengers; if the passengers, why would they connive at the robbery of the drivers, their numbers enabled them to oppose the robbery had they been so minded. One of the passengers a shabby looking Pat, (the best of the bunch,) being alarmed at the conduct of the other, refused to travel with them, actually quit the stage at Laughlintown; and as for the *one-eye* who lived in Pittsburg, he kept close while I remained there. But the *Teagues*, (who likewise hid their faces,) had they not appeared in the garb of gentlemen, I should not have been so much surprised, both merchants, forsooth. The sharp-faced fellow, it will be recollected, said he lived in Nashville, I hope my Tennesseeans will treat him with that contempt which he merits, and the broadfaced one, I do not know their names, who lives in Louisville;* I trust for the honor of Kentucky, will be treated in the same manner. Any man or set of men, who either as principal or abettors, would treat or suffer a female to be treated in the manner I was, deserves to be kicked out of all company and expelled society. Perhaps these Teagues, having left their potatos and bogs behind them, wanted a little *Tipparary* fun,* they have it.

*The Broadface drinks rather freely.

Before I notice Pittsburg, I wish to finish the business with this famous line; a large bundle of mine containing fifty books, was to have been forwarded to me in the stage by Colonel Lindsey of M'Connelstown, and ought to have preceded me in course of time; I enquired for it when I first came; it had not arrived. I left word at the bar, which is also a stage-office, that such a bundle directed to me would arrive, and to apprize me of it the moment it came; having said this, I took a tour through the city, and was out until night; upon my return, the first thing was to enquire for the bundle. It had not arrived, I retired supposing it might come in some of the evening stages; next morning I enquired again, no bundle yet, and after taking my coffee, I set out through the city again and coming in about two o'clock, I was surprised at meeting Mr. Drum of Greensburg in the passage. I had left strict injunction with Mr. Drum to attend to the arrivals in the stage at Greensburg, (as the reader may remember the short-coming of the stage agent at that place also,) and attend to every thing with my name on it, and see it was put in the stage; Mr. Drum hardly took time to salute before he asked, if I knew my books had come: no, I replied, I am glad to hear it, I have been looking for them every moment; they were here yesterday or the day before, as I put them in the stage myself shortly after you left Greensburg; but they have not arrived here, said I, they must still lie on the road some where; they are here, said Mr. Drum, I saw them this moment, they were here yesterday when I arrived, and finding they were still in the bar, I enquired for you, to inform you, but you did not return until night, and not happening to be in when you came home, I have waited here all this day to tell you; I said it could not be possible, and he to convince led me into the bar-room, and there was the bundle sure enough! What have the proprietors to say of this? It appeared that Mr. Drum being on a journey down the river, called to see whether the bundle had come safe, and my business calling me out late and early, Mr. Drum found great difficulty in seeing me, and from finding the bundle still in the bar-room, concluded I was ignorant of its arrival, and

delayed his journey until he should have seen me, and determined not to leave the city until he saw me in possession of the bundle. Now I would ask our great naturalists and all profound philosophers, whether these too men Mr. D. and the agent, were made of the same materials? I should say not, I should say at least, that one had the heart of a man and the other the heart of a beast. This is the pinched-up monkey looking man, whom I met the first night, well matched and doubtless one of the corps; they thought they would have something out of me—fifty dollars was a good grab. "Why did you deny having this bundle, sir?" said I, to old pinch-face, (an old bachellor.) He was silent, and an hundred gallowses was pictured in his face. How much do I owe you? [the man must be a missionary.] Mr. Monkey, "a dollar," he snarled out—he found his tongue at last, and rolled his wall-eyes upside down, inside out, and knashed his teeth, while his bushy grey hair stood on end. Why dont the missionaries convert him?

If you see a man with a monkey's phiz, which looks as though it were incircled with the bushy tail of a grey squirel, it is the stage agent of the Pittsburg and Philadelphia line. I have not the honor of knowing his name. He flew in a great rage, and shut the door in my face; and I believe in my soul if Mr. Drum had not protected me he would have struck me. So much for the stage line.

Mr. Drum, after putting me in possession of the books, but for whom, I should, probably, never have seen them, took his departure.

In the evening, the barkeeper came to me with my account, and requested me to get another house, as I had insulted the agent: the landlord would not keep any one in his house who would insult him. The account was only two dollars. I had dined, once, and been robbed twice. I leave it to the world to judge who was insulted.

Griffin, I think is the name of the landlord; if that man deserves the name, who is not master of his own house:—all missionaries. I gave myself little concern about the matter, as they kept a sign, and the stage bring-

ing me to their house, they were obliged to keep me. But I had, as you might suppose, intended to leave this den of robbers as quick as possible; but, mind you, I did not go till I saw my own time. The mayor of the city, with my friend, Mr. Roberts, calling that same evening, I applied to them to procure me a boarding house. They, very politely, returned the next day; and Mr. Roberts, a most amiable man, took me to his own house, where, I had the honor of dining with the mayor, who dined at Mr. Roberts' out of respect to me; an honor which the clown at the tavern neither knew how to appreciate or bestow.

This tavern was the most blackguard house, but one, I ever was in. This is the effect of money; his house being flooded with company, and the same of their line. Whenever people, who have been raised in the ashes, become rich, they immediately become insolent and tyrannical. The company, however, that resort to the house, are low and vicious, the refuse of society; chiefly boatmen; and you have, when passing out and in, to pass through a phalanx of these ruffians, who make the common passage their parlor, as there are but two small parlors in the house; and these are below stairs. The house is small and dirty; and the chambers, the most convenient part of the house, have some two, and some three, and even four beds. The chamber-maids are slow and slutish, and inattentive withal. I happened to curry favor with one of the men-servants, by paying him nearly as much as I paid the landlord, to bring my meals up stairs, what few I eat in the house, rather than eat amongst such a rabble, and be attended by insolent servants.

Since I began to write the article on Pittsburg, I have noticed this man's advertisement; praising his house, himself, and saying a number of fine things of it. The decent part of the community, however, will take a word from a friend, and avoid it. I wondered at the man to come out in the papers in such language as, "Nothing shall be wanting to render the accommodations equal to any in the United States:" to this he pledges himself, "and *moderate* charges, and personal attention;" such as

they paid to me when I got out of the stage with another female, without assistance, and the ruffians peeping at us through the windows. (hope he has purchased curtains or blinds,) and has the impudence to mention "mail stages and accommodation stages"—very accommodating stages indeed! But the public are not to be gulled. The best advertisement of a tavern, is a man who is master of his own house, in the first place; and second, a good table, and private rooms, and accommodating servants, to say nothing of order and genteel company. All I have to say, further is, that if people wish to be treated well for their money at Pittsburg let them go to Mr. Ramsey's tavern, and if they are disappointed, I am once in my life, mistaken. Any man and every man, might know, that if these people (for I believe, and have the best right in the world to think so) had any sense of honor left, they would have come out with a public apology, as they knew well, as a censor of morals, I should advert to it; but, their good opinion of themselves, kept their true interest behind the curtain. The tavernkeeper is quite a genteel, good-looking man; but is not, it appears, the master of the house.

There is no city in the Union I was more anxious to see, than Pittsburg. For though I had spent some years of my childhood in Westmoreland, the adjoining county, I had never seen it. Every book, however, in which it was mentioned, and the descriptions of travellers, I devoured; and as I belonged to the western country myself, I felt proud of its astonishing prosperity and improvements. From the various accounts of travellers, I had endeavored to form some opinion of Pittsburg; but, from envy, jealousy, and carelessness in some, and ignorance in other writers, I never saw any accurate description of Pittsburg. My friend Flint, of Cincinnati, though a fine writer, I should, if I dare, say, he was rather too partial to his own dear city. Now, I cannot bring myself even to know what it is to be partial if I would, nor do I see what is gained by it. I cannot see what advantage is gained by concealing the advantages or disadvantages of any town or community: give them all they are enti-

tled to, and fairly outstrip them if you can. It ought rather to inspire us with emulation than envy, to bear of the temporal blessings of our neighbors. We are all one family; and the advantage of one is the advantage of the whole. Success to all our towns, I say—east and west, north and south; and that they may all become great and happy, is my fondest wish; barring the missionaries—the greatest curse we have in our land. I say, *destruction* to them; as nothing but ignorance and poverty follow them.

Of all states in the Union, Pennsylvania certainly combines more resources of wealth, ease and comfort, nature having enriched her with a bountiful hand. The whole state abounds with *coal*, *iron*, *grain*, and even *sugar*, and that curse of all our blessings, *whiskey*, within itself. I have seen nothing but coal, since I have been in the state: but the coal, west of the Allegheny, is by far the best. Dig any where, and you find coal, which is conveyed to the people's houses, for a few cents, off of their own farms. Iron and salt abound in west Pennsylvania, and their lands produce in abundance. The whole state, from one end to the other, excepting the mountains, is rich, and lies well, and not a bad managed farm in the whole. But Pittsburg enjoys still more of the bounties of nature. In the midst of endless beds of coal, iron and salt, at its doors, and the trade of three fine rivers, to say nothing of its industry and skill in the application of its mechanical and physical powers.

The reader will perceive I am almost deterred from taking Pittsburg in hand; and I must say I dread it more than any subject I ever took up. I was thirteen days on my feet taking notes, viewing and admiring the workshops, from early in the morning till dark, and often long after; and from the mud on the pavements, occasioned by the bursting of the pipes (which happened at that time) to convey water over the city, the smoke and black from the coal, and fumes of the furnaces, I had a most fatiguing tour of it. It was infinitely greater than my tour through the whole state; and such was my ardor to complete it, that I never stopped to dine but once! The task was certainly too great for a female, particularly one of

my years; and being quite lame at the time, I was scarcely able to crawl home at night. My weariness was such, that I was unable to sleep or take sufficient refreshment; but, I determined not to look back.

The best description I have met with, of Pittsburg, is a small work by S. Jones, Esq. called a "Directory of the City, and a view of its various manufactories, population, &c." This little work is certainly the most accurate I have seen; though it has been written two years ago, and of course there are many improvements, and manufactories built since. But of all the bungling, incorrect, and insignificant accounts of Pittsburg, that given by the Duke of Saxe Weimer is the most so. He embraces the whole of it in a very few words, and there is scarcely a word of truth in any thing he says: he misapplies names, misplaces objects, and makes some of the most unpardonable misrepresentations ever published. He merely rode out in his carriage, to one of the manufactories, it is said, which he says belongs to one man, while it belongs to another; and took the balance by word of mouth from some blockhead, doubtless.

The people of Pittsburg were greatly mortified when his book came out; and well they might.

GEOGRAPHY OF THE CITY.

Pittsburg is entirely concealed by hills, approaching it from any point, excepting the Ohio river.

As we drove down the Allegheny river, we were closely hemmed in by a vast hill, on our left. This hill makes a sudden stop, as you draw near the city, and runs across in a steep, perpendicular precipice, to the Monongahela, forming a perfect wall in its rear, seventy feet high. This hill takes different names in its progress: that part opposite the point, or the great body of the city, is called Grant's hill; so named from Col. Grant, who was defeated on its summit by the French and Indians in 1758. That part of it on Monongahela, is called Boyd's hill, from one Boyd, who hung himself there. That part, extending to Allegheny river, is also distin-

guished by the name of Quarry hill, 440 feet high. Over each river there are also seen vast hills, so that you are in the city, before you can see it.

Its situation is much lower than I expected to find it; more level, and the hills much higher. The city runs up upon the banks of both rivers, beyond its limits in the centre; much farther up the Allegheny, however, than the Monongahela; and the point gives it the figure of a triangle. It is about one mile on one river—one and three-fourths on the other.

The whole of the city sits on an even plain, from thirty to forty feet above low water mark; higher, however, upon the Allegheny side. On the opposite side of the Allegheny river, is a steep hill, called Hogback hill.

On the opposite shore of Monongahela, is another steep, called Coal hill: In this hill, nearly opposite the city, a fire has been burning for many years, which is visible by the smoke; the coal having caught fire, by what means is unknown to any of the present race. But it is generally supposed to have caught from the carelessness of the miners. Several attempts have been made to extinguish this fire by stopping the holes and fissures on the surface; but all in vain; it still continues to burn, and is daily increasing. Serious consequences are apprehended from it in course of time. There is another eminence called Castleman's Hill.

Coal Hill is 465 feet high, and very rugged. The height of Hogback hill is unknown: it is a barren eminence of an unsightly appearance.

"In all these elevations, coal is found in immense quantities—except in Grant's, Boyd's, and Hogback hills; their altitude not being sufficient to bring them within the range of the great strata of that mineral which pervades this region.

"The scenery around Pittsburg is very beautiful," I am told, in summer, "and when viewed from some points, presents the most interesting associations of nature and art. The view from Castleman's hill, is not surpassed in any country—earth, air, rock, wood, water, town and sky, break upon the vision in forms the most picturesque

and delightful. Coal hill, immediately above the burning pits, is another point of interesting observation, where the eye, at a single glance, takes in a hundred beauties, which might vie with the purest and brightest of the other hemisphere.

"Pittsburg has several suburban villages, that contribute to, and are supplied from the great *centre*, with which their strength and prosperity are intimately connected.

"On, or nearly adjoing the north-eastern boundary of the city, and on the flat between Quarry hill and the Allegheny river, the Northern Liberties are situated, and are intended as a continuation of Pittsburg. They were laid out in 1816, by Geo. A. Bayard, and James Adams: and are now improving rapidly, and contain the Phœnix Cotton Factory, Juniata Iron Works, &c.

"Adjoining the south-eastern boundary of the city, on the Monongahela, stands Kensington, or as it is commonly called, *Pipe-town;* deriving this name through one of its early settlers, an eccentric little gentleman, still well known among all classes, for his odd humor, and the universality of his mechanical genius, Mr. William Price, who established a pipe manufactory there. Kensington is partly on a steep hill side: the houses which are low, seem to stick to the side of Boyd's hill, by magic.

Over the Monongahela, is another considerable village called Birmingham; it is incorporated into a borough, and sits at the base of Coal Hill, on the bank of the river: and here the celebrated Birmingham glass is manufactured. It also contains several steam-mills, and an extensive lock manufactory. It is well built, and makes a handsome appearance from Pittsburg.

Over the Allegheny river, directly opposite the city, is another very handsome and flourishing town, called Allegheny. The Western Penitentiary is built here; one of the most splendid buildings in the United States; and the site of the town is, by far, one of the most pleasant of any in the vicinity, or even Pittsburg itself. It is unrivalled in the scenery and soil. There are two superb bridges: one over Monongahela, and one over Allegheny,

of the first architecture, and are the finest ornaments belonging to Pittsburg; cost, nearly one million dollars each.

Two miles above Pittsburg, is the village of Laurence, the seat of the United States arsenal, on the Allegheny.

As to the soil beyond the hills, which surround Pittsburg, I am unable to say any thing, as I did not extend my views beyond the vicinity.

The Allegheny river is 1100 feet wide at Pittsburg, and the Monongahela 1400 feet wide.

No language can convey the beautiful appearance of these rivers. I should say the Allegheny was the handsomest of the two; it is equal in beauty to the Ohio, and just such another river.

These rivers, and the Ohio and bridges exclusively, constitute one of the handsomest sights, beyond doubt, in the Union: I mean where beauty alone is considered.

TOPOGRAPHY.

I had heard so much of the steam manufactories, and coal, and smoke, of Pittsburg, that I tried to form some idea of them; but was greatly disappointed: more smoke than I could have conceived; and the manufactories were far beyond my conception in skill of workmanship, and amount of capital. But I give the population of all the towns, in the first place:

Pittsburg City contains	10.600 inhab.*
Northern Liberties	711
Kensington	390
Birmingham	459
Allegheny Town	702
Miscellany	260
Total,	13061
Of those born in foreign countries,	3000 or nearly.†

*Increase, since last census, upwards of 3000.
†Taken two years since.

Pittsburg, at the last enumeration, contained—

Dwelling houses	1140
Churches	12
Public buildings	7
Stores	60
Groceries	146

Well done! how they convert the heathen here, with brandy. The missionaries are doing good: they ought to have a church, at least for every grog-shop. Give them more money,

Banks	2
Taverns	16
Factories, mills and shops	440
Ware-houses, &c.	76

This number, however, has greatly increased, and buildings are going up at this time in all parts of the city. Most of the houses are brick, and some of them are lofty, fine buildings; but all the houses are colored quite black with the smoke: the interior of the houses are still worse; carpets, chairs, walls, furniture—all black with smoke: no such thing as wearing white: the ladies mostly dress in black; and a cap or white ruff, put on clean in the morning, is tinged quite black by bed-time: the ladies are continually washing their faces. Meantime, the smoke, particularly in the absence of the sun, is quite annoying to the eyes of strangers; and every thing has a very gloomy, doleful appearance at first; excepting, always, the interior of the workshops. But, in a few days, the stranger becomes so familiar to it, that the novelty of the thing is completely worn off, and your walks and rambles through the city are pursued with the same pleasure common to others.

In all the towns of Pennsylvania, of any size, the public buildings and offices are built on squares, in the centre of their towns, or boroughs, as they are called. These squares are uniformly called "The Diamond." I had often heard the word, and from haste and inattention never stopped to ask what it meant; and that it meant the public square, is one of the last things I should take it to apply. "You will find such a man on the east, west, &c. of

the diamond," said my friend, Mrs. Roberts. "And what is the Diamond?" "Where the market-house is. Don't you know where Mr. Baldwin's office is? there is the Diamond."

The Diamond is about the centre of the city; is large, and contains the market-house in the centre, and the public buildings, attorney's offices, and a few oyster cellars.

The public buildings are large, and well built of brick: the churches are small, and make no show, excepting one just rebuilt, touched off in great Gothic style: the others will soon follow; as one fool makes many. Can men be such fools as to think *that* man believes in a God, who gives such proofs of pride and show? How many poor people are there in Pittsburg, to whom this money, (worse than thrown away,) would have been a salutary relief? and would it not have been more pleasing to God? This may be the religion of pride and wickedness; but, that it is the religion of Jesus Christ, I deny.* These wicked priests always lead me *St. Vitus' dance.*

The streets of Pittsburg are not regular, running in all directions; most of them, however, angle with the Monongahela: they are paved, but not lighted: the sidewalks are narrow; and the whole are dirty, and in wet weather, very muddy, in some parts of the town.

The citizens are now engaged in furnishing the city with good water, and have sunk a very handsome reservoir upon the top of Grant's hill for the purpose. But from some cause, to me unknown, the pipes have mostly bursted, and flood the streets with water, which I found rather unpleasant.

Pittsburg contains thirty-five streets, thirty-seven alleys, nine courts, and two rows. Most of the houses are numbered.

POLICE.

Pittsburg is governed by a Mayor, Recorder, eight Select Councilmen, two presidents, fourteen Common

*How many fine churches did our Saviour build? Doubtless, he had the means.

Councilmen, and twelve Aldermen. Besides the Mayor's Courts, three other Courts hold their sessions in Pittsburg, viz: The United States' Court for the Western District of Pennsylvania, the Supreme Court for the Western District of Pennsylvania, and Court of Common Pleas.

There are in Pittsburg, thirty-two attorneys, and counsellors, and sixteen Physicians; and besides the public buildings mentioned, a museum, the Western University, a High School, an Academy, and sundry smaller schools.*

The manners of the people of Pittsburg, as in all other large towns, some are liberal and polite; and others, quite the reverse: the latter, it may be supposed, are the Bible, tract and Sunday school people, which rather have the ascendency here; of course, education does not flourish. The university exists only in name; and cannot be said to be in operation, though it has a long string of professors. I shall notice the state of society before I have done, more particularly.

WESTERN UNIVERSITY.

The following gentlemen are the professors, viz:

Rev. R. Bruce, Principal; and Professor of Natural Philosophy.

R. J. Black, (of church and state memory) Professor of Ancient Languages and Classical Literature.

Rev. E P Swift, Professor of Moral Science.

Rev. C. B. McGuire, Professor of Modern Languages.

Rev. J. H. Hopkins, Professor of Rhetorick and Belles Lettres.

If ever this university comes to any thing, under so many Reverences, I am greatly mistaken: and the building, instead of being erected out of the city, upon some of those beautiful eminences, away from the smoke and crowds of visitors, business-men and boat-men, it is buried in an obscure part of the city.

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*The historian says, there are forty academies and schools in Pittsburg! in his brain, he meant.

While walking in search of it, I passed a small brick building in one of the back streets, and still kept inquiring for the *university*. "Why there it is;" said my guide. I was astonished at the building: but Mr. Bruce (a very gentlemanly looking man by the way) said they were going to build an addition: and after apprising him of my views, he said I could not see the interior of the building then, as the students were in their rooms. I asked him for a catalogue: he had none printed, but would write one, which would be ready next day. In passing the same street, the following day, the house reminded me of the paper promised by Mr. Bruce. I stepped into the lower part of the university, as Mr. Bruce's door (same building) was shut, and found a few rude looking boys there, and a yellow man teaching. I looked about for the *black* man, but saw none but the mulato, who appeared genteel, and seemed to be a man of learning, as he was teaching Latin. I inquired for Mr. Bruce; he was in the house. I requested his son, whom I found with the boys, to go to him for the paper. He ran off, and soon returned with it; and as I stepped out of the door, I met a young man coming down stairs. I asked if any of the professors were up there. "Yes;" said the young man, "you had better go up and see them;" rather sneeringly. I replied, I thought they might have had politeness enough to come down and see me; and stepped out to pursue my tour over the city; when every boy in the school came to the door and blackguarded me—"huzza for Jackson," &c. as loud as they could bawl. Mrs. B. was sitting upon the sill of her door, within four feet of them. I pointed to the mob: "A fine specimen, madam, of your labors." She said nothing, and I walked on, when the whole of the scholars, in spite of their teacher, some nearly grown, mobbed me through the street, until I was forced to take shelter in the house of Mr. Smith, whose son was with me at the time. We had some distance to go, and had we not met a drove of four legged hogs, who joined our side, the *two* legged ones would certainly have worsted us. They had the insolence to pursue us to the very gate of Mr. Smith, who resented

the insult so highly, that he jumped up and ran for a constable. In the meantime, the ruffians ran away. I should think Mr. Smith would make an excellent professor, as he taught these boys more, in the course of a minute, than they had learned in their whole lives. I am astonished that legislatures do not see these priests have become too abandoned to church and state principles, to have any thing to do with the education of youth; and the money had better be thrown into the fire, than wasted in this manner. Learning is entirely extinct. Where is there a learned man to be found, since the reign of tracts and missionaries? Not one in the whole of these dens, or scarcely any where else. Mr. Bruce is a Scotch gentleman, and a man of learning, liberality, and cleverness; but what can he do? tied hand and foot by those artful designing men, the trustees, and the other professors. Read an extract from the Rev. Black's Sermon, in the first volume of my Black-Book, and say whether such a traitor is fit to be trusted with the tuition of youths, unless it be to make slaves of them. The people say, in Pittsburg, Black is a covenanter; a sect, with whom the Presbyterians do not agree. Tell me nothing of covenanters. I saw the Presbyterians very busy, strewing his church and state sermon over the deck of the Union Line steam-boat. This sham story is not to deceive me; it is one of these seditious sermons I took the extract from, being on the boat at the time when a gang of these traitors were scattering a number of seditious papers, for which they ought to have been arrested. Let any man read the sermon, and say whether or not, a man, who would utter such treason, is fit to be trusted, one hour, with the instruction of youth.

It appears to me that the people of the United States have entirely lost sight of their liberty, and are bent on becoming slaves.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, when they heard who I was, sent a very polite apology, and an invitation to spend the evening with them. I called upon them, to show I bore *them* no resentment: but, poor things, I gave them a most cutting lecture, and I have little doubt but it had a good

effect. Mr. B. is a very fine looking man, entirely void of that black vengeance looking countenance, common to these bluestockings; and, doubtless, they cannot get a better man, if he were free to act as he pleased; but, tied up, as he is, by the trustees and professors, his learning and talents, which he certainly has, are thrown away.* I told him I would patronize him; but he must drive Black off, or I would put down the university. "My eyes," if ever there was a greater burlesque. Let the legislature, if it will give money to educate youths, see that it is properly applied, and put out all those traitors who have, wherever they are, turned the seminaries into tract and missionary societies. Little is the legislature aware of the deep-laid plan of these traitors. I will open their eyes before I am done: I shall lay a few papers before them to show what they are about University! not half as good as an old field school; not half as much, in appearance, like a university as mother Dickinson. The whole of these colleges cannot be broken up too soon, and organized upon a different plan; and these bluestockings ought not to be allowed to remain in any school or seminary.

MISS PARRY,

Is at the head of an academy for young ladies. I did not approve of her manner altogether, and gave her my opinion pretty freely; and pointed out what method, I thought she ought to pursue. I dare say, the lesson I gave her, joined to her own good sense, may produce the happiest consequence. I do not approve of this praying in school; it only tends to hypocrisy, and destroys respect for religion by making it an old song; and those children are always the most vicious who are accustomed to those long spun prayers, night and morning. To avoid this, High Schools ought to be uniformly established, where the children and youths are instructed in useful knowledge in the first place, and left to their own free will, to

*He was some time professor in Columbia College, N. Y.

choose what church they please. No sectarianism or catechism is allowed in High Schools. Miss Parry is quite young, and deserves much credit.

MISSES ROBERTS AND CAMPBELL.

These young ladies have a large school, or academy rather, of both sexes, and also deserve much applause for their assiduity and method, which was very easily perceived by the politeness of the pupils, who all arose from their seats, upon my entrance.

A variety of branches are taught here, as well as at Miss Parry's school. They are both very amiable and well educated females; and though quite in the bloom of youth, sacrifice the pleasures of society, and those amusements congenial to their age, for the benefit of their species.

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY,

Also, have a very large school in Pittsburg, and are able teachers here, as well as every place they are found; but their academy being on the top of a quarry-hill, I was unable, from incessant fatigue, to visit it. Nor was I able to see the Roman Catholic priest, an aged and most worthy man, (from report,) who presides over the school. These Sisters of Charity are the most heavenly looking females on earth, wherever they are found.

HIGH SCHOOL.

This is the only High School I have seen in Pennsylvania. I understand there is a well established High School in Philadelphia; but being very imprudently called by some other name, "Franklin Institute," perhaps, I never dreamed of its being a High School. Why they do not call it by its right name, I should be pleased to know; they must lose considerable by it, as High Schools are becoming very popular.

The High School at Pittsburg, of course, is, by far, the

best conducted seminary in the place; and I was pleased to find it very full, and a liberal unitarian Yankee at the head of it.* It is kept in the unitarian church; the second I have seen in the state, since I left Philadelphia; the first was at Harrisburg.

This seminary, with the exception of the Moravians, is worth all the schools and universities in the state. Let the people take this as a pattern. See the intelligence, the modesty, and manly appearance of these boys: see the difference between them and the mob crew of the university; and though it may very possibly happen, that not more than one in one hundred is competent to judge between them; yet, that one is sufficient, when the fact to be decided is self-evident. But the plain truth of the business is, there is not one in a thousand, nay, ten thousand, take them as they run, who cares the amount of a straw which is the best, or which is the worst teacher—so that it is a school, and his child goes to it in the morning, and returns home at night! A lady once told me, she never did any thing in her life, but go to school. "My father paid a hundred dollars for my *eddicashin.* I went to school seven years: very few people *has* done as well by their *darters* as daddy has:" at the same time she could not spell her own name. From the state of society at Pittsburg, I would suppose they follow daddy's example; "Oh, I just send him to be out of the way!" If the people of the United States go on in this way, the black

*I find my friends, in the west, are far in the back ground with respect to liberal and general information: a very genteel man from Ohio invited me to call at his town, Cincinnati, in my intended tour I asked him what sort of people they were; whether they were liberal, &c. and whether there were any unitarians there. "God forbid," said my friend. He was certainly one of the *wise men.* I have been told the Jackson people reckon the unitarians little less than the d—l, and set them down as Adams men, monarchy men, federalists, &c. ---Stuff:---are not many of the unitarians firm Jackson men? I thought my countrymen had more sense. I say, the unitarians, as a sect, are amongst the most virtuous, moral, charitable, intelligent people I have found, and it is well known no one despises federalism more. "But they hold erroneous opinions about God." What is that to us? a sure sign of a hypocrite or a fool. Have we not all a right to think as we please: and as for God, their knowledge of him is about equal, in my humble opinion.

coats will very shortly take that trouble off their hands. These wolves in sheep's skin, have the children all classed as regular as though they were sheep and goats: some are to be servants: all the poor children are laid off in lots: one lot to serve in the houses of the great, such as Dr. Ely: others are to be hewers of wood and carriers of water; and they can clinch it with a text of scripture. This is the intent of Sunday schools, and the end of picking up children in the streets. Little are the parents of these children aware of the industry of these men and madams, who coax their children off, right or wrong, to the Sunday schools, and pray over them, and stuff them with tracts and texts, to make them bigots, and train them up to their hand. What does a child understand of the Bible? No more than a goose. It is impious to put Bibles in the hands of children. Of a piece are their infant schools, now getting up. The people are certainly bewitched. But let facts speak. See how society has degenerated since the reign of tracts and missionaries. Where is the native of Pittsburg who once shone on the bench? Where is the illustrious orator, that once honored the Pittsburg bar? Where are their Temples, their Woods, their Campbells and Brackenridges? Swallowed up by that all-devouring monster, priestcraft!

The son of the great Brackenridge I was told was in Pittsburg, a gloomy bigot. For his father's sake I strove to see him; but in vain—he kept out of my sight. True, they have a few Yankees here, and were it not for them the course of justice would cease—they would not be able to hold a court but for them. Every one knows I allude to the Hon. Judge Tilghman, Messrs. Baldwin, Forward, and a few enlightened foreigners. What is the cause of this? Nothing else but suffering the blue-stockings to slip into all their schools; by which means they have completely blocked up the road to knowledge. Pennsylvania, but particularly Pittsburg, ought to blush at this picture, which they cannot deny. What sort of lawyers and judges and statesmen think you these *hog-mob youths* of the University would make? But that is the craft of the blue-skins, to plunge the people into ig-

norance that they may rule them.* Let the Germans open their eyes to this, and be busy, and haste to rid their schools of these fellows. I see they have begun the glorious work in Lancaster county, for which they will receive the approbation of after ages. Success to them—they are the only rational and free people in the State.

But to return to the High school. The name of the principal is E. Worthington, Esq., a man of youthful, handsome appearance, and keen, sensible countenance. He has fifty-four students, who, besides the common branches, are taught drawing, which they do in a superior style. But the modesty, intelligence, and politeness of the youths was truly interesting—unlike the rabble at the University. The moment I entered they all rose from their seats, and after making the most graceful bow, sat down again to their studies, from which they never raised their eyes while I remained in the school. When students conduct themselves in this manner, no other evidence is wanting of the qualifications of the teacher or the plan of tuition. I scarcely ever pay attention to any thing but the pupils of any seminary—their conduct proves every thing.

I was told the University is about applying to the Legislature for more money. Better give it to institute more High schools, or turn the University into a High school: for I will insure the people of Pennsylvania that it will never come to any thing in its present state.

MUSEUM.

Lambdin's Museum and Gallery of Paintings was established 8th September, 1828, and now contains a valuable collection of paintings from ancient as well as modern masters. Fine landscapes, by Doughty, Birch, Lawrence, &c. Pictures from the collection of Baron

*What will Pittsburg be, if it goes on in this manner, half a century hence? They cannot carry on their business now without calling in assistance.

Basse Muller. Portraits of distinguished characters, by Stewart, Sully, Peale, and Lambdin.

The Museum contains about two hundred foreign birds, among which are the birds of Paradise; twenty quadrupeds; five hundred minerals; three hundred fossils, amongst which are many bones of the Mammoth; three hundred marine shells; twelve hundred impressions of medals; one hundred ancient coins: a handsome collection of articles from the South seas; marine productions; Indian articles, &c. &c.

I would suppose Mr. Lambdin to be man of great taste himself, from the neatness and skill displayed in the arrangement of the articles in his Museum—all the articles being put up in neater and better order than any Museum I have met with. The shelves are white, neat, and so regular that they are a show of themselves; and the whole enlosed with glass. Here I, for the first time, saw flowers of all sorts, pinks, roses, &c. &c. made out of sea shells, the most extraordinary piece of labor and ingenuity I ever saw, excepting the wooden globe in Salem Museum. These flowers are of all sizes and colors, and are said to be the work of Mrs. Peale, of Philadelphia.

Mr. Lambdin is himself an Artist, quite a genteel and most amiable man. It is hoped he may receive the favor and patronage of travellers and enlightened strangers who pass through Pittsburg, it being the only specimen of taste or amusement in the city. No library—no athæneum—no gardens—no theatre, lest they might offend God's people, the mob-boys, the tract people, Rev. Black, Rev. * * * * *, and a hundred other sly thieves. How godly-wise they are, and have to send to New-England, Ireland, Scotland, and even to the Indies for persons to conduct their public institutions.

Every thing learned or liberal falls before the march of these priests. All the same—find them where you will, they are the same identical monsters of wicked ... and despotism. I understood there was an Apprentices' Li-

brary got up by a few liberal gentlemen.* I wonder the blue priests did not ask for the money to spread the gospel. No theatre! Now, let me ask the citizens of Pittsburg, seriously, which is the worse crime, to go to a play or get drunk? But I will bring the question nearer home: which is the greatest crime, to go to a play, or set down and write such a letter as I received from one of these godly women, it is supposed, as it is in a woman's hand—much more abandoned and obscene than that which I received at Carlisle. Every gentleman in Pittsburg saw the letter, as I left it for a week or ten days in the Mayor's office to open inspection. The most obscene pictures drawn on blank parts of the paper, and the most shocking ..... it was beyond shocking—beyond conception. The letter I received from the godly woman at Carlise was not a priming to it. I never heard or read of such language, nor did I know the meaning of half the words. I challenge any gentleman, and every gentleman who saw this letter, to say whether they ever saw a parallel even in the lowest and vilest brothel, which I understand is the last grade of society; and were it not for the benefit of mankind, and to warn them against these wicked priests, it was too bad even to hint at. "Oh, throw it in the fire, Mrs. R.," said Mr. Roberts, who brought it from the post-office. "Throw it in the fire," said another. "No, sir; it is the very thing I wanted—it is worth millions to my country. This is proof—this is fact—it speaks for itself. I shall make a better use of it—I shall lay it before the Legislature of Pennsylvania. I will show them how *godly* these Presbyterians are making their women of Pittsburg and Carlise, the head-quarters of these blue-stockings, as the people call them: the two Sodoms of Pennsylvania; the nurseries of infamy, pollution, and clerical despotism, unparalleled in history." Well might Pennsylvania call me to her aid! It was time, truly! The Mayor of the city very innocently imformed me that he received num-

*Messrs. Holdship, Eichbaum, and several others.—No blackcoats you may be sure.

bers of such letters. I believe him; he being a very handsome man, it is easily accounted for.

But let me ask the citizens of Pittsburg if they can think of raising children amongst these vile deceivers? If they can be so besotted as to suffer society to become annihilated before their eyes, and by such people as could write such a letter as this, and endeavor to cloak their villainy by declaiming against theatres, and other places of innocent amusement!! I blush for such a people! Freemen !—Americans !—Pennsylvanians !—so lost to shame and every honorable principle!!! As for the women, the godly ones I mean, they are too contemptible to notice: but I ask men of sense, what opinion they can have of Tracts and Sunday schools, and the whole abomination of the missionary frauds, upon so long and fair a trial—what opinion can they form of their effects upon society and morals, when a female, an aged female, in the very head-quarters of those religious tyrants, could not pass through their city without being beastly insulted by her own sex? What sort of wives and mothers would they make? That it was a tract-woman, or a blue-skin priest who wrote the letter I am constrained to believe. Why? Because every one else received me with expressions of joy, as the friend of civil and religious liberty; and because these religious demons have always persecuted me with the savageness of a Nero. Is this what they profess? is this gospel? is this letter dictated by the gospel? was the attempt on my life, by Hecock, gospel? was the letter I received from Carlisle dictated by the gospel? Instead of attempting to convert me, they seek my life, insult me—publicly in the papers, privately by the foulest slander. No other sect do this. North, south, east, west, they all breathe the same spirit of slander and vengeance; which alone, if we had no other evidence, ought to open the eyes of the people. "Their eyes are open, we do see the evil, Mrs. R., but where is our remedy?" "It is in these words—exert your rights as freemen, and keep these robbers from your women—a man who will not do this is unworthy the name of an American."

I have just learned that the proprietor of the stage-line is one of these godly ones. These missionaries, with their *holy* Bible, are improving society fast: we will soon have no need of penitentiaries or state-prisons. If they make the heathen as pious as themselves, viz. steal, lie, get drunk, write scurrilous letters, and a thousand other crimes I have witnessed amongst them, they will deserve to enter the kingdom of * * * *.

But what I was aiming to demonstrate is the abject slavery the people are *already* reduced to; and the question is *not* whether theatres are proper, or the contrary; it is, whether freemen shall voluntarily surrender their liberty to the *priesthood*, or any other men; or whether they have the courage to be free. If these priests can coerce freemen in *one* thing, they can in every other; and proceed inch by inch until our freedom is gone. What is it to these wicked priests what freemen do? I do not mean because they are priests they are wicked, but because they, as priests, have power, which they exercise over weak minds; first over women, and through them over men. Any man possessed of absolute power will be a tyrant. Pittsburg and Carlisle are the strong holds of these blue-stockings in Pennsylvania: but their reign of terror is short. I understand there are a goodly number of them in Harrisburg likewise. I shall pay my respects to them too; also, one or two other *dens*.

There are, however, many liberal and enlightened men in Pittsburg, which I shall notice before I speak of the manufactories—they almost deter me from the attempt. The whole city, as some writer justly observes, is a perfect work-shop; and the most remarkable fact in regard to the character of the society of Pittsburg, and one which excites astonishment and pleasure, is, that the mechanics and artificers are, by far, the most enlightened part of the society! There is not a more honorable, orderly, and well-behaved collection of men, doubtless, to be found on the globe, of their calling. I was not prepared for this part of the history of Pittsburg, having never heard it mentioned by any writer—they appear to form an exclusive society of gentlemen. But we will begin with the judges.

His Honor, of the U. States' Court, Judge *Wilkins*, I had the very great misfortune not to see; but stepping into the court-house, merely to see the interior of the building, some person apprized the Hon. Judge *Tilghman*, (if I do not mistake the name,) of the Supreme Court, of my presence: he instantly descended from the bench, (court being in session,) and received me with that politeness and respect which bespoke him a gentleman of the first rank. The Associates remained on the bench.

Judge T. had been familiar with my pursuits, and no cause being on trial, he sat down in a recess, and inviting myself and several gentlemen, Messrs. *Forward* and *Baldwin* to take a seat, we had a merry time of it, laughing at the missionaries and blue-skin judge and lawyer, of New Haven, Connecticut, whom he knew, being from the Yankee country himself. He said they were drawn to the life in my Black Book. I was now in my glory—in company with three of the first men in the State, and all Yankees, though I scolded Mr. Baldwin for suffering the blue stockings to usurp such an unwarrantable authority in the city. "Oh, Mrs. R.," said he, "I leave you to fight the missionaries, I have been cleaning out the *big* stable." Judge T. is a gentleman of young appearance, a tall, good figure, and highly accomplished. He is free and easy in his manner, and evidently a first rate man. I felt much indebted to him for the high marks of respect with which he honored me.

Mr. Henry Baldwin is the darling of Pennsylvania and the pride of Pittsburg. He is about thirty-five years of age; a thin, light figure, of good height, round, delicate face, and sallow complexion; his eye is a keen, or rather sparkling, deep hazle, or what some would call black. His countenance would not indicate talents of the first rate, though he certainly does, very justly, rank among the first men of the State. But, of all men, he has the most pleasing countenance, and the most fascinating manners. He appears to most advantage when pleading. It is impossible to portray the winning smile which plays upon his countenance, while his head is elevated, and his

figure erect and manly; his voice is harmonious, and his actions pertinent and graceful; he is said to be an able statesman and of unshaken integrity; well may Pittsburg be proud of him: his talents are devoted to it, and have been for some years, while his generosity and goodness of heart keep him in the back ground.*

Walter *Forward*, Esq. is another Yankee, and second, if not equal to Mr. Baldwin at the bar, some do say he is superior. Mr. Forward is another man of towering talents and a great pleader, he is a brother of Hon. Chauncey Forward, of Somerset, member of Congress, and a stout middle aged man, of fine appearance, his face is round and rather sallow, his eyes are full, dark, keen and intelligent, his countenance open and pleasing, his manners are manly though mild and alluring, and take him all in all, one of the most high spirited and noble looking men in Pittsburg. This gentleman, as well as Mr. Baldwin, seems to have lived for the world and not for themselves; both men of the first talents, legal knowledge and extensive practice; but from their excess of good nature and generosity, have been unable to lay up but little for themselves. It appears they are amongst the few who have laid their treasure up in another and a better world. May they meet their reward!

Samuel *Kingston*, Esq. also of the bar, is of middling age and height, his visage round, thin and fair, with a full lively grey eye; he is a perfect gentleman in his manners, and his countenance peculiarly interesting: he is alike eminent at the bar.

Robert *Burke*, Esq. another member of the Pittsburg bar, is a tall slender genteel figure, with a thin face, and keen intelligent countenance; he is a very amiable man, free and genteel in his manners.

Col. James M. *Riddle*, another of the corps. The conduct of this gentleman towards his species and myself in particular, confirms what I have often said of the profession, that they are the most generous class of professional

*On my way to Pittsburg, the people would say, "You will see our idol Mr. B."

men in our country: though burdened with a large family and slender means, like the rest of his brethren, he was almost the first man to patronise me in Pittsburg—such men are an honor to our country, and I deeply lament it is not in my power to do more for them than enrol their names in the history of their country. It gives me, however, much pleasure to perpetuate the name and virtues of J. M. *Riddle*. Mr. R. is a tall manly figure, very plain, but very dignified, in his manners; he is rather of young appearance and austere countenance; he has been some time at the bar and ranks amongst the first lawyers.

Ephriam *Pentland*, Esq. is likewise of the bar, and a very excellent man; he is of middling age and stout make, with an oval fair face and very affable manners.

Besides these, Messrs. W. W. Fetterman and Samuel Gormly, were all I saw of the bar, at least worth naming.

Of the clergy, I saw but four.

Rev. Mr. *Bruce* mentioned; he is pastor of the Seceder church, I do not know the tenents of the sect.

Rev. John H. *Hopkins*, of the Protestant Episcopal church, is a perfect gentleman, and possessed of every personal and mental endowment, and quite a young looking man; he lives in the town of Alleghany, though his church, if I remember, is in Pittsburg: his mansion occupies one of the most charming spots in the vicinity, it is on the border of the town upon an eminence which overlooks the Ohio, and from which he has a fine view of the numerous steamboats which are continually passing up and down the river. I was particularly struck with the politeness and hospitality of this gentleman, and for his sake, I the more deplore the falling off of the sect; he is the principal of a private seminary for the tuition of young ladies, and forms a wide contrast to Rev. ———, principal of the *new theological* school.

Being fatigued from a long and tiresome walk to the Phœnix factory, Dr. Shoenberger's, and on my feet the whole day, I became so weary, I was fit to drop, but could see no house I could venture to stop at, until I was at length attracted by an elegant building on my left, sup-

posing it must be inhabited by some princely gentleman, upon whose hospitality I might venture to intrude a few minutes to rest; I knocked at the door, which was open when I drew up to it: a servant soon appeared, and I asked, if the gentleman of the house was in, the servant answered, he was, and asked me to walk in. I stept merely in the front of the passage, and requesting to speak to the gentleman, remained standing: the gentleman, whose name and profession I knew nothing of at the time, came from a large parlor, and I announced my name, and intended to have apologised in the next breath: Mrs. R. said the man, I want nothing to do with you, and darted back into the room; you must be one of the blue-fellows, thought I, and sought my weary way home.

When relating the circumstance, I was told he was one of the blue-stockings sure enough, and was come to Pittsburg to manufacture pious young men to spread the gospel, in the shape of a theological seminary.

To say nothing of a thousand instances of the like case, this man is to educate men to spread the gospel; of course it is presumed he must know something of the gospel, doubtless he is in favor of tracts and missionary societies, he must have read his bible, some time or another, though I doubt it; why did not this hypocrite ask me to sit down, and at least show as much hospitality as the heathen whom he is going to convert? Why did he not try to convert me? the vile deceiver: no, with worse than Turkish savageness, he wheeled off without showing even the sembance of civilization. Can the people of Pittsburg or any other burg, be gulled by such wild beasts? the wild beast could have done no more; when I reflect, it is well he did not break my other ancle. Can people expect this man capable of teaching any thing but barbarism (which they *all* evidently do,) and robbery. But this is latterly a good trade. What man of brains would send his son to such a brute? Had he been one of the laymen, his conduct was shameful in a christian city, and unequalled in a savage town. Let me ask any reasonable man in Pittsburg, had I stept into the lowest mechanic's house, whether he would not have invited me to sit down; and let me

ask them, what they can think of a man who would not; can they think such a man knows any thing of the gospel? He may know enough of the gospel, but he knows a great deal more of knavery. It is hoped, when the great struggle arrives (evidently a civil war,) the citizens of Pittsburg may be the first to have their throats cut, for being such abominable fools as to suffer these firebrands of satan to runaway with their senses. If this man had the power he would make every street in Pittsburg run with blood; reports say he has a guillitine ready.

The Rev. John *Taylor*, of Liberty-street, is an aged man, and one of the most amiable of the human family; disgusted with the abuse of the gospel, he has left off preaching, and despises this religious swindling and tyranny as much as I do; he told me, he was persecuted by them until he was almost heart-broken. The old gentleman, hearing I had arrived in the city, attended by his friend Mr. Byrne, clambered up stairs to see me in the night soon after I arrived in the city. He welcomed me in the most cordial language, while tears stood in his meek eyes as he repeated his mental suffering. And after preaching for, I think, forty years, at length unable to stem the tide of this new-fangled scheme of spreading the gospel, he retired in disgust. He is an Episcopalian, and if there be a christian in their ranks, I would take him to be the man—and notwithstanding their hollow professions of speading the gospel, this aged man, because he will not come into their measures, is now struggling with poverty, is this religion? Shame on the people of Pittsburg. These are all I saw of the clergy.

Whilst I am upon the subject, however, I must entertain my readers with an anecdote of Rev. ———, and the Osage mission, which comes in best at this place. It was related to me, and confirmed by some of the first people in Pittsburg About two years or so before my visit, a missionary came to Pittsburg to collect money and goods, and property of any sort, from a feather bed down to a horse-shoe, to convert the Osage Indians. The whole city was put in requisition: manufacturers, merchants, mechanics, and private citizens, were all called

on to contribute something, and as much money as they pleased; enough at least to purchase a boat to carry the missionary, his women, and his property. The Rev. ———, of Pittsburg, went round with the missionary to every house. From some they got one thing, and from some, another, (they had better have given it to Rev. Taylor,) till the boat was so full, there was scarcely room for people to stand on the deck. It amounted to some thousand dollars.

When about to leave the shore, Rev. ——— called to them to "stop, here is more." "The boat cannot take in another article—it is impossible, sir; she is too heavily laden now," said the captain. "You must take in these barrels (or boxes.)" "Can't, sir." "They must go," said the priest, and actually rolled them on board; and after sailing down the river a short distance, sold them for what they would fetch; and, pocketing the money, went on. But the cream is to come yet

In the course of their calls, they stepped into a small grocery or grog-shop. The shop belongs to a very generous, free-hearted, little Irishman, if I am not mistaken, by the name of Gallagher. But, no odds about the name, he is still keeping a shop in Pittsburg. The godly men say, "Well, sir, what will you contribute to the mission?" "I am so poor, gentlemen, I am not able to assist you." "Oh, if you cannot give money, give a little of any thing you have." "I have nothing in the world, gentlemen, that would suit you, I suspect: I have nothing but these liquors, which you see here, and I don't expect they would suit you." "Why, I d-o-n-'t k-n o w but they m-i-g-h-t," the holy man drolled out:—"let me see; the atmosphere is very damp on the river; I d-o-n-t k-n o-w, but a little spirit would be a preventive;" (oh the covetous wretch.) "Well, gentlemen, if I have any thing in my line, that will suit you, you are welcome to it; make your choice; I have but little; but I do not wish to be backward." "Well, let us see what sort you have." The gentleman set out his decanters, hands a glass, and Mr. ——, (the missionary not being a judge, he said,) pours out a glass of brandy put it to his head, takes a sip, smacks

his lips, takes another sip, smacks his lips again, holds up the glass, looks at it between him and the light, turns to his companion and says, "This is very good; we'll take three or four gallons of this:" takes up a decanter of cherry-bounce, pours out a glass, takes a pull at that, smacks his lips at it, "Better than the first." He went on tasting the man's liquors in this way, and telling him how much to put up of each, till he came to the cordial, which is said to be a very luxurious, costly liquor: he took a pull,—smacked his lips twice or thrice,—took another,—smacked again,—takes a third: "Oh, this is excellent; put us up ten gallons of this."

In the course of their tour through the city, they called on a blacksmith. The man was quite in low circumstances: they looked round the shop to see what they could devour; but saw nothing but a large chain, called a *lock chain*. They coveted the chain at once,—were going to a new country—and would be clearing, and hauling logs, and thought the chain, if he could spare it, would be excellent. The man urged his poverty, but they urged the cause of God; and finally persuaded him out of the chain. After securing this, Rev. ———, casting round to see what else the shop contained, espied a horse-shoe lying at his feet, and picking it up, said he would like to have a pair of them: they would need horses, and of course, horses would need shoes. The man now grew displeased, said he owed money, and had already done his creditors injustice by giving them the chain; and their reverences walked off.

When I arrived in Pittsburg, Rev. ——, had a mortification in his arm, occasioned by a slight bruise in his hand, of which it is said he has since died: he was given up when I left Pittsburg. Some of the wicked people said it was a judgment upon him, being the same hand by which he tasted the poor man's brandy.

PHYSICIANS.

Out of the 16 physicians, Pittsburg was said to contain, I saw but one,* Dr. Hannen † These gentlemen, therefore, cannot charge me with neglect, as it was their place to ha e called on me, which is common, and such were my labors, that I had not leisure to call on them.

On my way to Pittsburg, I met with a very genteel young man at Bedford: he was formerly of Philadelphia, but was then proprietor of a chair manufactory, East 4th, near Main-street, Cincinnati, Ohio. He gave me the name of Dr. Hannen of Pittsburg: observing I would find the Dr. a gentleman, polite and hospitable, which, much to the credit of both, I found true; though I was but a minute in the Doctor's company. He is an amiable *young* man, and keeps a drug store; the firm is "Hannen & Son, Market, between 5th and Liberty. Success to him; may he receive the patronage of the good and the generous.

THE MAYOR

Is deservedly reckoned one of the best men in Pittsburg, or even in the state. His name is M. M. Murry, a descendent of the royal family of that name in Scotland. He is stoutly made, of middle age, round face, fair, handsome features, and soft, full blue eye; but his countenance is beyond the power of pen or pencil; and the same of his manners—so mild, so winning and suasive.

> "Nature, too, has nobly done her part,
> Infused into his soul a noble grace,
> And blushed a modest blood into his face."

This gentleman, the soul of hospitality and kindness, like all other good men, seems to have lived for the good of mankind.†

E J Roberts, Esq. Clerk of U. S. Court, and Clerk of Common Council.

*I met with Dr. S. R. ———, who will be noticed hereafter.
†I shall mention his lady under the head of 'Ladies.'

Of this gentleman, I could never say enough. He took me out of the hands of the Philistines, and desired me to make his house my home. Leading me into his parlor, he delivered himself thus: "This is your parlor, madam I give it up to you to entertain your friends as long as you choose to remain in Pittsburg." This was god like, and gospel-like, and gentleman-like; and the most noble instance of hospitality I ever met with. Mr. Roberts is likewise an attorney, and a son of the celebrated Judge Roberts, so noted in his day, as one of the best of men

Aldermen Scully and Lowrie are all I saw of the city authorities, besides the mayor. Mr S. is a most interesting man, stout, and young looking, with a fine, full, black eye. Mr. Lowrie is a brother of Secretary Lowrie, of the U S Senate, and a very different looking man: he has nothing of that malignity in his countenance, which distinguishes his brother. He is a low fair looking man. I told him I should try to get him in his brother's place: —wonder how it would do: we could not be worsted.

MERCHANTS.

I wish to keep all classes separate, in Pittsburg; a general practice with me at all times, to treat of every class, separately, but more particularly in this place, as being the first visit to Pittsburg; reserving the manufactories to the last.

My time was so much taken up in viewing the manufactories, that I saw very few of the merchants; and more particularly as they are a class of men who care little about literature

I find they are mostly narrow-minded and penurious, unless you happen to come across a real gentleman, which sometimes happens.

In Pittsburg, I found Messrs. McCleery and King, wholesale merchants, in Wood Street, near the Monongahela. These are men of high respectability, and are extensively engaged in trade. I did not see Mr King; but Mr. McCleery is a very amiable and intelligent man,

and lacks nothing of the complete gentleman. He, being a foe to priestcraft and tracts, we agreed well in sentiments: of course laughed enough at the Dismals. Mr. Mc. is a good figure, young, with a full black eye, and possessed of much ease of manner.

Mr. George Faris (if I am not mistaken in the name) is one of the most amiable of his species—mild, unaffected, and winning in his manners, and the very milk of human kindness. This gentleman is of Ireland, and I would suppose he left few equals behind him. The graces and every intellectual charm beams in his fine, open countenance, and his actions correspond with his looks. He keeps in Market Street.

N. Swarts, Esq. (I think) a merchant, is also respectable and a gentleman. He is of young appearance, with a very engaging aspect, and fine, lively, black eye.

Samuel Pettegrew, Esq. (calling unknown) is alike entitled to an honorable place in the history of this country. I do not know his profession, but I recollect the man perfectly to be highly deserving and agreeable in his manners.

I was equally pleased with Alexander Johnston, cashier of the Pittsburg bank, a tall, noble, stout figure, and very accomplished. He, with those I have mentioned, as gentlemen, are men of extensive learning and talents, and of course, do not approve of tracts and missionaries, and yet they are so over-awed by these tyrants, that they dare not speak above their breath, shame on them, and let those ignorant raw fellows monopolize all the women, and the ugliest long faces in the world.

I overlooked Wm. *Snowden*, Esq. a member of the Pittsburg bar, he is a very worthy man, and much respected. Mr. S. is a tall fine figure, good countenance, with a large bright blue eye and affable manners.

Mr. Isaac *Murphy*, likewise an attorney, is very respectable.

Amongst the other gentlemen worthy of remark, I have to notice Messrs. Wm. Caern, (if I do not mistake the name,) Byrne and Smith. I do not know the pursuit of Mr. C. but he is a very gentlemanly man; Mr. John-

Bryne, an Irish gentleman, and once a man of independence, is amongst the most intelligent and shrewd men in Pittsburg, and though struggling with adverse fortune, has a fine flow of spirits and is an excellent companion, I met with no man of more wit and pleasantry than Mr. B., he has spent much of his time since he arrived in America, in Boston, from which cause, and the hospitality of his nation, his manners are noble, frank and generous: I am under deep obligations to this gentleman and his enlightened family. He supports his family by manufacturing umbrellas, in 3d street, between Market and Wood, and though advanced in years and in delicate health, he is cheerful and gay; I hope he may receive the patronage he richly merits. Wm. T. Smith, is a white smith near Bakewell's glassworks, he and Mrs. S. (of whom I shall speak hereafter,) are of Scotland. This is the gentleman who manfully repulsed the *Hog-mob* students of the university, which alone ought to immortalize his name, he has the best educated and interesting family of children, with the exception of Mrs. Collins, I met with in Pittsburg, those children are hardly exceeded by any in the United States: nor did I ever meet with youths more amiable or possessed of a higher sense of honor. Mr. Smith, is himself, exemplary and a perfect gentleman. These youths and a few other young gentleman, have a small theatre, where they perform for their amusement and instruction, and notwithstanding their limited means, (mere children,) and want of patronage, it is astonishing to see them perform—I was present at the performance of George Barnwell, in which these youths acquitted themselves to a degree, little inferior to the performers in New York—one of the children, about thirteen years of age, is a natural genius and paints the scenes himself for his little theatre.

These exemplary youths, as their parents informed me, have improved from the example of the parents alone, neither having ever exercised any authority or coertion towards them, more than over the child they never saw. It is shameful that the liberal part of the citizens of Pittsburg do not at least aid these youths—an honor to their

city, in, at least, furnishing them with a larger room; as the present one is too small, even for children

The more I see of this civilized part of the world, the more I am convinced that the priesthood, so far from being a benefit, are a great enemy to the progress of society; and that there is no real liberty where they have any influence. Now here are ten thousand people who are kept in awe and bondage by three or four tyrants,* the most abominable monsters of wickedness in the city.

This proves the *ignorance* of the people. Why are the people ignorant? The increase of these priests, who keep learning down Witness the hog-mob scholars of the University—the letter I received here, and the letter I received from Carlisle, &c. &c. and many other black deeds of theirs, which I shall bring to light before I have done; though not equal to breaking a female's single limb in three pieces, yet enough to prove that none but fools or ignoramuses would believe they were spreading any gospel but that of nonsense. You never hear the theatre attacked but by these monsters, who want the money themselves for spreading fire and sword, as it appears, instead of the gospel. Give them no money and see what would be the consequence? bigotry, hypocrisy, and prejudice would soon disappear. Nothing flies faster than prejudice and deceit before *facts*. I hope the people of Pittsburg will no longer be bound by the galling chains of these deceivers.

But my greatest favorite is Mr. Eichbaum, the postmaster: an Israelite in whom there is no guile; a man of princely virtues, and beloved by all who has the pleasure of his acquaintance. Mr. E. is a pattern of every thing amiable in the human character. Nature has dealt bountifully with him, and he has improved the blessing she has lavished upon him beyond her fondest designs. Without parade, without professions, devoid of pride, he is at once a philosopher and philanthropist—intelligent, humane, and mildness itself. He is the most enviable man I know. I would certainly, had I a vote in the business, vote for him to succeed the Postmaster General. Mr.

*This was the case in the dark ages: so we are going back.

E. is a stout, fine figure, of young appearance, with a dark complexion, and a countenance of unrivalled sweetness.

EDITORS.

There are four papers, (besides weekly and religious, of which I know not the number,) published in Pittsburg; all liberal but one—Mr. *McLean*, a blue-stocking, and his countenance bespeaks him what he is, though he is not devoid of talent. When I received the infamous letter, before mentioned, every editor in the city resented it in the most indignant and pointed terms except Mr. McLean; this shows his religion: and that he approved of it there is little doubt. All their conduct corresponds.* Why did not this hypocrite come out like a man, as the other editors did. His paper is the *Gazette*—it was for Mr. Adams. Mr. *Butler* also publishes an Adams paper. I do not remember the name of the paper; but I shall never forget the man—one of the most amiable men in the world. As a man, as a christian, as an editor or a gentleman, he has few equals. So mild, so easy, so affable—the milk and honey of human kindness. Mr. B. is quite a young man, tall, slender, and dark-visaged, with a countenance of ineffable sweetness.

Mr. *Andrews*, and a young gentleman whom I used to know in New York, was the first to announce me, which gave great offence to the blue-skins: "Let envy alone." This was the occasion of the missionary letter—a very good thing—give them plenty of rope. Mr. Andrews is a young gentleman of talents, and very promising. The bold and spirited manner in which he resented the infamous letter, proves him, by no means, deficient either in the knowledge of our civil and religious rights, or the independence to assert them. I fancy the blue stockings will long remember Mr. Andrews. Mr. Butler also resented it in a very handsome and spirited style.

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*I understand Miss Wright gets a number of these letters. I Suppose this is the way they convert the heathen—what abominable brutes. The pictures in my letters are, doubless, well calculated to convert the heathen to *their* wishes, who cannot read. I would not be surprised at all to see the people rise and tear down all their dens.

The great offence of Mr. Andrews, I presume was, (as he was mentioned in the letter,) because he publish-my Carlisle letter. Mr. A. publishes the Commonwealth, and went for Gen. Jackson.

Mr. John M. Snowdon, also for Gen. Jackson, is another young man, and alike independent. He published the Carlisle letter also; and the blue-skins got it on all sides. They do not care, however—I mean the long-headed church and state people—so they get the money. Those in Pittsburg are only hirelings—catspaws—mere tools; and were they pelted nine times a day with rotten eggs, such is their meanness and servility, they would submit to it, at least the hen-pecked ones; and that includes the whole. Mr. S. is quite promising, and if properly encouraged, will make one of our most useful men. Here we are robbed of the most solid enjoyments by our ignorance. Millions of dollars go to—where? I should like to know. It would be as meritorious to go and seize it, as to seize the spoils of any other enemy; and I am much mistaken if it be not done before a hundred years. But if this money was given to encourage genius, and instruct the heathen of our streets, which is the same thing, a hundred to one, perhaps a thousand, would then take a newspaper who are now struggling for bread, or unable to read. All the evil and distress of the lower order of our citizens arise from the same cause, and may be traced to the same source. Genius hangs her head; the arts neglected; churches defiled; colleges turned into missionary dens; old age insulted—nothing thrives but tracts, Sunday-schools, &c. &c.

Mr. *McFarland* publishes another liberal paper. He is a genteel, well informed man, quite young, and was said to edit the paper in the absence of his father, then on the Legislature, or some where. There was a small weekly paper published by a Unitarian: neither he nor his paper was worth one cent—he being afraid to say his life was his own. I believe it is true that women hate cowards. This man calling in to see me in a book-store, told me he was a real *Yankee*—from Boston. "Then you must be a Unitarian," I replied; "yes," said he,

whispering in my ear—the sheep. No wonder the black coats take the women from such men! I guessed there must be some of the godly ones about the store, it being crowded, and seizing the opportunity, soon lectured the whole of them, Unitarians and all, out of the store.

But more facts from the *Spectator*, a religious paper. This is proof equal to the letter, and shows the march of intellect. Millions are thrown away on the macrh of this sort of intellect.

EXTRACT—*From 'the Spectatator: Pittsburg,' December 11th*, 1828.

JOSEPH AND HIS MOTHER.

Joseph. When does church break up for the winter?

Mother. What does the child mean?

J. Why, our Superintendent told us last Sabbath, that the school would soon break up for the winter.

M. Well, is that any reason why there should be no church?

J. If it is too cold to go to Sabbath school, I think it is too cold to go to church.

M. Well never mind now, learn your grammar lesson for to-morrow.

J. I think, mother it will rain to-morrow, for it does not look much like clearing, and then I shall not go to school.

M. But you will go to school, my boy, if it does rain; with your thick shoes and warm winter coat, there is nothing to hinder you.

But enough, it is too sickening. This is the spread of the gospel; these are the people who wrote the letter; these are the people who say to freemen "You shall not build a theatre." Does this not prove the march of the intellect?

It appears, however, that intellect is going to march towards the Rocky Mountains; and these Mr. Missionaries have already seized on the richest and fairest part of our country; and as the people are not in the way of

seeing all the marches of these traitors, I shall march the plan into my book, where every one will see it; and if the citizens of the United States will give these fellows money and boats and goods, and then let them march off with the women, (they never attempt to go without a score of women,) and take possession of the cream of our country, it is time for us to prepare for the yoke truly, or girt on our knapsacks and set off for Africa. Here follows the scheme, of which they must have as many as they have members:

From the Spectator, same date.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

Appointment of a General Agent for the Valley of the Mississippi.

This great Valley, extending from the Allegheny to the Rocky Mountains, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Northern Lakes, embraces a territory very fertile, capable of containing a dense population, and larger in extent than all the remaining territory under the jurisdiction of the United States. In 1790, the actual civilized population existing within these boundaries was less than 150,000; it now exceeds 4,000,000; and, according to the best calculation that can be made, it will be, in the year 1850 nearly or quite 12,000,000; will exceed the whole remaining population of our country; and will be entitled to a predominant influence in our national councils. Many a child, who reads these lines, may see the day when the Valley of the Mississippi will embrace one of the most populous and powerful nations in Christendom. There is a majesty and solemnity in this march of population, which ought deeply to affect the mind, and to be taken most seriously into the account in our plans of usefulness The spiritual welfare of 4.000,000 of souls is an object that might well command the resources of the world; but when we are to consult, not only for them, but for their children and children's children; and

when in a few years they are to increase from 4,000,000 to 8,000,000; and then to 12,000,000; 20,000,000, and onward: the importance of supplying them with the gospel, outweighs all human estimation.

We know there are now some flourishing churches in the Valley of the Mississippi, and that they embrace many active Christians who are laboring for the cause of Christ; but, at the same time, we are assured that the population, taken as a whole, is very partially supplied with the institutions of religion; that infidelity and vice are, in many parts, alarmingly prevalent; and that there is a powerful and prevailing tendency to that moral deterioration, which threatens the destruction of all civil and temporal blessings, and exposes the soul to all the miseries of the second death. And if ever the voice of Providence indicated to any one people the duty of conferring spiritual blessings on any other, we believe it now directs this portion of our country to send the blessings of Divine truth to the destitute beyond the mountains. Our happiness and prosperity are most deeply involved: we are identified with them as a nation; they are not only our neighbors, but many of them are our children, and kindred and friends. Evangelical Christians, scattered throughout the territory, are ready to second our efforts; we have no national prejudices to encounter; no new languages to learn, and, probably, on no other spot on the earth, is there promise that the same amount of effort will be attended with so great success.

The duty of immediately sending the gospel to the destitute in that interesting portion of our country, is now, we believe, almost universally acknowledged; and the consideration has pressed with great weight upon the minds of the Committee of the American Tract Society, that, while there are not qualified preachers of the gospel in existence to supply their wants, tracts can, without delay, be printed and sent to every family. The Committee have felt that, bearing in some degree the responsibility of conducting the Tract operations of the country, they must not slumber an hour over this subject; but enter immediately on the work. And in this view, they

have commissioned and sent forth the Rev. Oran Eastman, who has been three years engaged in faithful labors for the Tract cause, as a General Agent of the Society for the Valley of the Mississippi, and have appointed three other faithful men to labor in connexion with him. Rev Mr. Eastman, in company with Mr Charles Putnam, left the city of New York on the 17th November, for this service, expecting to meet the two other Agents appointed, after his arrival beyond the mountains.

Their object will be to form Auxiliary Tract Associations in every town and village, and neighborhood around; till, if possible, one or more tracts, "directing the sinner to the Saviour," shall be placed in every family. All who can be induced to associate themselves with these Auxiliaries, will be supplied with tracts at the cost prices: to all who have not the ability to pay for them, or, who knowing not their value, and caring not for their soul's salvation; will do nothing to supply themselves, it will be felt a duty to carry tracts and deliver them, as God's message, "without money and without price."

The Committee now look to the christian public to sustain them in this important measure. It will require great personal effort on the part of all christians scattered throughout the Valley of the Mississippi; and liberal pecuniary contributions from the friends of the cause in every portion of the country. These agents must be sustained, and their number probably be soon increased; and tracts must be furnished for the supply of all the Auxiliaries formed, and for all the gratuitous distributions to the destitute. If there are 4,000,000 in the Valley of the Mississippi, and each family contains seven individuals, the expense of sending two tracts of the usual size to each family, will exceed $11,400. But far more than this must be done every year, or the provision made by tracts, for the spiritual wants of that population, will be small indeed.

The Committee have felt that God called them to enter upon, and faithfully to prosecute this work, notwithstanding the Society's very limited pecuniary means. We hope the object will be remembered by christians in

their prayers, especially on the first Monday in every month; for, with the blessing of God, we believe it will appear in the day of judgment, to have been among the very important movements of the Christian Church.

Am. Tract Magazine.

It appears it is God's message to deliver tracts. Do they find tracts in the Scriptures? This piece needs no comment. I hope it may open the peoples' eyes.

LADIES.

There are few in Pittsburg of accomplished and liberal manners: the mass of the females being under the control of the religious societies. I saw but few enlightened females: but those I was so happy to see were inferior to no ladies in the United States for pleasing manners and conversation, and some of them very beautiful; and would be more so but for the smoke, which gives a tinge to the skin difficult to remove. They are very easy and familiar, and some of them have fine features.

Mrs. *Hollingsworth*, the sister of the Mayor, Mr. Murray, appears to be of the old school. She has all the nobility of her family in her appearance and deportment, which is stately, but affable and condescending. She is a female of splendid mind, and a great political stateswoman. There I lost her, as I am ignorant of both. But we agreed to a *T* on tracts, and the christian duties, viz: do all the good we can, and do no harm. Upon this point all people of sense agree. She is a Unitarian; so, also, is the Mayor, and many of the first people of Pittsburg. Mrs. H. is a stout figure, and must have shone in her younger days. She is one of the most pleasant women in Pittsburg; but, like her amiable brother, she is at odds with fortune. I never saw but one man who pleased me in every thing, who could be called wealthy. I mean, as every one may guess, the amiable Stephen Van Rensellaer, member of Congress.

Mrs. *Roberts*, my kind hostess, also a Unitarian, is a small female of great beauty and accomplishments, and

one of the most affable women in Pittsburg. Her manners, as well as her countenance, have an uncommon charm and sweetness. Her father, I think, as well as herself, were natives of England. He, if I do not mistake, was a Unitarian preacher. Miss Campbell, of the seminary, is her sister, and her partner is the sister of Mr. Roberts. Both are young, accomplished, and very handsome. Miss Parry I have mentioned.

Mrs. *Collins*, a widow lady of considerable wealth, is, doubtless, one of the first females in Pennsylvania, on every account. She lives a private life upon her income, and devotes her time to the education of her children, some of whom are married. One, a most fascinating female, Mrs. Duncan, was on a visit to her mothers's when I called. She had two other beautiful unmarried daughters, one of which was not grown, and both were highly accomplished. They were the finest and most interesting females I saw in Pittsburg, or in any part of the State. It was Mrs. C. who was alarmed by the robber on Sideling hill. Mrs. C. is certainly entitled to the highest praise for the pains she has taken in the education of her daughters. Mrs. *Anchutz* and her daughter were, also, amongst the first females in Pittsburg.

But, of all women, I was most struck by the uncommon good sense and intelligence of Mrs. Smith, whose children and husband has been mentioned. This lady, as well as her husband, is of Scotland—she is a woman of sterling worth, and highly esteemed in her calling, and though not in affluent circumstances, is the idol of all parties in Pittsburg, and lives independent, she is the most courteous and well-bred foreigner or perhaps native, I have met in the Atlantic country: she is not handsome, but her cordiality and politeness render her charming. It is seldom now-a-days we meet with a woman worthy of notice, so that too much cannot be said in her praise.

Mrs. Rev. Bruce, of the royal family of that name in Scotland, has been noticed, she is herself a native of New York, and a very beautiful woman, she did inform me of her family, one of the first in N. York, but I have forgotten it. There may have been many other deserving females

in Pittsburg but I was too much engaged to call on them, and though several called upon me, I was mostly out.

MANUFACTURES.

I am now come to the most difficult, but by far the most interesting portion of my description of Pittsburg, and without which, the city would have little weight.—This is its trade and manufactures, in which last, it excels any city in the union, either in the quantity, excellence, or variety of the articles: every article manufactured out of iron, copper, brass, tin, leather or wood, is made in Pittsburg, in a superior style; besides glass, delf, pottery and paper, they manufacture sheeting, shirting, coverlids, carpets, cloths, cassinets, plaids, checks, &c. But what distinguishes Pittsburg from every other part of the union, is the fame she has acquired from her steam engine founderies.

Another distinguished trait in the character of Pittsburg, is the polite, chaste and gentlemanly deportment of her workmen and mechanics, which joined to their skill, sobriety and industry, surpass any set of mechanics in America, or perhaps in the world!! they as a body, are the only gentlemen in the city.

In all the manufacturing establishments I have visited in the United States, I never failed to find the mechanics more or less depraved—even in New-England you too often find the workmen, and very often the principals, vicious, idle and impertinent, and a total want of respect to strangers—not so in Pittsburg. I spent thirteen days in the manufacturing houses and founderies in this city, where, but in three cases, I found none but mechanics, and never saw nor heard the most distant indelicate look or word amongst the whole of them; on the contrary I was treated with marked and gentleman-like respect—I was more astonished at this than any thing in this wonder-working city—why Pittsburg should differ so widely in this respect from all other manufacturing towns, I am unqualified to say, but it is a well known fact, that both in this country and Europe, I am told, those manufacturing

houses, exhibit a most lamentable picture of low vicious manners. During the whole of my visit to these manufactories, I never saw an instance of intoxication or the smallest indication of drinking—whether this highly honorable trait in the mechanics of Pittsburg, has been noticed by other travellers or not, I am unable to say, but it was the first thing that struck me with, not only surprise, but pleasure; the workmen, were almost as black throughout, as the coal of their pits, but this disguise could not conceal the noble mein, the chaste smile, and manly deportment for which they are unequalled. Had they been looking for me, I should have thought their manners assumed, but to recur to my own maxim, no one can effect what they do not possess, least of all, politeness. But nothing was farther from them than the thought of receiving a visit from a female, and though sometimes accompanied, I mostly stole a march upon them, much the best course for those who aim to give accurate descriptions.

Upon the whole, I am convinced that the most, if not all the travellers who have visited this Birmingham, as it is called, have never paid that observation indispensable, from want of industry and candor in this respect, very few travellers of late attach any merit to their writings; "it is the remark of a traveller," I have often observed, so it is with all travellers who have noticed Pittsburg, they merely call perhaps, at Bakewell's glass-house and jumble a few miscellaneous communications obtained from the citizens, and without seeing the mechanics or perhaps a single machine, patch up a book; this was the case with the duke of Saxeweimer, the last traveller from whom great things were anticipated.*

This being understood, a visit from any traveller, much less a female, was doubtless, the last thing these men were thinking of, and such was my curiosity to see these far-famed founderies and workshops, that without consulting a friend, I popped into one the next day of my visit, it

*In justice to the duke, his remarks upon the Bible in the hands of the convicts in the new prison of Philadelphia, are unanswerably great.

being understood that these manufactories are profusely scattered throughout the city, and being much delighted with the good order, stillness, and innocent manners of the workmen, I pursued the business unceasingly, which, as I have remarked, took up thirteen days—but not finding the proprietors in the shops, or any one who could give me an accurate account of capital, hands employed, or quantity manufactured, I am sorry to say, after bestowing so much labor, the article on Pittsburg, is by no means so clear and satisfactory as I could have wished. This is no fault of mine, as I applied to almost every intelligent man in Pittsburg, for information but failed; if the work be imperfect therefore, they have no one to blame but themselves; I have again applied to the proprietors through the mail, and should the necessary information arrive, it will be cheerfully inserted in the blanks left for the purpose. In some instances, I did receive the full amount, which will go to prove the immense weight of labor, industry, skill, and natural faculties of Pittsburg, which is one entire workshop, as some judicious traveller heretofore remarked.

The fabrication of iron, being one of the most important branches of the manufactures, and being one of the great staple commodities of the country, we shall first notice those establishments, in and about Pittsburg, where it is made.

SLIGO ROLLING MILL.

This establishment is situated on the south side of the Monongahela river, immediately opposite the mouth of Mark-street, and is owned by Messrs. Robert T. Stewart and John Lyon. It was erected in 1825. Sligo mill may be considered as a branch of those extensive iron-works which the proprietors own on the Juniata, as all the iron they make use of, is brought from there in a state partly manufactured, that is, in large blocks called blooms, which do not require the process of puddling, but are immediately fit for rolling. The consumption of blooms at the Sligo mill, is about 1400 tons annually. The engine

is one of the most powerful in or about Pittsburg, being 130 horse power, was built by Mark Stackhouse; some idea may be formed of the strength and immensity of the various machinery, when we say that their weight is 120 tons. Fifty hands are employed daily in the different departments, and the consumption of coal per annum is about 14000 bushels. The value of bar, boiler, nail and sheet iron, &c. manufactured per year, is 15000 dollars.

The Pittsburg iron made at Sligo mill is not surpassed by any in the United States.

A short time since an order was sent to Mr. Stewart from the National works at Harper's ferry, for a load of Sligo iron, to be converted into musket barrels.

JUNIATA IRON WORKS,

Situated on the Allegheny river, in the Northern Liberties; is owned by Dr. Peter Shoenberger. They were erected in 1824, and may also be considered as a distant branch of the extensive forges of the proprietor on the waters of the Juniata. The establishment here is a very extensive one, embracing a large lot of land, with large and convenient frame and brick buildings. The machinery of the works is of the very best and most substantial kind, and in its location, presents great economy and regularity. The whole was put up under the superintendance of M. B. Belknap, esq. who as an engineer and ingenious mechanic, has few equals in the western country. The engine is of 120 horse power, and was built by Mr. Mathew Smith, now of the firm of Binney and Smith.

One thousand tons of blooms are manufactured here annually, into every article manufactured from iron. It contains six nail machines, and makes six tons of nails, per week. The proprietor contemplates extending the nail factories to sixteen, eighty hands are now employed.

This is the first great manufactory I was ever in, and had I not been prepared for the sight and noise by seeing others upon a less scale, I should have thought it was the

shop of Vulcan, forging his thunderbolts in his subterraneous abode. The redness of the towering flames, the amazing dimensions of the wheels, the volumes of rolling smoke, and the thunder of the huge hammers, and squeaking of the nail machines, fairly turned my head—no language can describe the rapidity with which these nails are made, they drop from the machine in one unremitting shower.

Dr. Shoenberger's iron has long since been established. The competent knowledge which Dr. S. possesses as it regards the fabrication of iron, and the assiduous personal attention which he continually pays to the various departments of his concern, will always sustain the good fame of "*Shoenberger's Iron.*"

GRANT'S HILL IRON WORKS,

Owned by Messrs. William H. Hays and David Adams, was erected in 1821. The machinery is put in operation by a steam engine of eighty horse power, built by the Columbian Steam Engine Company. Thirty hands are daily employed. There has been manufactured within the last year, into bar, boiler, nail and hoop iron, rods, &c. 800 tons of pig metal, and 400 tons of blooms. The yearly consumption of coal is 90,000 bushels, and the total value of iron made, during the past year, was 80,000 dollars.

UNION ROLLING MILL,

Situated on the eastern boundary of the city, in Kensington, and owned by Messrs. Baldwin, Robinson, and M'Nickle. This is the largest and most extensive establishment of the kind in the western country. The machinery is driven by two engines of one hundred horse power each, which were built by the Columbian Steam Engine Company in the year 1819, and the weight of castings and wrought iron required in their construction is immense, being 500,000 pounds The quantity of metal converted annually into bar, sheet and boiler iron, &c. was

about 1500 tons, which upon an average is worth 100 dollars per ton, making the total value of their manufacture about 150,000 dollars. Attached to the mill, is an extensive nail factory, where 6½ tons of iron, are weekly converted into nails of all sizes. Of this, however, we shall speak in another place. The whole number of hands employed is 100, and the consumption of coal per annum, 182000 bushels.—Capital $100,000!!

DOWLAIS IRON WORKS.

In Kensington, erected in 1825, by Mr. Lewis. Has an engine of 100 horse power, and manufactures bar iron from pig. It is capable of making about 600 tons of iron per year.

PITTSBURG ROLLING MILL,

Corner of Penn-street and Cecil's alley, owned by R. Bowen. Has an engine of 120 horse power, built by the Columbian Steam Engine Company, which drives one pair of rollers and slitters and 10 nail machines In this mill there is no other than bar iron made use of. From the blooms, three tons per day is reduced to rods, sheet, &c. The nail machines make 1¾ tons per day, assorted nails, besides hoops and sheet. Capital 40,000 dollars. Raw stock manufactured per week 2000—eighty hands are employed. Mr. R Bowen was for a long time a common sailor.

In this factory, I for the first time saw the mammoth hammer and rolling wheels, and the hoops (for barrels,) and sheet iron, running round upon the rollers in red ribbons with the rapidity of lightning. But it is vain to attempt a description of the steady attention and close application of the hands, continually engaged, you never hear a word uttered, every one to his business. People ought to go to Pittsburg to learn industry—put a lazy man into one of these rolling mills, and it is like putting a coward on board a ship of war.

PINE CREEK ROLLING MILL, &c.

Owned by Elkins and Ludlow, situate on Pine creek, a few miles above Pittsburg. Has an engine of 100 horse power, which is employed in rolling bar iron into boiler, sheet, and nail iron, rods, &c. At this establishment both steam and water power are employed, and the manufacture of axes, scythes, sickles, shovels, &c. it is carried on to great extent: about 40 hands are employed, and about 600 tons of bar iron made use of annually.

AIR FOUNDERIES.

There are few aware of the immense business that has been done, and is now doing in these establishments.—There are no less than eight of them in full operation.

THE PITTSBURG FOUNDERY

Was erected as early as the year 1804, by Mr. Joseph M'Clurg, and was the first establishment of the kind west of the mountains. The opposition that Mr. M. met with from his friends shows how limited the views of the citizens of that period were, in relation to the important situation of Pittsburg, and the great sources of wealth that lay around it. Many thought at that time, that Mr M'Clurg would certainly be ruined—that a foundry was useless—and that he could not possibly succeed—he persevered however, and subsequent years have shown the fallacy of human prognostications—he realized a fortune—has retired from business, and left the old foundry to fill the pockets of his successors with better stuff than pig metal.

During the last war Mr. M. had a very large contract with the national government, for furnishing ordnance and ball. The principal part of which were destined for the fleet on Lake Erie. The arsenal at Lawrenceville, exhibits a long range of field pieces, carronades, &c. of his manufacture, that are as beautiful as they are substantial and true—they having stood all those nice and scrupulous

tests of strength and measurement, which the ordnance department are wont to use in their inspections.

The Pittsburg foundry is at present carried on by Messrs. Alexander M'Clurg, Cuthbert and Co. on an extensive scale. There are two furnaces which are daily in use, and the amount of metal that is converted into wheels, shafts, cannon, stoves, hollow ware, grates and all manner of castings, is about 600 tons per annum. Fifty hands are constantly employed and yearly about 15000 bushels of coal are consumed. The value of castings is from 65 to 70 dollars per ton, consequently the manufactures of this foundry amount to 40,800 dollars per annum. The castings find a market in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, &c.

The cannon for the United States are cast here, six and twenty-four pounders. Balls and shot are manufactured here, also, tea-kettles. The process of the tea-kettle is very ingenious, and requires much care and attention, the mould must be true to a hair, the most difficult part is the spout. Large kettles for the sugar business in New Orleans, are cast at this foundry, they have neither legs nor ears: weight (the largest,) 1800! and hold 600 gallons! they are shaped like a large wooden bowl. Capital employed, is 60,000 dollars, and the cost per day $200—hands receive $1 25 per day.

But the boilers and cannon, banged every thing; *Jonathan* ought to come here to see first, the great pots, (I believe they were,) full of the red liquid, pouring down somewhere, and presently, a huge crane swings round as though it were going to batter down the wooden side of the building, from it drops a chain, which pulls up, to the astonishment of the beholder, a twenty-four pounder, or a boiler, which Mr. Crane sets out of doors, and returns to his quarters. In every thing executed here, the hand of a master is visible in the sketch, there is nothing can surpass the correctness with which every thing is executed.

In order to facilitate the operations of boring, a boring mill is attached to the machinery.

M'Clurg & Co. have two large ware-houses—one at the foundry, corner of Smithfield and Fifth streets, and the other in Wood, between Front and Water-streets, where may be seen some fine specimens and patterns in their line.

JACKSON FOUNDRY,

Corner of Sixth and Liberty-streets, owned by Messrs. Kingsland, Lightner and Sowers. At this establisment, has been made, some of the heaviest casting ever seen in this country About 500 tons of pig metal are converted here annually into machinery of all kinds, stoves, grates, wagon boxes, plough plates, and in short, every article that may be desired, from the weight of 4 tons down to one-fourth of a pound. Twenty hands are generally employed, and 9000 bushels of coal consumed yearly.

This is the first manufacturing house I entered in Pittsburg—passing by the door, I suspected what was going on, and called in. They had just finished casting, but said they would begin again in half an hour: the mettle was just beginning to melt.

The principal was absent and the clerk in the counting room, was a poor shoat, (counting rooms are attached to all these establishments.) He paid no more attention when I addressed him, than if I had spoken to a post, I pushed on, nevertheless, through walls and ramparts of castings, until I came to a door that opened into the foundry, and being charmed with the modest and affable manners of the workmen, I amused myself in watching the metal as it melted and rolled on, in a bright stream to the front of the furnace. The bottom of these furnaces being an inclined plane, the pigs are laid upon the highest part, and by looking through the crevices of the mouth of the furnace, you may see the metal running down.

Meantime, I received as much attention from the workmen as I would have received from the most finished courtier. They fixed up a seat or a sort of throne, rather, where I sat out of harms way, until they were done. They dipt out the metal with large deep ladles, with long

handles. The ladle resembles an iron pot precisely in shape, depth, and narrow, and holds about a gallon.

But when they cast large pieces, they have a pot of about four gallons, handle on each side, and two men take hold of it, one on each side, filling it first with a ladle. They plaster the inside of their ladles with clay to keep the metal from sticking.

As quick as they are done filling the last row of moulds, they begin to take out the ware at the first. They cast twice in the day, once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon, and rest the balance of the day, after getting the moulds ready for the succeeding day.

EAGLE FOUNDRY,

In Kensington. This establishment was erected by A. Beelen, but is now conducted by the same gentlemen that own the Jackson foundry, and composes a part of their concern. The castings of both foundries are much the same. The consumption of metal at the Eagle is about 300 tons yearly. Employs about 12 hands, and burns about 7000 bushels of coal. The value of castings of both establishments amount annually to about 36,750 dollars.

The mechanical operations are conducted by two of the ablest moulders, whose abilities and knowledge of their avocation are above being questioned. And as they combine every attention and skill, with their own actual and unremitting labor, the reputation of the Jackson and Eagle foundries, will always be maintained, while they are concerned. We allude to Messrs. Kingsland, Lightner and Sowers.

Their warehouse is on Liberty near Sixth-street, where are every variety of castings and patterns.

PHŒNIX FOUNDRY,

Situate on Scotch hill, corner of Ross and Third-streets; owned by Messrs. Miller and Freeman. It was established in 1821, by —— Clark, and is principally devoted

to the lighter order of castings—such as sad-irons, grates, stoves, wheels, &c. &c. into which about 200 tons are annually converted. Ten hands are constantly employed, and about 7800 bushels of coal are consumed annually. The value of castings made during the last year, amounts to 14560 dollars.

This concern we believe is in a very prosperous condition, and as it is owned by a couple of industrious, clever gentlemen, we wish it may continue so. They have a ware house in Liberty, three doors south of St. Clair street.

Whether this factory be operation, at this time (1828,) or not, I am unable to say: but certain it is, these gentlemen have just finished the Washington Foundry, which was going into operation, as I called on them. A large nail factory is attached to it, upon Reeds plan. Capital 9000 dollars.

The Washington Foundry combines many improvements, and makes a handsome appearance—all those are convenient in proportion to their size.

STACKHOUSE'S FOUNDRY,

Attached to the Columbian Steam Engine factory, in Front street, at the corner of Redoubt alley. The principal part of the castings made at this establishment, are steam machinery, into which about 400 tons of metal are annually converted. Constant employment is given to 12 hands, and about 8800 bushel of coal, are consumed yearly: The value of the manufactures per year, is about 18000 dollars.

ALLEGHENY FOUNDRY,

Situated near the Allegheny river, on M'Cormick's alley, and owned by Mr. William Franklin. Manufactures light articles generally, consuming per annum, about 156 tons of metal, and employs 6 hands. The consumption of coal is about 4000 bushels, and the value of manufactures during the last year 10,140 dollars.

STACKHOUSE AND THOMPSON'S FOUNDRY,

On Liberty and Second-streets; and is attached to their steam engine factory. The whole of the castings made here are applied to steam boats and steam machinery, generally. The quantity of metal made use of annually, is 120 tons, employs 10 hands, and annually consumes about 3,500 bushels of coal. The value of machinery made in the same time, is about $7,200.

PRICE'S CUPOLA FOUNDRY,

Situated one-fourth of a mile east of Pittsburg, and may be considered a brass as well as an iron foundry, as all the various articles of a light nature in both branches are manufactured here. Mr. Price also makes large crucibles for fusing copper, brass, &c. and is the only person about Pittsburg, who has succeeded in making these articles in perfection. Value of castings, &c. about 4000 dollars.

BIRMINGHAM FOUNDRY,

Carried on by Messrs. Sutton and Nicholson, consumes annually about 200 tons of metal, which is converted into castings of every kind, and valued at 12,000 dollars. This foundry is connected with other establishments, which we shall notice in another place. Consumption of coal about 10,000 bushels, and employs eight hands.

There is also manufactored at this establishment, by steam, tobacco-press, paper-mill and fuller's screws of all sizes. Iron turning of all kinds, is also done.

RECAPITULATION.

In the eight foundries before mentioned, there has been converted into castings, during the last twelve months, 2,126 tons of metal, 106 hands employed—65,000 bushels

of coal consumed, and the total value of manufactures, 132,610 dollars.*

NAILERIES.

The manufacture of nails is carried on here to a very great extent; so much so, that it is probable there are more nails made in Pittsburg in one year than is made in the same period in all the western country beside. The invention of those patent nail machines have produced a great revolution in this branch of business, and have almost entirely superseded the use of the hammer and the die.—The facility with which the cutting and heading of nails is performed, stand thus, of 3 nails 400 may be made per minute; of 6d 300 to 350, and of 12d there has been made 1760 pounds per day, one machine!!

UNION ROLLING MILL NAIL FACTORY,

Has 14 nail machines in operation, by which all kinds of nails are manufactured, from 3d to 20d. There was made last year at this establishment, 720,000 lbs. which being averaged at 6 cents per pound, gives their value at 43,200 dollars.

SLIGO NAIL FACTORY,

Attached to the Sligo Rolling Mill, and driven by steam; has 4 machines that cut annually, 400,000 pounds of nails, which are worth 32,000 dollars.

PITTSBURG NAIL FACTORY,

Owned by Richard Bowen, and connected with his rolling mill, has 10 machines; makes 5,804 kegs of cut nails, of various sizes, and 22,000 pounds of wrought nails; making a total of 782,887 pounds. Value $66,544 39 cts.

* Three last, estimated in 1826.

GRANT'S HILL NAIL FACTORY,

Attached to the Grant's Hill Iron works, has five machines, which are driven by steam; manufactures 250 tons of nails, of various sizes, per annum Value, $40,000.

JUNIATA NAIL FACTORY,

Connected with the Juniata iron works, and owned by Dr. Shoenberger. Has 5 machines in operation, and manufactures per annum, 500,000 pounds of nails, of all sizes. Value, 40,000 dollars. I have noticed this elsewhere.

PINE CREEK NAIL FACTORY,

Owned by Mr. B. Belknap, and connected with his other extensive works on that stream. They make at this establishment, by 4 machines, about 3,640 kegs of nails, of various sizes, making 456,000 pounds. Valued at 34,100 dollars.

There are in Pittsburg, about six factories, where nails are made in the old way; employ about sixteen hands, and make per annum, 360,000 pounds. Valued at 28,000 dollars.

STEAM ENGINES.

Pittsburg, in this branch of business, has acquired great celebrity. The numerous engines made here, and the attention paid to their construction, has enabled the engineers, beyond all others, to improve, by rendering every succeeding one less complicated, and rendering its operations less difficult and dangerous. No place in the world, can surpass Pittsburg, as to the means and materials, for manufacturing these powerful machines.

The talent and skill displayed in the application of steam, to answer every purpose, is equal to the advantages, and next to the invention itself. They would, I believe, grind coffee, or in short apply steam to every thing

done by the hand, and such a number of them is astonishing; one would think the steam engines alone, would exhaust the mountains of Potosi. But they are nothing to the casting, nails, and other ware. The cause of this, is found in its resources, as the people have nothing to do but to apply the fire to the coal, and the coal to the metal—all are on the spot in endless masses.

When the article is made, nothing is to do but put it in a vessel, and away it goes by wind and steam, instead of wind and tide.

If a man wishes to build a boat, he has nothing to do but take his axe, go up the Monongahela or Allegheny, and fell the timber, float it down, and to lose no time, he may build a saw mill as he sails down the river.

All these advantages would be nothing, however, but for *system*, *application* and *union*—of all people, they are the least envious, or jealous of each other: this curse of the Yankee states, is unknown in the generous Birmingham of America. If one happens to have more water or more money, or the smallest advantage over another, in the east, his throat is in danger—not so in Pittsburg, every one puts his shoulder to the wheel, all pull together; every one rejoices at the prosperity of his neighbor. If an iron merchant makes a good sale, his neighbor is as much gratified as though he made it himself. This trait, and the elevated manners of the mechanics, is peculiar to Pittsburg, and what is the cause? no missionaries amongst them!!!

The generality of Pittsburg engines, are constructed on what is called the high pressure principle, in contradistinction to the *low* pressure. Of the merits of either I am not competent to decide, each has a powerful support in the prejudices of the people; but were I to judge from the great majority of high pressure engines in use, and the generally superior running of boats that are propelled by them, I would give the preference unequivocally to high steam. As to danger, which a great many persons suppose is always connected with high steam; from an account kept of accidents which have occured on the Ohio, and elsewhere, the number on board the low pressure

steam boats, have been twice, if not three times as great as those on high pressure.

There are six steam engine manufactories in Pittsburg and its vicinity, all actively engaged, where engines can be furnished 15 per cent. lower than at any other establishment of the kind in the United States.

COLUMBIAN STEAM ENGINE COMPANY,

At the corner of Second-street and Redoubt alley, conducted by Mr. Mark Stackhouse, a gentleman of known reputation as an able engineer, and in company with Messrs. Rogers, Evans and others, were the first persons that commenced this branch of business in the western country. Seven steam engines, none of which were less than 60 horse power, avarage value, 30,000—were made in one year by the company. In their construction and for other purposes, they made use of 100,000 lbs. of bar iron, besides the necessary quantity of casting. Twenty hands are constantly employed, and about 4,500 bushels of coal consumed. A very large high pressure engine is now finishing for a steam boat on lake Erie.

Connected with the Columbian Steam Engine Factory, there is a turning, boring and grinding establishment, which is put into operation by steam power, derived from the Pittsburg Steam Mill. Here are cut all kinds of tobacco press, paper-makers and fullers screws; turning of iron, &c.

Mr. Stackhouse received an order for an engine of 100 horse power, to be placed in the iron works of the Messrs. Thompsons, at the mouth of French creek, on the Schuylkill, 25 miles from Philadelphia. It was built, accordingly, and forwarded over the mountains in wagons, and has fully realised every expectation, as to its excellence.

Messrs. Warden and Arthurs, at the corner of Second and West streets, have an extensive concern. These gentlemen have been very successful, and their work is held in deservedly high estimation. In one year they put up five engines, all of the larger class, valued at 35,000 dollars. They employ about 30 hands, and consume

5000 bushels of coal per year. A large and powerful low pressure engine is now finishing at this establishment, for a steam boat on Lake Erie.

For the purpose of facilitating the operations of turning, punching, &c. and reducing the quantity of manual labor required, the proprietors have built a steam engine.

Messrs. Stackhouse and Thompson, on Liberty street at the corner of Third. This firm has put up some of the best engines employed in the navigation of the western waters. They have constructed within one year, 5 engines of the largest class, valued at 35,000 dollars. Thirty hands are daily employed.

Messrs. Smith and Binny, on Grant's hill. These gentlemen have lately commenced, but they have already built three engines, valued at 14,000 dollars, and employ 15 hands.

M. B. Belknap, Esq. on Pine creek; has made within the last year, two very large engines, and has two others on hand, valued at 16,000 dollars.

Mahlon Rogers, at the corner of Grant and Fourth streets. Has made two small engines, valued at 800.—Two large ones are now on hand.*

STEAM WIRE MANUFACTORY,

In Kensington, near the Union Rolling Mill, conducted by Mr. Arnold Eichbaum. Has an engine of ten horse power—employs seven hands, and manufactures wire from No. 1 to 16. We have been informed by gentlemen who are acquanted with the article, that Mr. Eichbaum's is of an excellent quality.

STEAM TURNING AND GRINDING MILL.

Owned by William Hall, in Kensington. It is devoted entirely to turning brass and iron, and to grinding sad irons, &c. &c. Has an engine of ten horse power.

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*Estimate of steam boats in 1826—the author attempted in vain to get the last estimate.

This immense amount was supplied from about 12 or 13 blast furnaces, situated in the neighboring counties of Beaver, Butler, Fayette, Westmoreland, Venango, Crawford, &c.

COTTON.

The manufactures of Cotton are limited. The large amount of capital, the various tributary and connected branches of workmanship, indispensably necessary to profitable operation, have probably prevented its earlier and more successful experiment.

STEAM COTTON FACTORY,

Owned by James Arthurs and Sons, situated on Strawberry, near Cherry alley. The machinery consists of one throstle of 120 spindles, one mule of 168 spindles, with the necessary apparatus for carding, &c. It its principally employed in the manufacture of fine yarns from No. 16 to 20. Thirteen hands are employed in the cotton factory.

PHŒNIX STEAM COTTON FACTORY.

Owned by Messrs. James Adams, Allen and Grant and James S. Grant, in the Northern Liberties of the city.—Capital $15,000. In the spring of 1822, they brought from Providence, R. I. the largest amount of machinery ever exported thence, under a single order, including all the most esteemed machines then in use, for their contempl ted purposes, together with workmen in turning, filing, carding, spinning, dressing, weaving, &c.

Their establishment contains upwards of twenty seven hundred spindles:—twenty-two throstles of 84 spindles, and six mules of 180 spindles each, together with the necessary preparation machines; sixteen looms for weaving yard wide sheetings, dresser, warper, &c. They produce daily about seven hundred weight of yarn, from No. 5 to 22, and about four hundred and fifty yards of cotton

cloth, consuming about six hundred bales of cotton annually They employ about one hundred and seventy persons, including those at work in their machine shop The annual value of their manufactured goods, is 100,000 dollars, calculating their yarns and sheetings at the eastern prices, by which they usually are regulated. The power, operating this machinery, is a steam engine of about forty horse power, which turns the lathes, grind-stones, &c. of the machine shop, and forces the escape steam through the building, diffusing a general and moderate heat

Mr. John M'Ilroy, in Wood, between Front and Second-streets, has in operation 80 hand looms, employed as follows:—

On ¾ plaids,	62	producing	930	yards per day.	$152 20
On Stripes,	10	"	160	" " "	23 40
On Check,	8	"	112	" " "	19 02
Total looms	80	producing	1202	yards per day.	$194 62

There is employed in the business of this concern, including the coloring department, 155 hands The number of yards manufactured per annum, is 363,600 and the whole at 15 cents per yard, amounts to 54,540 dollars.

Mr James Shaw, in Wood-street, between Sixth and Liberty, has in operation 80 hand looms, employed in weaving plaid and checks. Weaves 30,000 annually, amount $60,000.

Mr. Thomas Graham, in Market, between Fifth and Liberty-streets, has 84 hand looms in operation, which are employed as follows: on plaids, stripes, checks, and Wilmington stripe.

Messrs. Tilford and Sons, near Pittsburg, have 8 looms employed on stripes, plaids, &c. They weave annually about 36,000 yards, besides a considerable quantity of cassinets and woollen carpeting. They employ about 15 hands.

MISCELLANEOUS.

There are in Pittsburg, besides those already enumerated, 47 looms, which are engaged in various kinds of wea-

ving—such as coverlets, carpets, linen, cotton cloth, &c. Among all, 60 hands are engaged, weavers, spoolers, &c. who make per year, about 211,500 yards of various stuffs, valued at 29,210 dollars.

It may be remarked, that the plaids, stripes, &c. produced at the above establishments, are of the best quality, as to material, workmanship, and colors, and that they can be afforded at a cheaper rate than they can be brought from beyond the mountains. They afford a convenient and profitable employment to a great number of workmen, many of whom have their shops attached to the own dwellings, and employ their own children in the preparatory and lighter parts of the business.

The yarn for the hand looms is principally supplied by the Phœnix Factory, and the factory of the Messrs. Arthurs. The remainder is procured from some of the factories named below, which I enumerate to complete the view of the cotton business in this section of the country.

The Brownsville or Bridgeport Cotton Factory, situated at Bridgeport, on the Monongahela, and owned by Mr. Thomas Burk. In this factory there are 750 spindles, and about 500 lbs. yarn, from No 13 to 18, is produced per day.

The Economy Steam Cotton Factory, situated 17 miles below this city owned by the Economists, is just going into operation, with about 500 spindles, to be increased shortly to 1000. Both spinning and weaving to be carried on in this establishment.

The Beaver Cotton Factory, belonging to Messrs. Pugh and Wilson, propelled by water power.

WOOLLEN.

The manufactures of Pittsburg, in this branch, are yet very limited. The principal article manufactured here, in this line, is cassinet—its cheapness and durability generally commanding a market

James Arthurs & Sons, in connexion with their steam cotton factory, have a woollen establishment, where they

have, during the last year, manufactured, carded and dressed, to wit:

Of broad cloth,	1200 yds.	Av. val. pr. yd. $4	$4,800
Of cassinets,	3600 '	' ' 86 cts.	3060
	Yds. 4800		$7860

They carded and spun 15,000 pounds of wool, and dressed 8000 yards of country cloth. Do all their own dressing, and employ in this branch 11 hands.

Headrick and Gibb have a woollen manufactory at the corner of Liberty street and Diamond alley.

2 looms on cassinets, 14 yds. per day, 4200 yds. at 85 cts.	$3,570 00
Carded for the country 7000 lb. wool at 6¼ cts. -	437 50
1 loom on coverlets, carpets, &c. - - -	700 00
Spun for country 3000 lb.	
	$4,707 50

FLEECEDALE WOOLLEN MANUFACTORY.

Situated on Chartier's creek, a few miles west of Pittsburg, near the Steuben road. This is a respectable establishment, and is owned by Messrs. A and J. Murphy. The machinery is driven by water power. The business of this establishment is as follows:

Four looms on cassinets, 32 yards per day.

One loom on broad cloths, 5 yards per day.

There are two carding machines, and one mule of 90 spindles, by which 10,000 lbs. of wool has been carded and spun. Attached is a Fulling mill and Dying establishment. 16 persons are employed.

The Messrs. Murphy's are said to be among the first rate clothiers in the country, who combine with great enterprize and industry, an indefatigable zeal to render their manufactures worthy of public support

Fleecedale cloths and cassinets may be seen and purchased at M. S. Mason and McDonough's wholesale dry good store, Wood street.

GLASS WORKS.

I now come to the most difficult class of manufactures for description, and what I have dreaded from the beginning

In the foregoing description of iron, woollen, and cotton manufactures, I was greatly aided by a small Directory: but the writer being accustomed to see these things daily, has no idea of the impressions they make upon strangers; and of all towns, (in our country I mean,) Pittsburg excites most astonishment. Every thing pursued in other towns is thrown into the shade by Pittsburg: even in the building of steam-boats it excels, by a long way, our great city, New York.

You see nothing but columns of smoke rolling out of these manufactories in every part of the city, and in every street. Go to the river Monongahela and you see nothing but steam-boats, two stories high, many of them, and two tiers of windows, precisely like a house, and with gable ends.

But *Bakewell's* is the place: whoever wishes to see the blowing of glass done with ease and despatch, let them visit his glass-house. It stands in the city, on the bank of the Monongahela, and the furnace has been in blast five years! that is, it has never been out. When a crucible breaks, they have a machine by which it is taken out of the furnace, and another one, which is always ready, put in. But the first thing that struck me here, as before, was the appearance of the men, of which there were but few; two only finished the pieces after they were blown by the boys, of which there were several.

These boys, as well as the two gentlemen, (who are entirely entitled to the epithet, if ever men were,) are, for skill and expedition, unequalled.

I had called the previous day, but they were not blowing: they told me, however, at what hour to call the succeeding day.

Almost at the entrance of the house, I was suddenly surprised by a gentleman sitting on a bench with a back

to it, and a sort of arm at each end, raised about half way his breast, supposing a stick laid across it. The bench was about three feet in length; across these arms lay a piece of iron, if I recollect, about the size of a walking cane; on the end of this stuck a tumbler, partly formed, which he shaped by turning the iron very fast, by the assistance of a large pair of shears, which he now and then ran into the mouth of the glass, and turned it round, the glass being pliant, as if to widen it and put it into shape. This he did with one hand, while he kept turning the tumbler backwards and forward, very fast, with the other hand: but the most of the time he turned it with both hands, or rolled it rather, as we do a rolling-pin in making pastry. He soon finished the glass, by which time the boy who attended him brought him another upon a similar piece of iron, and taking the first off laid this in the same place. The operation is so quick that I could scarcely believe my own eyes that it was reality—it may be supposed the whole process is rapid, when he makes 600 tumblers per day! The glass when brought to him is a hollow oblong, and the moment he receives it, rolling all the while, he clips what is to be the mouth of the glass with the shears, which brings it even; after this it is soon in shape. The mouth expands as he rolls it round.

This was one of the finest looking men in Pittsburg; neatly dressed; sometime leaning back and then erect—the ease and inimitable grace that accompanied his movements; his fine countenance and soft black eye, all bedecked with smiles of ineffable sweetness—I was riveted to the spot.

At length, upon looking up, I saw another man, which I took to be his brother, from a resemblance, which proved to be the case. He was employed in the same way, at decanters, and was still more interesting in his appearance. He made 240 decanters per day! They informed me they had been employed in the same way for ten years! if I do not mistake. The proprietor has good right to be proud of these men: they must be worth thier weight in gold Every thing was neat, and in place: the whole presenting one of the most astonishing sights of regularity and skill I ever beheld.

This is the property of Bakewell, Page & Bakewell, situated in Water street, above Grant: was erected in 1811 This establishment is entirely devoted to the manufacture of white or flint glass, and has succeeded in producing the best specimens of this article ever made in the United States. The admiration of this glass is not confined merely to home observers, but the great amount of it which has been exported, testify the reputation it enjoys abroad; and there is scarcely a stranger visits Pittsburg, who is not desirous of taking a peep at Bakewell's Glass House. Amidst all the depressions and general stagnations of trade, of past days, the proprietors of this concern have manifested a steady, persevering, enterprising spirit, as honorable to themselves as their manufactures are creditable to our country.

Numerous articles are made at this manufactory: they embrace every thing in the glass line, of every price and of every grade of workmanship, from the most beautiful to the most plain and uncut. There are employed here 61 hands, 12 of whom are constantly engaged in engraving and ornamenting. 30,000 bushels of coal are consumed annually, and the value of glass made per year is about 45,000 dollars.*

BIRMINGHAM GLASS WORKS.

Erected in the year 1812, by Messrs. Sutton, Wendt & Co., but are now conducted by Messrs. Wendt, Encell, Impson, and others. This establishment manufactures window glass, and green hollow ware entirely; and has done, and is still doing, an immense business. Birmingham glass has been transported to every part of the Union, and has acquired much celebrity for its good quality. The owners are all actual workmen, hence their disposition as well as their interest has always been to render their articles of the best kind. They employ

*In 1826---it is now double.

60 hands—consume 40,000 bushels of coal, and manufacture annually, viz:

Window glass,	4,000 boxes,	value,	$16,000
Porter bottles,	100 gross,	‘	900
Hollow ware,	10,000 dozen,	‘	11,040
			$27,940

In the manufacture of this article, Pittsburg and the surrounding country enjoys an extensive reputation. It is needless to repeat the advantages they possess. The glass of Pittsburg, and the parts adjacent, is known and sold from Maine to New Orleans. Even in Mexico they quaff their beverage from the beautiful white-flint of Messrs. Bakewell, Page and Bakewell. At a recent exhibition of American manufactures, by the Franklin Institute, of Philadelphia, where specimens of the finest glass made in the United States were brought forward, the premium was awarded to the gentlemen just named.

PITTSBURG GLASS WORKS,

Are situate on the south side of the Monongahela, opposite the Point, and is now conducted by Mr. F. Lorenz. This concern was the first of the kind established in the western country. It was built as early as 1797, by Gen. O'Hara and Major Craig. For a few years their success seemed very daubtful—so much so, that the latter gentleman withdrew, and left Mr. O'Hara to make the best of what was then termed a *losing concern*. But the General who had a happier knack of seeing a few years before him, and drawing deductions from the nature of things than any of his cotemporaries, persevered with his glass house, made large additions, prospered, and conducted it until his death, in 1819. It has since been rented, and now its operations are very extensive. Within the last year there has been manufactured, viz:

Window glass,	7,500 boxes,	valued at	$31,000
Porter bottles,	160 gross,	‘	1,440
Hollow ware,	3,160 dozen,	‘	4,424

Fifty hands are employed here, and upwards of 250 souls are supported in this establishment. Consumption of coal per annum is 70,754 bushels, and 600 cords of wood.

STOURBRIDGE GLASS WORKS,

Near the corner of Ross and Second streets, erected by Mr. John Robinson, in 1823. Manufactures white, or flint glass only.

Mr. Robinson employs 18 hands; consumes 18,000 bushels of coal, and his glass, made per annum, is valued at 22,000 dollars.

The following establishments may be said to be in the immediate neighborhood, and Pittsburg the store-house and market of their manufactures.

Bridgeport Glass Works, on the Monongahela, manufactures window glass and hollow ware to the amount of 4000 boxes, valued at 16,000 dollars.

New Albany, on the same river, at the mouth of Redstone, manufactures annually window glass and hollow ware to the amount of 4000 boxes—equal to 16,000 dollars.

New Boston, at Perryopolis on the Youghiogany makes window glass and hollow ware, yearly to the amount of 2,000 boxes, equal to 8,000 dollars.

Williamsport, on the Monongahela, makes window glass, &c. to the amount of 3000 boxes, valued at 12,000 dollars.

Geneva works, owned by Mr. Gallatin, manufactures yearly, about 4,000 boxes, valued at 16,000 dollars.

Total number of boxes, 17,000, value, $ 68,000
To which add Pittsburg window and flint glass, 131,804

Total value, $199,804

PAPER.

The manufacture of paper is carried on to a very great extent in the western counties of Pennsylvania. In 1810 there were but few paper-mills in this part of the State.

the oldest of which was the Redstone mill, near Brownsville. Now there are *nine*, four of which are owned in this city; besides two in the adjacent county of Jefferson, Ohio, one of which is owned here, viz:

ANCHOR STEAM PAPER MILL,

Owned by Mr. Holdship, situated in Pittsburg, corner of Ross and Brackenridge streets. This is the largest paper making establishment west of the mountains. It is put into operation by an engine of 30 horse power, and employs 85 hands. There are 6 vats, which produce on an average, the year round, 40 reams per week, each, which may be valued at 3 dollars per ream, making each vat to produce 2080 reams per annum, valued at 6,240 dollars The whole number of reams produced per year is, 12,480, valued at 37,440 dollars.

The quality of Mr. Holdship's paper is said to be of the first order, as is sufficiently tested by his extensive sales Within the last 18 months, 40,000 dollars worth of Spanish paper has been made at his mill, for the South American market, and which has been shipped thence.

PITTSBURG STEAM PAPER MILL.

In the Northern Liberties, and owned by Mr. Patterson & Co. is driven by an engine of 20 horse power, and has 3 vats. This concern is now in operation.

CLINTON STEAM PAPER MILL,

Situated at Steubenville, and owned by Mr. Holdship of this city, I shall speak of under the head of Steubenville.

FRANKLIN PAPER MILL,

On Little Beaver, Beaver county; owned by Messrs. Cramer and Spear, of this city, is driven by water power; has 2 vats, and manufactures about 9000 dollars worth of various kinds of paper annually.

BIGG BEAVER PAPER MILL,

At the Falls of Big Beaver, owned by Messrs. Johnston and Stockton, of this city. Machinery is driven by water power; has 2 vats, and will make annually about 10,000 dollars worth of paper of all kinds.

Also in the neighborhood:

Sewickly Paper Mill, Westmoreland county, owned by General Markle; 2 vats, water power.

Redstone Paper Mill, in Fayette county, owned by Messrs. Jackson and Sharpless; 2 vats, water power.

Yough Paper Mill, Fayette county, owned by Mr. D. Rogers; 2 vats, water power.

Ohio Paper Mill, on Little Beaver, owned by Messrs. Bever and Bowman; 2 vats, water power.

Meadville Paper Mill, in Crawford county, owned by Mr McGaw; 2 vats, water power.

Mountpleasant Paper Mill, Jefferson county, Ohio, owned by Mr. Updegraff; 2 vats, water power.

A new steam paper mill will be erected this summer, by Messrs. George Hirst & Co. near the United States' Arsenal. Mr. Belknap is now engaged on the engine.

The estimated average value of the paper produced at each vat in the water mills, at 5000 dollars per year; and the rags used in each vat, at 50,000 lbs. Taking all the mills at this average rate, and estimating rags at 5 cents per lb. the paper manufactured in the mills enumerated would be worth 150,000 dollars, and the amount laid out in the country for rags, would not be less than 58,000 dollars.

FLOUR, &c.

There are four steam grist mills; three in the city, and one in Birmingham; all in operation.

THE PITTSBURG STEAM MILL.

Situated at the corner of Water street and Redoubt alley; was established in 1812, by Oliver Evans, and is now

conducted by Mr. George Evans. It runs three pair of burrs, and can manufacture every 12 hours about 24 bbls. of flour; and making the number of barrels per year 7000.

To this mill there is attached an extensive plough manufactory, also carried on by Mr George Evans; where patent, half-patent, hill-side, premium, and common ploughs of all sizes, of the most excellent workmanship, are made.

ALLEGHENY STEAM MILL,

Situate near the Allegheny river, on Irwin's alley; owned Mr. John Herron.

ALLEGHENY STEAM SAW-MILL.

Also owned by Mr. John Herron. It is capable of running either one or two saws; one, however, is constantly cutting, and will turn out from 2000 to 2500 feet of boards, per 12 hours; making about 600,000 feet per annum. Boards are worth 6 dollars per 1000.

EAGLE STEAM MILL,

On the Monongahela river, at the mouth of Suke's run; conducted by Mr. Henderson.

There is attached to this establishment, an extensive nail factory, which in the department devoted to nail-eries, was overlooked. There is one ton of nails manufactured per day; making yearly, 600,000 pounds: valued at 36,000 dollars—7 machines in operation.

BIRMINGHAM STEAM MILL,

Carried on by Sutton and Nicholson. 45 hands employed; and the value of their products, annually, is about 72,000 dollars. Pittsburg also owns a linen and bagging factory.

BRASS, TIN AND COPPER.

There are in Pittsburg, four brass founderies, where are made all kinds of articles in that line. One or two of them, however, are kept almost constantly employed in casting the necessary brass-work for steam machinery. 11 hands are employed.

In the tinning business there are 11 separate establishments, which employ about 65 hands, and manufacture about 44000 dollars worth of the ware per year.

There are also in the city 6 copper-smith shops engaged in the manufacture of stills, kettles, pipes, &c. &c. 25 hands are employed—value of manufactures, 14,000 dollars.

SMITHERIES.

Black-smiths.—Within the limits of the corporation there are 24 black-smith shops, which employ 115 persons. The whole value of the work done, per annum, is 47,000 dollars.

White-smiths.—There are, also, six white smith shops, devoted to the finer branches of iron-work. Among these are the scale-beam and balance manufactories of Thomas Hazelton and Hugh Hazelton, (separate concerns,) said to produce some of the finest specimens, perhaps ever made in our country.

BIRMINGHAM LOCK MANUFACTORY,

Of J. and J. Patterson, jr. where are manufactured, knob, rim, fine plate and Banbury stock-locks, from 6 to 12 inches, latches and bolts. These articles are equal to any imported. 11 hands are employed, and about 1100 dozen of the articles manufactured annually—value 4950 dollars.

Mr. Tustin, at Soho, has an extensive white smith shop. The whole number of hands employed is 45, and the value of work produced in all, 23,000 dollars.

Gun-smiths.—Of these there are four. They employ 10 hands, and manufacture rifles generally, with or without percussion locks, said to be useful.

Silver-smiths.—There are 8 silver-smiths. 13 hands are employed in all, and the value of manufactures about 12,500 dollars.

LEATHER.

There are in Pittsburg and suburbs 9 tanneries, owned by the following gentlemen: Messrs. Hays, Caldwell, Peters, Thompson, Brown, McCaddon, Bayard, Sample, and McIlhenny. 52 hands are employed, and 65,000 dollars worth of leather made per annum.

Saddleries.—Of these there are three, viz: Mr. Little, Messrs. Hanson & Brice, and Messrs. Plummer & Co. In all the establishments 104 hands are employed, and the annual value of their manufactures is about $85,000.

Shoe and Boot Makers.—In this branch of business Pittsburg is very extensively engaged. There are 45 shoe and boot makers, who employ 225 hands, and manufacture annually 95,000 dollars' worth of shoes and boots. The value of shoes vended by merchants, and at the shoe stores, in no way connected with their manufacture, is about 35,000 dollars per annum.

WOOD.

Chair Makers.—Of these there are 8, whose products are of the most elegant kind—their ornamenting, particularly, being very creditable. 40 hands are employed, and the value of work done per annum, about $14,000.

Cabinet Makers.—There are 14 cabinet makers in the city, who employ 65 hands, and make about 45,000 dollars worth per annum. Sending to the east for cabinet furniture, as has been done, is absurd as well as ungenerous. The work is equal to any in Philadelphia or elsewhere

Coach Makers.—Of these there are but two.* 15

*No use of coaches to ride on the water.

hands employed—value of work 10,000 dollars annually.

Wagon and Plough Makers.—There are 7: employ 35 hands, and manufacture per year to the amount of 12,000 dollars.

Wheel Wrights—Of these there are but 2, who make spinning-wheels, hatter's-blocks, &c. &c. Employ 7 hands—value of work 3000 dollars per annum.

Carpenters.—There are now upwards of 360.

Boat building.—In this branch there are upwards of 140 persons engaged in the various departments. The value of steam-boats, keel-boats, and barges amount to 72,000 dollars annually.*

POTTERIES.

There are 3; 1 in the city and 2 in the suburbs. The first is Mr. F. Freeman's, who manufactures, besides earthen-ware, a considerable quantity of stone-ware and fire-bricks: employs 4 hands—value of ware, &c. made per year, about 2000 dollars

Birmingham Pottery—Owned by Mr. James Barr employs 3 hands

Allegheny Pottery.—Conducted by Mr. Heckeswelder employs 2 hands, and manufactures about 1200 dollars worth of ware annually.

ROPE WALK.

Mr John Irwin of Allegheny town, has an extensive rope factory, where cordage of all kinds, from the smallest wrapping twine to the largest ship cables are made. 14 hands are employed, and 15,000 dollars worth made annually.

WHITE LEAD.

There are three establishments in the city which manufacture this article.

*It is infinitely greater at this time.

AVERY & CO.'S WHITE LEAD FACTORY.

In Penn, between Hand and Wayne streets; was established some years since by James S. Stevenson; and manufactures about 3000 kegs per annum.

BRACKENNIDGE & PORTER'S WHITE LEAD FACTORY,

Near the corner of Sixth and Liberty streets, makes 2400 kegs per year.

BRUNOT'S WHITE LEAD FACTORY,

Manufactures 1200 kegs per annum.

The whole number of kegs made, annually, is 6,600: wholsale price is 3 dollars 50 cents per keg. Making the total value of white lead made per annum, $23,000.

DISTILLERIES AND BREWERIES.

There are four distilleries in the city; two of which are principally employed in rectifying.

Mr. George Sutton is the manufacturer of the celebrated *Tuscaloosa*, which has been drank from Maine to Georgia.

Breweries.—Of these establishments there are 3. The oldest and most extensive is the *Point Brewery*, conducted by Mr. Shiras. Manufactured last year, (1826,) 2500 barrels of porter and 1500 barrels of beer—value 17,000 dollars.

Pittsburg Brewery, makes 2000 barrels of porter and 1200 barrels of beer—value 13,600 dollars. Owned by Messrs. Brown and Varnex, Liberty street.

Kensington Brewery.—Conducted by Messrs. Collart & Silvey. Manufactures about 600 barrels of porter and ale, and 1500 barrels of beer—value 7,500 dollars.

TOBACCO.

In the manufacture of this article there are 11 establishments; which produce annually about 4,833 kegs of tobacco, and about 4,000,000 of segars. 140 hands are employed—value of manufactures, 53,000 dollars.

WIRE WEAVING.

There are two establishments engaged in the manufacture of sieves, fenders, &c. and the weaving of wire. At one of these, (Mr. Townsend's,) wheat fans are made in a very superior manner. Six hands are employed in all, and 10,000 dollars' worth of work made annually.

SALT.

It is an astonishing fact, that notwithstanding the numerous salinous indications that for many years were known to exist about Pittsburg, no one, until within a ye r or two past, ever made an attempt to obtain salt water by boring.

Mr. George Anshutz, at the mouth of Saw-mill run, on the Ohio, one mile below the point, succeeded in obtaining water of an excellent quality, at between 1 and 2 hundred feet. This water is raised by a small steam engine, and emptied into two large pans, which are kept constantly boiling, together with several refining kettles. 50 bushels of salt are made per day, amounting, yearly, to about 4000 barrels—valued at 5000 dollars.

Mr. Boyle Irwin, at the mouth of Nine-mile run, on the Monongahela, has also a well of very strong water; has one pan in operation, and makes 25 bushels per day.

Mr. McDonald, on Chartier's creek, on the Steubenville road, has one well, and makes 25 bushels per day.

Mr. Thomas Neel, on the Monongahela, above the mouth of Turtle creek, has tolerable good water.

Mr. William C. Miller is now boring on the north side of the Allegheny, two miles above Pittsburg.

These establishments give employment to at least 500 persons, and support, including managers, coopers, blacksmiths, colliers, boilers, &c. and their families, from 10 to 1200 souls.

MISCELLANEOUS MANUFACTORIES, &c.

Besides the manufactories heretofore noted, there are the following: 1 sickle maker, 3 brush makers, 7 hatters, 2 dyers, 11 painters and glaziers, 11 plasterers, 12 coopers, 44 tailors, 8 bakers, 4 confectioners, 1 organ maker, 1 button maker, 2 saddle-tree makers and platers, 2 chemists, 5 chandlers, 1 comb maker, 2 reed makers, 4 turners in wood, 2 sash makers, 1 rigger, 2 bellows makers, 3 pattern makers, 2 cutlers, and 1 tackle-block maker. Among the whole of these, 310 hands are employed, and the value of their work, per annum, is valued at 135,000 dollars.

Japanning.—Mr. Whitehouse, in Kensington, carries on the japanning business, and has exhibited some very handsome specimens of his art on iron, tin, copper and wood. He also manufactures tea and bread trays of *machee* paper, some of which are very beautiful, and well deserving of public attention.

New Cotton Manufactory.—We omitted, under the head of "Cotton," to state that Mr. Robinson, an English gentleman, will shortly commence the erection of a cotton manufactory on the west side of the Allegheny, immediately below the bridge.

Grand recapitulation of manufactures,	$2,553,549*
Total amount of imports, - -	2,119,000
Total amount of exports, - -	2,781,276

ARSENAL.

The United States's Arsenal is a perfect den of swindlers, and wants a general overhauling. I saw but one

*Amount in 1826. It has increased one-third since.

man, Captain Butler, who deserves to be mentioned. The man who overlooked the workmen ran away as my carriage drove up. One-half of the workmen were absent; and a horse turning a machine for one hand only, which was intended to employ several gun smiths. So goes Uncle Sam's money. The whole of this place ought to be broken up—it is a perfect cheat.

There is a city for you, without a parallel in manufactures, in proportion to the inhabitants perhaps in the world.

I did not visit Birmingham, though I saw it. It being just over the river.

In my haste through the establishments, I omitted the cutting, engraving, &c. of the glass. Bakewell's being the principal, we shall only notice the process in his establishment.

His glassworks, occupy three immensely large buildings, one where the blowing is performed, one used as a ware-house, in which the glass is put when finished, and one where the cutting is performed. The cutting is done as usual, first iron and sand, then with wood and a brush to polish it.

The engraving is very neatly done, indeed, surpassing any I have seen in the country. This is done by means of a turning lathe, and a great number of small copper wheels are used, some of these wheels, are so small as scarcely to be perceived by the naked eye—a hole being in the centre of the wheel, a small spindle to fit it, being placed in the lathe, the spindle is thrust through the wheel, and after being rubbed with oil and emery, the engraver applies his foot to the step of the lathe, and the glass to the copper wheel—when he has finished one figure or point of the engraving, he takes off the wheel and puts on another, perhaps twenty before he has finished.

The machinery of these lathes is very costly on account of their exactness—some cost as high as fifty dollars. The ware is also very high, $5 per tumbler.

The patterns are mostly obtained from Europe, and the patterns executed while I was in, for beauty and taste was exquisite, particularly a *grey-hound;* it was lying down

with its head erect, as though it were looking earnestly at something, and though it was not an inch in length, it was perfect and entire, the ears, nose, and eyes were life itself.

They have introduced a new fashion of stamping figures on the glass while it is warm, also moulding glass, which is done neatly in the same way metal is cast. I only visited Bakewell's and Robertson's—Mr. Robertson pursues the same way, and also engraves. He had some very handsome specimens of purple glass, and seems to vie with Bakewell & Co. in industry and skill in manufactory of white flint. But the quantity, variety, beauty and brilliancy of the endless piles of glass at Bakewell's, is the greatest show I ever saw. Every thing made of glass is found here—and I would say, the patterns and clearness of the pieces, is equal, if not superior, to the Boston glass. It cannot be exceeded—one of the men who worked formerly at the Cambridge glass house, informed me, it was much superior in transparency and smoothness, but they did not make the pieces so thick as at Boston, to bear deeper cutting—herein, he said, the Boston glass excelled. It is impossible, however, to decide without comparing them both together—and the highest praise is alike due to both, and to say the least, both are an honor to our country.

I saw but few of the proprietors of those numerous manufactories, viz. Messrs. *M'Clurg*, *Freeman and Miller*, one of the *Bakewell's*. Mr. Gallagher, of one of the brass foundries, and the Messrs. Pattersons, copper foundries, two tinners, Adams of the Phœnix Cotton factory, and H. Holdship, Esq. one of the most enterprising and wealthy men in Pittsburg, and amongst the most worthy of her citizens. Besides his extensive paper manufactory, already noticed in Pittsburg, he has a large book-store and painting and printing manufactory, where paper is painted for rooms, windows, &c. This establishment is very profitable and furnishes a great extent of country. But Mr. Holdship's Clinton paper mill, (of which I shall speak hereafter,) at Steubenville, is said to be the best as well as the most extensive in the United States. He is

said to be immensely rich, and equalled in industry and application to business. This gentleman, an honor to his country, is of Ireland, though long a resident of the U. States. I certainly shall remember Mr. Holdship's kindness and hospitality, to my latest hour. Hearing I had (without knowing him from any other man,) visited his paper mill in Pittsburg, he very politely called on me, and his carriage and driver was at my service, during my visit to Pittsburg. This mark of respect, however, was general, as he makes it his peculiar care to attend to all strangers alike, and seems, if we except the Mayor and Mr. Echbaum, the only gentleman in Pittsburg; aware of this very acceptable point of ettiquet to a stranger. Beloved and admired for his amiable manner, may he long be the pride of Pittsburg.

Not wishing to break in upon the manufactories; I now advert to the beautiful seat of Hon. James S. Stevenson, member of congress, on the bank of the smooth flowing Allegheny—this is the most delightful spot in Pittsburg or its vicinity. His house stands on an even plain at the extremity of the city, back from the street, upon a smooth lawn. I was on my way to the Phœnix factory, and being struck with the singular beauty of the situation, I turned into the gate, I knocked at the door, which was opened by a very genteel servant, who very politely invited me to walk in and be seated.

I soon learned from him the name of the proprietor, who was then absent at Washington city attending to his duties, or at least on his way thither. Mr. S. being a single man, there was no one about the house but servants. Seeing I was attracted by the interior, particularly the paintings, the servant with all the politeness of a courtier, took me through the house, the whole being furnished with much taste and elegance. I merely suppose the master must be a gentleman from the deportment of his servant, there being no better criterion to judge of a man than the quality of his servants.* A man who has any res-

* I had the pleasure of seeing Hon. J. Stevenson since at Washington city, and found my surprise confirmed by the elegance of his manners, and his gentleman-like deportment, and though a batchelor, is quite a young man.

pect for himself will not have an insolent servant about his house. The hand of taste was also visible in the decoration of his gardens and lawns—nothing could equal the beauty of the trees which shaded the mansion.

I mentioned the circumstance upon my return and applauded Mr. S. for choosing to live a batchelor, "as the women are so much in love with the priests, tracts, and missionaries now-a-days, that they were unworthy of any man of taste or merit." "Oh," said the ladies who were present, "it is really a shame for Mr. S. so well fixed as he is, to live single, it is really a shame." Good, let them take warning and not run after the black-coats. I must say, I give Mr. S. much credit for his good taste and wise resolution; it does him much honor, and hope that every one of those missionary madams may die old maids.

Who would have such females but a missionary, and even a missionary would not.

From the same reason, I omitted to notice the view from the Phœnix Cotton factory. There are two large buildings occupied by the factory, one of these is a most splendid building, is adorned by a lofty cupola, from the top of which you have a grand view of the beautiful Allegheny, the surrounding hills, and the adjacent villages, are all seen at once. every variety of smooth streams, wild woods, steep precipices, and fairy mountains—one of the most splendid displays of scenery to be met with.

Mr. Adams, the only proprietor I saw of the factory, appears to be a very amiable and interesting man.

The Rolling mill of Dr. Shoenberger, already mentioned, stands near the Phœnix factory, and though I had not the pleasure of seeing the Dr I found his manager, Mr. Blake, a very gentlemanly man and very communicative.

On this tour I also met with Mr. David Agnew, a very pleasant and quite young, with an oval face, open gay countenance and fair complexion.

I ought to have noticed the White Lead manufactory of Hon. J. Stevenson—I was told they would not suffer any one to enter the enclosure where it is made, but found no difficulty whatever, the men very readily admitted

me, but the process is so complicated, that I could not understand sufficiently to give an accurate description; and the principal process is kept a secret. Mr. Stevenson has also, recently established a manufactory fabricated of iron, and said to be very important, conducted by an Englishman. My curiosity being awakened, from being told strangers were not admitted, that I made the attempt on my way to Dr. S's rolling mill. But my efforts were fruitless. I found the building just out of the hands of the carpenters, the door was opened by a very stupid boy, and found myself in a pent up narrow passage, which encircled another litteral house, inside of the other, I was met at the door by the mysterious mechanic, who saluted rather friendly, but with an air of great mystery and to come to the point, is the greatest fool in Pittsburg, to be a wise man. The poor ignoramus asked me, (orwould have done so, had I tarried long enough,) an hundred questions, as it was, he only asked me about ninety-nine; and were I to judge, exclusively of his necromancy, which doubtless he professes, I should think we had as wise men on this side of the water; and what effectually set me against him, was his gross bigotry. He set in for a two hours siege, at least, to convince me that every body did not think alike on christianity, that the sun shone on fair days, and such like sage remarks. I soon discovered his weak side; but he was strong enough to keep me from seeing any part of the machinery of the mighty mystery, which seemed to be enclosed in this house within a house, and now I think of it—it would be well enough to make search there for *Morgan;* one to ten, these wily Free Masons, have hugger muggered him in there, and clapped this Mr. Moonshine to watch him. I would advise my Anti Mason friends to search there, for I can assure them there is something in the wind, or this house would not have arose in the night.

Perhaps Hon. S. has some distressed damsel confined there; at all events, I think it would be well enough to have the matter investigated; we will have no secrets or secret holes and concerns in our country, particularly under the control of foreigners, and for ought I know, for-

eign courts. If I had had time, I should have had this son of wisdom arrested and sent back to whence he came, to try him as a socerer, conjurer, wizzard, &c. &c. and have turned out the fair damsel, should there have been one confined there.

Though not in the course of time, while speaking of Pittsburg, I have to notice the polite attention of two gentlemen of the city, who not having done so before, called on me after I returned from an excursion to Steubenville, Ohio, and Wheeling, Va. I mean Dr. S. R. Holms and S. Merrit, Esq. These gentlemen, on the evening preceding my departure from Pittsburg, upon my return to Washington, hearing I was about to leave the city finally, called on me at Mr Ramsay's tavern where I put up, and though the last to pay their respects, were not the least interesting gentlemen in Pittsburg—with warm hearts and the manners of gentlemen, each rank high in their respective professions, and appear to be worthy the patronage of all good men. May they go on and prosper.

I was also much gratified to meet with Mr. John S. Riddle, with whom I had the pleasure of travelling, some time back, in New York, when making the fashionable tour; he was accompanied by two handsome young ladies. I did not see the young ladies, and upon enquiry, regret to hear they are still single—a great want of taste in the young gentlemen, as they were quite interesting females. Mr. R. is a gentleman (a commission merchant in Pittsburg,) of much elegance both in person and manners.

WESTERN PENITENTIARY.

Before adverting to the history of Pittsburg, I notice the Penitentiary—superior to any building (as to architecture and convenience,) of the sort in the United States. It is in the town of Allegheny, which is just over the Allegheny river, in sight and occupies a rising ground, which overlooks Pittsburg and its noble rivers, with an extensive view of the surrounding country. This building is of dark free stone, in the form of a hexagon, with four lofty towers, exclusive of which the building is three sto-

ries high besides the basement; it covers three acres of ground, is one hundred and fifty feet front, thirty-one feet back, whole length of the wall, including the front building twelve hundred feet in extent, and contains 190 cells, 8 by 6 feet, and 8 in height. It cost $185000, and is beyond question, the finest piece of masonry in the United States. Every part of the interior is like a palace, the cells were very neat, though I think without fire. A beautiful fountain flows in the yard, which is handsomely ornamented with parterres and gravel walks.—There were only forty prisoners, two of whom were black women. The sub-keeper Mr. Cockran, only was present, and very politely attended me round the building.

And who would you suppose is head keeper over those unfortunates, who, let their crimes be what they may, are still men, no more nor less than a highly charged blue-stocking, and his wife the same; he was not there, though he receives a high salary for his services; doubtless he was scattering tracts, and scattering poverty and slavery through the country. I have no patience with what is called the *English* population of Pennsylvania. The greatest dupes in the world, to put these black coats in a place of all others, that require humanity; I would much rather appoint a *he* and *she* tyger, as they would put an end to the woes of these unfortunate men at once. The savage monsters who never breathed a warm breath of humanity, look at their savage countenance; are they fit to be trusted with power over human beings? This barbarous female, I saw there, had the most ferocious aspect of the missionary tribe; how they served me, ought to open the people's eyes: and at this moment they are forging and propagating all manner of falsehood and slander against me, see the papers, the gospel papers, the vipers, is that religion? It is hoped the honest humane Germans next legislature will banish these wolves from a place that ought ever to be under the super-intendence of humanity. Let them put in a good honest German, who treats every thing that has life, with generous and kind usage, extends plenty and mildness to the whole brute creation; these are the men to place in your prisons and poor houses.

You need never be afraid they will run after tracts or starve the prisoners.

HISTORY.

The history of Pittsburg is distinguished by some of the most important events connected with the history of our country.

It will be recollected that from the time North America was discovered by *Sebastian Cabot*, until the visit of Americus Vespucius, it was called *Newfoundland*. It then took the name America, until Sir Walter Raleigh, planted a colony on the Virginia shore, when the whole country took the name of Virginia.

From this period until the end of Braddock's war in 1763, the French were either in possession or actually laid claim to all that extent of country from Hudson bay on the north, to the gulf of Mexico on the south!! This war, however, stript them of all Canada! great part of Louisiana, and the place now called Pittsburg. The first settlement of Pittsburg was about the year 1753 by the French, who built a fort there and called it Fort Du Quesne, which they held five years.

At the end of this time Gen. Forbes, the hero of Bloody Run, was sent by the English to destroy it. The general not thinking it necessary to march his whole army against so small a place, sent the famous Col. Grant with 800 Scotch Highlanders to destroy it.

The colonel arrived with his men one evening upon the top of the hill which bears his name, fully determined to take possession of the fort the next morning.

In the meantime, he ordered the reveille, a poor evidence of his colonelship in a savage warfare, the consequence was what might be expected, the French and Indians being acquainted with the ground, issued from the fort and ascending the hills in his rear, fell on him suddenly, and killed the most of his men, and took him prisoner. Gen. Forbes hearing the fate of Col. G. hastened to the spot, but found the fort abandoned. He took possession of it and built another fort of more strength, and

called it Fort Pitt, in honor of Pitt, Earl of Chatham. At length it took the name of Pittsburg.

I recollect well when it went by the name of Fort Pitt.

Shortly after the British took possession of the place the Indian traders built a row of houses on the bank of the Allegheny; but being too near the margin, they were undermined by the river in time, and fell in, and no vestage of them remains. There are still, however, to be seen the remains of a magazine in Pittsburg, which with the fort, are said to have cost the British government 60.000 pounds sterling. There are also remains of the fort, both of which were built, (says the historian,) by Lord Stanwin.

About the year 1760, a small town was built near Fort Pitt, which was peopled by about two hundred souls, but the Indian war breaking out in 1763, the inhabitants were compelled to fly to the fort, where they were blockaded by the Indians, and must have perished, had they not been relieved by Col. Bonquet and Capt. Barret.

The settlement, however, waged a long and fierce war with the Indians after this, and suffered many privations.

Finally, Fort Pitt became a manor of the Penn family, and Pittsburg was laid out into a town. It improved slowly however, until the year 1793, since which it has increased in wealth, commerce, and manufactures, almost beyond a parallel, and is said to have been, some years back, the seat of much taste, learning, and talent. But since the reign of terror or Presbyterian tyranny rather, every thing learned, dignified, or manly, has fallen before those all-devouring monsters! It was to be so! this will open the eyes of the people and teach them hereafter to be garded against priests of all sorts. It will teach them what they ought to have learned from history, that the clergy have always been foes to liberty; as to the tenets or piety of any of them, I neither meddle with nor care for. I would trust none of them with power—since I have been writing this article, I have heard the pleasing news that my favorite state, and not only my favorite state, (Pennsylvania,) but my favorite county of Lancaster, has begun the glorious work of putting those enemies of man-

kind down. They are precisely pursuing the measures I have for sometime suggested to the public, that of holding meetings, and entering into resolutions to discountenance and discard those wolves in sheep's clothing from society. The measure is highly honorable to this noble state, firm, steady, and united, she will soon succeed in forcing them to become honest men or quit the country. Pennsylvania will receive the applause of succeeding ages for the manly ground she has taken in defence of our civil and religious liberty, which is truly and really in danger from those hypocrits, as it once was under the British government, which I would by a long way prefer to a religious government. Little doubt but the noble example of Pennsylvania, will be followed by other states. I see the resolutions of Lancaster and Berks, are spreading over the whole country. Glory to the independent Germans, these are the ignorant Dutch—did I not say they were the glory and strength of Pennsylvania? Success to them, but it is to their legislature they must look, and use all means to keep those enemies out of their state counsels. Their safety lies in making judicious elections.—Those abominable deceivers have been inadvertently suffered to creep into their legislatures, by which means they have got hold of all the seminaries of learning in the state, excepting the Bethlehem schools, by which means, learning is annihilated in the Pa. I cannot blame the people for what has been done, as these wolves in disguise would have deceived Solomon. But now they have pulled off the mask, let them be banished from every seminary. I feel proud of the Germans for their manly independence—and they will find a mass of information I deposited in the hands of the school committee, of their legislature last winter, that they cannot alter their system of education too soon; let them establish *high schools*, or some uniform system by law, and exclude from them the clergy.

I would, while on this subject, guard my country from another enemy in disguise, a North Carolina paper says, "Let us drop those parts in our declaration of independence which only tend to hurt the feelings of our friends

over the water," or words to the same amount. This man, be him who he may, is a traitor to his country, doubtless an Englishman. The words he alludes to, can offend no honest Briton, though it may tend to throw us off our guard against those spies that overrun our country, smugglers and book merchants. These it may offend, and our domestic traitors; but no friend to our laws and liberty, can take offence at one syllable in the declaration—no one respects an honest foreigner more than I do, an English gentleman particularly, nor is it those who make the request, they have too much honor to do so. I hope my countrymen, however, will guard against all her enemies, whether foreign or domestic.

I had not intended to extend my travels west, farther than Pittsburg, but my Carlisle letter, made such a noise throughout the state, and revived the hopes of the few friends of liberty in Pittsburg, that they finding I struck terror into those blue-stockings, they pursuaded me to go and blow up the colleges of Cannonsburg and Washington.

The description they gave me of the clerical tyranny of those places, was terrifying, but for the sake of doing good, I undertook the visit, and wishing to recover a M. S. which had been lost five years (letters from Alabama,) which I understood was at Steubenville, Ohio, and wishing also to see Wheeling, all in a circle, but above all this, I longed *once more* to feast my eyes with the beautiful Ohio. I took my passage in a steamboat to Steubenville, only a few hours sail, by which means my journey by land would be much shortened in my intended visit to Washington, Pa. and Cannonsburg.

Accordingly, accompanied by Mr. Holdship, his daughter, and a few others, I took a temporary leave of Pittsburg, and set sail, nothing fearing the mighty Cannon of Cannonsburg.

The name of the boat, the Reindeer, Capt. Bennet, I shall ever remember Capt. Bennet.

Having spent my early days in wilds untrod by polished man, as he would call himself. I have often wondered why I should (since mixing with the world,) be so dif-

ferently received by people of the *same country, same town*, nay the same family, if co-partners of a boat be one, now I am still but one and the same person, and they being more than one, the cause must lie between them to a certainty, for, did the cause lie with myself, (which I by no means wish to deny,) the conduct of these people towards me would be alike; thus I always reason with myself, and infer, that these civilized men, are not all civilized—on the contrary, those who lay claim to the most, have the least of it and are a long way behind the savages in politeness and common civility. For instance, here are two men, co-owners of the Reindeer, one the most interesting of his sex, I mean Capt. Bennet, and the other a perfect wild beast, his looks made me shudder; if I recollect his name was Crosby, a tall, gaunt, black gloomy, whose face never wore a smile, and whose countenance was vengeance, a blue stocking you are sure. I chided, (pointing to gloomy,) Capt. Bennet for uniting "with that man."

OHIO RIVER.

A number of steamboats were lying too at the shore of the Monongahela, when we took passage, whose decks seemed alive with rough looking men.* The ladies' cabin being on the upper-deck, I stood on the portico to observe the motly crew which lay beneath, these upper-decks being much higher than the top of our largest boats in the east. They seemed to consist of degraded characters, (the effects of civilization to be sure,) and when we moved off from the shore, one fox-headed man put his head out of a window and addressing himself to me, said, "good by." The salutation was not returned of course, and aloft in air I waved my hand to my friends on shore, amongst whom I discovered the amiable Mr. Faris, whose soft beaming eye, methought was raised to Heaven for my safety, and insensible to every thing but the pleasure arising from hailing the queen of rivers!! We soon glided

* This shore is paved with barrels for half a mile.

by O'Hara's glass house, Anchutz's smoking salt-works, and hamlets on our left, cliffs, white bridges, to which the bridges in the east bear no comparison in beauty.—They are low, flat, and without paint, but to see a bridge up in the air, white as the unsullied snow, with its graceful bends, nearly a mile in length, added to the rounding slopes, swelling fields, pointed hills, smooth valley's curling smoke, and three noble rivers, would inspire any one with delight. But for one who has been separated from a beloved object, to meet these again, and greet in soft and silent sighs; I gave myself away to unspeakable rapture. All hail to thee thou beauteous river! Thy beauties are truly great, and must forever please. So peaceful, so swift, yet smooth and still, my longing soul once more embrace thee. Heedless of thy matchless beauty, long mayest thou roll in defying pride, and may *Adeona*,* forever preside over thy limpid bosom.

The lofty trees on my right, soon caught my eye—the rich alluvial bottoms, but it is vain to pourtray the surpassing beauty of this unyielding country, to understand it, it must be seen. When I used to stray on the shady banks of this beautiful river, I was insensible of its superior charms, nor is it in the power of any one to appreciate its beauties, who has seen no other.†

The left shore of the river presented a rich soil, and some handsome farms, but on the right, was distinguished by a rugged mountain, which drew close to the river, a road however, has been cut on the margin through rocks, and cliffs, over which we saw numbers of wagons tot-

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* Godess of voyages.

† I have been much gratified to hear that Hon. E. Everett, has taken a tour through the western country. To a gentleman of his taste and refinement, the tour must have been highly pleasing, nor was I less pleased to find his just and liberal remarks on a country so dear to me. But if Mr. E. found so much to admire in the soil, rivers and improvements of the western country, what must have been his feelings towards its generous and high-minded sons, who received him to their bosoms, and paid to him those honors he so justly merits. I am proud of my country, I am proud of Nashville, I am proud of the Yankees, each find I have not mis-represented either, and what is singular, of all towns, Boston and Nashville have been my ablest patrons.

tering along; now and then a hamlet, and sometimes a man, other times a woman trudging on foot towards Pittsburg.

We do not meet steamboats so often as on the Hudson, but the season of running was nearly over. When a person wishes to land in the eastern country from the steamboats, it is proclaimed aloud by the porters; for instance when drawing near the place where any one is to land, the porters cry aloud, "Poughkeepsie baggage, Fishkill baggage," or as the case may be—the passengers then stand forth and point out their baggage, and the moment the boat stops the baggage is first taken out then the passengers descend from the boat, the captain in the meantime standing at the gang-way; when all have landed, the captain asks aloud, "all ashore," one of the porters answer, "all ashore," then, and not until this proclamation, the captain again speaks aloud to those who take passage from this place, "come aboard;" when they with their baggage are all on board, the captain again speaks, "all aboard," "all aboard." This is the business of a minute, and were it not for their despatch, boats would be forever detained.

But this business, (at least on the Reindeer,) is negociated privately between the parties in this country, and the first you know of a passenger landing, is the boat drawing up to the shore.

Towards dark we passed a beautiful village called *New Economy*. I should have been pleased to have called there, from the character I had received of the place. This place is settled by a society, who have every thing in common, all work, and all come in for an equal share of the profits, so says report; some speak well of the society, and others say they practice deceit and cunning, and first allures people to join them, and then cheat them out of any property they may have owned at the time of joining, and defraud them out of their labour. Others say they are a mild, humane, honest, industrious and sober people, and disperse kindness and hospitality to all around them. Mr. Holdship was amongst the number who spoke

favorably of the society, whose word alone is a sufficient refutation of the slanderous reports respecting the society.

But facts speak for themselves; the appearance of the village is the best evidence in its favor. They cannot be bad members of society, who are industrious and sober. Here is a neat new village consisting of elegant brick houses, which appears to have sprung up in one night. A handsome church, and a large cotton steam factory of one thousand spindles; a woollen factory, and various other manufactories are carried on here. People who evince such marks of industry and improvement, cannot deserve the name bestowed on them by their enemies, who are doubtless, the black-coats, who are only sorry they cannot finger the proceeds of their labor. It is an eternal slur on America, that this many mouthed monster—religious tyranny has been suffered to grow up amongst us, until it threatens to swallow those who have fled it. People of America, will you not be wise? These few Germans, (I think they are,) cannot inhabit their little spot and eat the labor of their own hands in peace.

We were shortly after passing Economy, called to tea, which was well served up in neat china, by very attentive waiters. I ought to have mentioned dining, as we took dinner on board, and in both instances my friend Captain Bennet, paid to me that attention which you never receive from any other than a gentleman. The Reindeer makes her trip to Louisville in two days, if I am not mistaken. Fare for cabin passengers $18. Deck passengers $5. Cabin passengers are found of course. Deck passengers find themselves; and men and women are confined to the same place.

Perfect order appears to be maintained, and the engineers are modest and respectful in their behaviour.

All I can say of the boat, is that its machinery differs in every respect from the low pressure boats, and takes up a great deal more room. The boilers being in one place and the engine in another, and the greatest part of the engine lies flat upon the floor, neither are enclosed as those are eastwardly; and the boilers instead of occupying the center, are aft at the extremity of the boat. I should only

raise a laugh to attempt a description of the machinery, as I do not know the name of a single particle about it—wish Walsh was here, or the Pink, or some other wise head, we might make it out between us.

STEUBENVILLE, OHIO.

It was quite late, nearly 12 o'clock when we arrived at Steubenville, sixty miles from Pittsburg by water, thirty-eight by land. And on the bank of Ohio, I took leave of the noble Captain Bennet, who would not receive one cent for my fare, this certainly does honor to the man, and still more to my country. Very few passengers were in the Reindeer, it being late getting under way, the passengers had taken another boat.

Mr. H. who first disposed of his daughter at a friend's, took me to Mr. Dorhman's tavern, and from that moment until I left Steubenville, I never found myself more at home.

Mr. Holdship having an extensive manufactory at this place, Miss Holdship merely took an excursion with her father, and while he attends to his concern Miss H. amuses herself with those sprightly Yankees; while the wind blows the smoke out of her eyes. Then she returns with her father to Pittsburg. This young lady, (for she is very young,) I should have esteemed for the sake of her father and brother, whom I had associated with during my visit in Pittsburg, but much more from the sweetness of her manners, and the modesty of her attire and conversation. Her only fault, if it be one in a young lady, was her diffidence; and though doubtless, the greatest ornament of the sex, it deprived me of much anticipated pleasure. This modesty is peculiar to Mr. Holdship's family, his son, who is also a partner, is one of the most interesting young men in Pittsburg.

Steubenville is a handsome town, the metropolis of Jefferson county, and very flourishing. It is like Pittsburg the seat of industry and enterprise and contains several very extensive manufactories. It sits on a beautiful plain surrounded on all sides by an unbroken eminence, which

runs up to the river above and below the town forming a semicircle. The plain on which the town is built, is a black loam; most of the houses are of wood, though those on the principal street as well as the great factories are fine brick buildings.

It is regularly laid out, the streets crossing at right angles.

It contains a court-house, jail, a bank, town-house, market house, four churches, two cotton manufactories, a paper manufactory, a woollen manufactory, and several air foundries, three thousand inhabitants. The greatest paper manufactory in the western country, is said to be in Steubenville. But I should say it was superior to any either east or west, it certainly is superior to any I have seen, (and I have visited all the principal,) in the excellence of the machinery and quantity manufactured, from the coarsest, down to fine bank note paper, it far exceeds any thing of the sort in Pittsburg, or in the eastern states, the machinery particularly. The vats, all of copper, are the largest, and the whole of the establishment displays a degree of skill, neatness and industry, unrivalled. The engine is thirty horse power; the building is 150 by 35 feet. Capital $38,000. The name of the establishment is the "*Clinton Paper Mill.*" The following is an extract of a letter from the bank note engravers in Philadelphia to a gentleman in Steubenville.

"The paper is of good quality, and we have no doubt will wear well; it is similar to some we printed some time ago for the bank of Pittsburg. From the competition which exists in this neighborhood, considerable improvement has been made in the manufacture of the article. We inclose a half sheet of a kind which has been esteemed the best by many banks in this quarter of the country. We, however, do not think it better than that made at the Clinton mill—the latter affording a very gratifying evidence of the great improvement made by Ohio in the manufacture of paper."

I brought away a sheet of the bank note paper, the first I ever saw, and the first time I knew that bank note paper was manufactured in our part of the country. The

sheet is deposited in the national library, (looks better than Sunday school union books.)

In short Steubenville is taking a pattern by Pittsburg, and promises to come in for a share, (and no small one,) of the renown acquired by that enterprising city.

Coal, iron and water abound here, as well as in Pittsburg, and the fogs of smoke and hammers and wheels, black faced men and boys, rush of business, the same steady independence of our first judges and statesmen. Steubenville will soon be one entire workshop.

These manufactories are forced upon both these town from the endless masses of coal and iron. It would be criminal in them to refuse those vast sources of wealth, when thrust in their faces; the whole country both on this side and Virginia shore, is one mass of coal, the best in the union. I have seen no wood burned except for cooking since I left Philadelphia.

Besides the Clinton factory, there are two large cotton factories, two foundries, and the first woollen manufactory, beyond doubt, in the United States. The cotton manufactories are propelled by steam, the buildings are large and extensive, and conducted by industrious enterprising men; one of these was just going into operation, the building one of the finest in the western country. Capital vested in all the cotton factories, $55,000.

Capital in air foundries. $20,000.

In steam flour mills, $20,000.

Nearly one third of the population are employed in those manufactories. But the woollen manufactory astonished me, being greatly superior to any I have seen in the United States. In the first place there is,

One building fronting on Market-sreet, 110 by 35 feet, four stories high: in the rear of this building and with the end adjoining, is a two story brick building 35 by 30 feet. East of these buildings, and about 40 feet distant, is a brick building with the end resting on Market-street, 100 by 35 feet, three stories high. In addition to these, there is one frame building for a clothery house, one brick and two frame buildings for woolery houses, and a brick age-house.

The capital invested in real estate, building, machinery, &c. is estimated at $100,000. The manufactory gives employment to about one hundred hands, manufactures 40,000 lbs. of wool annually into about 16,000 yards of broad cloth, a considerable quantity of cassimers, pelise cloths, flannels, &c. &c.

All the wool used is of American growth, the principal part raised within a compass of sixty miles around Steubenville; and the greater part of the finest wool is furnished from the flocks of the owners of the factory, Mr. Wells, Mr. Dickinson, and from the flocks of Messrs. A. and J. M'Dowell.

The quantity of wool purchased, always far exceeds the quantity manufactured: the surplus, raising in different years from 30 to 45,000 lbs. is made up of the middle and lower grades and sent to Boston for sale.

In the spring of 1829, an increase of machinery is contemplated, by which the business of the manufactory will be increased one half or three-fourths.

The cloth manufactured here, is the finest I have seen at any factory, by a long way; I certainly am not a judge, but should say it is little inferior to imported broadcloths.

But I never saw a comparison for the flannels, they are as soft to the touch as cotton or silk, and come high.—There is nothing like these flannels made in our country, and well they may, as the wool (a sample of which I now have in my possession,) is as fine as silk. This wool is the growth of the enterprising and indefatigable owners, Messrs. Boyle, Wells, and Dickinson, who rear the sheep. These gentlemen own 8,000 sheep, and it is a well attested and singular fact that they have improved the original imported breed. Mr. Dickinson, the only one of the proprietors I saw, is an actual shepherd, and spends most of his time with his sheep. Mr. D. is a Virginian, a gentleman of learning and wealth, but has by habit become so much attached to his sheep and they to him, that they cannot live asunder—they knowing him from any other person, and will follow him any where and every where.

It is owing to this that he has become complete master of the art of rearing fine sheep. He has various kinds, and so acute is his discernment that the moment he sees one of his sheep he can tell of what kind it is, at what time imported, &c. He often takes them several miles from Steubenville, and very often changes their pastures.

He informed me that, though he had had some of them several years, no such thing as rot, or disorder of any kind, was ever yet amongst them. From this it appears that Ohio is favorable to the growing of sheep.

He imported *Columbus*, a fine male sheep, from Spain, at 1000 dollars; and *Bolivar*, the son of Columbus, was the sheep that obtained the premium, two years since, at Baltimore. I saw the silver cup awarded to Mr. Dickinson; it is very handsomely engraved, and valued at 100 dollars. Bolivar was carried to Baltimore in the stage over the mountains to be sheared, and produced the finest and heaviest fleece at the show, of all their Saxony and fine Marinoes.

This must have been highly gratifying to the young State of Ohio, but peculiarly so to Messrs. Wells & Dickinson. I have deposited a sample of the wool of both sheep in Congress Library. It is not so long as the Saxony wool, but much finer. These gentlemen say it is the better for making broad cloth.

Besides this mammoth establishment, Mr. Wells owns a copperas manufactory, near Steubenville, where he makes 160 tons per year, superior to any imported. It sells for 3 cents per pound—capital 15,000 dollars.

Two other copperas manufactories are established within a few miles of the town. There are various articles manufactured in Steubenville, all in a flourishing condition.

Steubenville is an incorporated town, with a President, Recorder, and seven Trustees, and from its situation on the Ohio, the industry and enterprise of its inhabitants, the fertility of the surrounding soil, promises to become a wealthy prosperous town.

The citizens differ very little from the well informed Pennsylvanians, equally liberal and affable in their man

ners; and many of them are gentlemen of the highest literary attainments. Hon. John C. Wright, late member of Congress, Hon. John M. Goodenow, member of Congress elect, Hon. Judge J. H. Halcock, Hon. Judge James Wilson, Hon. Judge Tappen, and many other highly respectable men, have their residence in Steubenville. Messrs. Wells, Dickinson & Co. I have mentioned: but the most singular character in Steubenville is Mr. Neef, a teacher of the famous *Pestalozian* System.

Early on the day that succeeded my arrival, I addressed a note to the Hon. J. M. Goodenow, with whom I had business. In a very few minutes Mr. Goodenow arrived, and having often heard of each other, and had exchanged a few letters, we had formed a mutual and favorable opinion. On my part, I must say, Mr. G. rather exceeded the high exalted opinion I had formed of his politeness and generosity; and the factories being some distance from the tavern, he ordered a carriage and attended me to them all, which took up nearly the day; nor did he stop at this. His whole time was devoted to me while I remained in the town. Such men are an ornament to any town or district they may honor with their residence. Politeness to strangers is the true characteristic of a gentleman. Mr. G. is a tall, slender man, and finely made. His gait is elastic and genteel; and his deportment manly, affable and gay; his features are good, and his countenance open and pleasing; his complexion is rather dark, and his eye small, keen, and searching, and I am much mistaken if he does not bring much talent and information with him to Congress.* He is married

* Since I had the pleasure to see this gentleman, I have seen the ablest, best illustration of masonry I have hitherto witnessed, contained in his address before Steubenville Lodge, No. 45. Mr. G. appears to have attained the highest honors of masonry; and the introduction, address, and the vindication of masonry, which follows the address, are written in a masterly style. The closeness of argument and soundness of reasoning with respect to the Morgan affair, (to which he adverts,) is unanswerable.

"If Morgan was killed, as it is stated," says Mr. G. "why was his book not destroyed? And if they, (the anti-masons,) have the secrets of masonry, why are they not satisfied with the great discovery?"

to the sister of the Hon. J. C. Wright, *all* Yankees. Mrs. G. and her brother are from Wethersfield, Conn. famous for its onions, and mentioned in the Black Book. I do not recollect the birth-place of Mr. G. but wherever it be, (some part of Connecticut,) she may be proud of her son. He has doubless decked masonry with a wreath that will bloom to the end of time.

Mr. Wright was absent at Washington. He and Mr. Goodenow are opposed in politics—the first being an Adams man, and the latter for Gen. Jackson.

Hon. J. M. Goodenow is by profession a lawyer, and lives in elegant style. I think he has no son, but has two very accomplished daughters, for their years, being quite young. The eldest was educated in Boston; of course, she has acquired all the graces of fashion and manners. She is a very pretty small girl, sings and plays well, and is in full possession of those fascinations common to Boston ladies.

It is needless to add that I might have spent my time, during my visit, at the house of Mr. G.*

Mrs. Goodenow is a tall, accomplished female, but of delicate health. Her and I had a great laugh about the *Jonathans* and the onions.

Unfortunately several of the distinguished citizens were absent. I saw neither the Hon. Mr. Hallock, R.

And wisely and logically proves that the Morgan excitement is a struggle for religious and political power; and compares it to old age struggling to recal the beauty and innocence of youth: "But which," says Mr. G. "every day removes you farther from your object, which lies beyond a stream you *cannot pass*."

Speaking of the principles of Masonry, among others, we find the following: "Its obligations are holy, and impose by the four-fold tie of *interest, friendship, character* and *conscience*, a solemn duty to relieve, protect, defend, and sustain *the female household of a brother*.

"Nor is this duty a sleeping trust: it is warm and active, as thousands can testify." [I can for one—in its widest latitutude I have ever found them *brothers*.] But the whole is alike brilliant and masterly, and by far the best illustration of masonry I ever saw, if we except the writer's actions, both as a man, a mason, and a gentleman. His title is "P. G. M. of Grand Lodge of Ohio, K. M. K. T." &c.

*Through his means I recovered a manuscript which had been lost, as I thought, forever.

Marsh, Esq. H. H. S——tt, and others, before mentioned. Judge Tappan is a Yankee, and a distant relation of the famous Priest *Tappan*, of Augusta, Maine, but as different from him as oil from vinegar, or noonday from midnight. The first being one of the most liberal, intelligent, and exemplary men to be found in our society, and forms a shining contrast to Parson Tappan, described in the second volume of the Black Book. He is polite and friendly, rather a light figure, of middle age, and a thin, pale face. He is the friend and patron of the celebrated Neef, of whom I shall soon speak.

Benjamin Tappan, Esq. if I do not mistake, is a brother of the Judge, and alike entitled to the confidence and esteem of the liberal and refined. Hon. James Wilson was almost the first person who called to pay me his respects—he was the first but one. He edits a paper in Steubenville, called the Steubenville Gazette, an Adams' paper. It is somewhat surprising that, in every part of the United States, I maintain an unbroken, and it would seem, an indissoluble friendship with the two great contending parties. This is regarded as astonishing by some, and wonderful by all! And I must confess I am astonished myself to hold so distinguished a place in the confidence, esteem and respect of two parties, in many instances at dagger's points.* Nor have I any recollection when or how this extraordinary fact came to pass. It must surely be ascribed to the novelty of my unpolished manners; and, perhaps, an indiscriminate manner of exposing faults.

I felt proud, therefore, at receiving homage at the same time from Goodenow and Judge Wilson, one on my right and the other on my left.

The Judge was much pleased to see me, inasmuch as I was the friend of Mr. Duane, of Philadelphia, his former friend and patron.†

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* I must except the Judge of the Pumpkin court.

† I find a note amongst my papers, which ought to have had a place in the first volume of these travels, under the head of Philadelphia. It relates to Col. Duane, and enumerates his literary and other avocations, viz.

Editor of the Aurora from Oct. 1798, to Sept. 1822; wrote for it as

It appears he learned the printing business with Mr. Duane, and expresses the highest veneration for his virtues and his talents. Judge wilson is a man of great size, a tall, manly figure, with a round full face, and fine, full hazle eye; his countenance is cheerful and pleasing, and his manners gay, candid, and friendly; he resembles the Pennsylvanians in hospitality and the plainness of his deportment, and appears to be a man of general information. His family, as well as that of Mr. Goodenow's, were well educated, which corresponded with what I was told, that there were not many missionaries in the place. He had three pretty little twin daughters, that is, born at one birth, of about ten years of age, which resembled each other so exactly they could not be told apart—they are stout and well grown. I think Congress ought to give them a section of land and provide them husbands also. Besides these gentlemen, Mr. Turnbull, a book-seller, is a very liberal, gentleman-like man, and every way worthy of liberal patronage. In short, the society of Steubenville is in considerable advance, and bids fair to rival the first towns on the Ohio.

Besides Judge Wilson's paper, there is another published in Steubenville, by J. M. Laird, Esq. a very interesting young man. He supported the election of General Jackson. The paper is ably edited, and some do suppose that Mr. Goodenow is the writer of much of the editorial matter. This paper is called "The Steubenville Republican Ledger." Nor must I overlook my friend, G. A. Dohrman, of the tavern, a man who richly deserves the patronage of the public, on many accounts Mr. D. is a *gentleman* by education and descent, having sprung from a noble Spanish family, of great wealth. His father or grand father, I am not sure, was amongst the

a volunteer, in 1797; Epitome of Science—school book; Military Dictionary, 2 vols. 8vo; Infantry Sytem, 1 vol.; Hand Book, 1 vol.; Cavalry System, 1 vol.; Treatise on the Staff of Armies; Visit to Colombia; Manoeuvres; Pamphlets, political and moral; Several works in manuscript; Treatise on Usury, &c.; Treatise on Political Economy; Geography of South America; Gazetteer of South America; A Historical Sketch of the foundation and policy of Colonies, &c.

number of those disinterested foreigners who, fired with the love of liberty, joined our troops in the revolutionary war, and served most of the time.

At the end of the war he received for his services a large portion of land: but when his heirs came to take possession of the land, after his decease, it was found not to be worth one cent! And after spending a large fortune, and much hard service in defence of our liberty, his heirs were left to struggle with poverty! Mr. D. however, is an enterprising, industrious man, and seems to be cheerful, independent, and happy; and as generous as a prince. I spent two days at his house, for which, and my stage-fare to Wheeling, he would not receive a cent, he being one of the proprietors.

While Congress are granting relief to the revolutionary soldiers and their children, I should be pleased to hear they had remembered the children of this distinguished foreigner, particularly as it appears the country put a cheat upon him in the land. This is the country that says "We are so very, very honest and grateful."

Mr. D. did not mention the subject to me himself—I had the particulars from Judge Wilson.

So it appears, go where I will, I meet friends, excepting one sect, of which I found two in Steubenville, by the name of Collier, I think a disgrace to the place.

I also found a little trifling Yankee just from the sod, with a load of horn flints or wooden nutmegs,* I cannot tell which. He said he saw me at Dartmouth College. It appears that Mr. Jonathan is studying law—a hopeful lawyer he will make, doubtless. He came to the wrong place; and I advised him to stick to his old trade.

* The Yankees, it appears, brought some wooden nutmegs into Pennsylvania, and an old German, who used to purchase of them annually, got sadly taken in towards the last. They brought him some made of maple, which being very hard to grate, the German exclaimed, (after exerting his strength in vain on the nutmeg,) "Dem dees Yankees da has chete me, da uze to pring de saf-woot-noo'meg, put da mak um zo hart now, me gant crate um no more."

MR. NEEF.

But the most extraordinary man I met with in my tour was Mr. Neef, of the school of Pestalozzi. Mr. Neef is pretty well advanced in age, perhaps fifty years, though he is very stout and active.

As this new system of education seems to be gaining ground in our country, it may gratify the public to learn a few particulars of the man, and his mode of teaching; which differs from all others practised in our country; and appears to be the best hitherto discovered. Mr. Neef is a native of Switzerland, though he spent some time in France previous to his arrival in America.

He mentions Pestalozzi as an old man of Bern, at the foot of the Alps, in Switzerland—a man of learning and observation; and after considering the vices, follies, and miseries of man, after some—many years reflection upon the subject, he concluded they must flow, in a great measure, if not altogether, from an improper education; and finally formed a plan of his own. And, after combatting the prejudices of the world for many years, he at length established a school in his own neighborhood, and Mr. Neef was one of his pupils. The fame of his system extending to France, he was solicited to send a person skilled in his system thither, and Mr. Neef was the man selected

In 1805, Wm. McClure, Esq. of Philadelphia, and Mr. C. Cabel, a brother of the ex-governor of Virginia, being in Europe, happened to visit Pestalozzi,† saw his system and admired it. When Mr. McClure returned to France, he sought for Mr. Neef, and finally persuaded him to come to the United States, where he has remained ever since. But as I was but a short time in his company, and had so many things to ask, I did not inquire what had been his success; nor was I long enough in his school to enable me to give a satisfactory deffinition of the routine pursued by him. I saw enough, however, to

† Pestalozzi was a member of the Helvetic Consulta.

perceive that the system differs from any extant, as the first thing in other schools is the last in his, which is learning to read; nor does his system embrace *our* alphabet, or any alphabet whatever! and yet it is a system of complete education, and acquired in a very short time!!

It has often struck me that the drudgeries imposed on children by delving at these letters, and a, b, ab's and t, i, si's, &c, was a barbarous and round-a-bout way of acquiring knowledge, and as apt to make a foolish man of a wise child as a wise man of a foolish child; and since I have witnessed with my eyes and ears that small children have acquired the most useful and ornamental parts of education, without knowing a letter of our alphabet, it proves the justness of the hypothesis. I saw little girls, in Mr Neef's school, solve problems in mathematics, who did not know a letter, with the greatest facility! and who could not have been more than eight or nine years old at the extent.

The Pestalozzian scheme supposes that man is essentially an active and sociable being. The effects of one man's activity must, of course, affect his fellow man; and if they do not benefit they must needs harm each other. That we ought to do no harm, but, on the contrary, do all the good we can, and make the best use of our capacity. The scheme goes on to prove by what means we can produce happiness to ourselves and the greatest sum of good to our fellow creatures.

The next thing is to qualify man to discharge these great virtures. Nothing new is taught by this system; but old things are taught in a new way. Every science taught in our first seminaries, is embraced in the Pestalozzian system. This scheme, however, in doing this, does not attempt to introduce any thing *into* the pupil; its object is to develope what is found in him; and the fundamental point being found out, or fixed upon, the teacher goes on, step by step, making every point of knowledge a step by which to acquire a new one; and by the *known* developments of the mind, the *unknown* and complicated are discovered, taking care to have one thing perfect before proceeding to another. In this

manner the pupil's faculties become unfolded, and, in the end, he finds himself qualified to be happy, and enabled to dispense happiness to all around him. And he is astonished to find himself an arithmetitian, a correct grammarian, mathematitian, chemist, natural and moral philosopher, profound in astronomy, geography, ethics, &c &c. and all this without the help of the a, b, c,! which take up so great a part of other peoples' time.

Mr. Neef follows the book of nature, and takes his scholars, as nearly as possible, of the same age—none under six, and none above eight. They all proceed together, and are of no more trouble than one child to the teacher, as they all learn the same thing at the same time; at least, such are my impressions. For instance, the teacher, speaking loud, tells them to draw a horizontal line, or, as the case may be; this is instantly done by the whole school upon a slate: as they do this they repeat aloud, "I draw horizontal line." The teacher then says "Have you drawn your horizontal line;" the pupils, speaking altogether, reply "yes, sir."

It must appear strange that these sciences are taught without books, and to small children, to whom it is play, mere amusement; and yet, such is the ignorance and prejudice of the world, that the system makes but little progress. As to my part, I think the discovery amongst the greatest that was ever made either in ancient or modern times.

Learning has always been the greatest difficulty and the greatest good to man; therefore, the easiest means to acquire the greatest good must finally prevail in all cases; and I have no doubt of living to see this system flourish.

But many will wish to hear a more particular description of the system. I cannot, though I at once saw through it myself, do the subject justice; yet, as I said at first, the teacher has no use for alphabets or books; he annihilates our grammar with a dash of his pencil, and makes himself merry with our numerical figures, and so of all our systems, and gravely asked what books Cadmus learned from, and whether Cadmus did not learn to write long before he learned to read or spell. He has no mer-

cy on spelling books, and contends, (which is most true,) that geometrical figures and drawing are more plain and simple than our alphabetical letters, and that the former preceded the latter.

I observed his books and cabinets were nature. He makes a very liberal use of the works of nature in teaching, and first, after selecting any object, the human body for instance, he confines himself to the exterior. He begins with the whole, and descends from decomposition to decomposition, until the subject is exhausted; he makes this a general rule.

This being done, serves as a double problem, viz: the pupil being shown an object, or a part of an object, he must name it, and again he is called upon to show the object, or the part of an object.

The next stept is to determine the coherency, sub-ordination, connection or relation between a part and the whole of any object. This operation enables a pupil to solve the next or the following problems.

Question by the teacher. What coherency or subordintion is there between the nail on the fore finger of your right hand and your body.

Answer. The nail on the fore-finger of my right hand, is attached to the inferior phalanx of the fore-finger of my right hand, the inferior phalanx of the fore finger of my right hand, constitutes a part of the fore-finger of my right hand. The fore finger of my right hand, is a part of my right hand; my right hand belongs to my superior right member or arm, and my superior right member or arm, is attached to my body.*

Thus he proceeds, step by step until he has unfolded all the works of nature, their qualities, their uses and similitudes. By which time the pupil's rational powers are thoroughly unfolded and prepared to develope other truths. Thus they never read or look in a book until they are able, not only to comprehend what they are to read,

* It is understood that these members are distinguished in the decomposition of the body.

but to distinguish good from bad, truth from falsehood, reality from absurdity, &c.

Instead of cyphering, Mr. N. teaches the power of combining numbers, for this, he uses any moveable thing, such as beans, marbles, pebbles, &c. and begins with one bean, and after adding another, he does not say twice one is two, as we do, but one time one bean, more one time one bean is equal to two times one bean, thus he proceeds as far as ten. He then takes one bean or marble from the ten, and says, ten times one marble less one time, one marble are equal to nine times one marble.

He often changes the things numbered to boards, peas, or any thing else. Thus the words one, two, &c. being immutable and the objects numbered, always changing, lays the foundation of abstract ideas of numbers in children

This operation prepares the child for another, viz. he has a table which contains ten horizontal rows of rectangles, each row including also ten other rectangles, each rectangle in the first row, contains one space so as to be visible at a distance. In the second row, each rectangle contains two spaces, and each succeeding row contains one space more than the preceding, and the tenth and last row contains one hundred spaces.

This table becomes a powerful engine in the system, and leads the pupil on to algebra, thence to geometry, and finally to the mathematics; while the pupil, recollect, is not more than seven, or perhaps eight years old.

To give a succinct account of the management of these rows, spaces, and rectangles, would take up too much of my book, though I do not know that my object, which is to benefit mankind at large, could be better answered—I shall therefore give a few examples.

The reader has perceived in the very outset with the beans, &c. it is began and carried on upon mathematical principles, or a correct system of reasoning. The utility of these marble operations is readily discovered when applied to this table, they are applied in the abstract. Thus four times two more, five times two are equal to nine times two; and again, ten times three less four times

three, are six times three. This done, a new exercise arises by dividing nuts, peas, apples, &c. into equal parts, and to prove them equal, and their use in developing the human mind; they are thus applied: by looking on the first number of spaces included in the first rectangle of the second row of the table, as divided into two equal parts, and proclaim, one time one is the half part of one time two—two times one is one time two, &c.

In the third row, the number three will be considered likewise as divided into three equal parts Thus, one time one, is one time the third part of one time three—two times one are two times third part of one time three; four times one, is one time three more one time the third part of one time three, &c.

After going through the table in this manner, the following problems are resolved, to which the foregoing is the key: forty-seven times one are equal to how many times five, six, and seven? The exercise is then changed from one shape to another, and some times inverted until it leaves the child at algebra. The last combination of this exercise, the following: sixty-three are nine times seven, nine times seven are nine times the fourth part of four times seven; four times seven are twenty-eight, twenty-eight is four times five more three times the fifth part of one time five.

The preceding exercise is fourfold, and enables the pupil to solve the following: three times the seventh part of twenty-eight are two times the ninth part of how many times the eleventh part of fifty-five, and expressed thus, $\frac{a}{g}\ \frac{b}{h} = \frac{o}{g}\ \frac{m}{h}$ ⋈ a most astonishing hight to be attained by a child of seven years old, who knows nothing of letters or cyphers, and while he was learning this he would not have got through his spelling book and his brains addled into the bargain.

It is hardly necessary to remark, that by this step the pupil enters the field of geometrical proportions. Eight successive exercises enables him to determine the fourth term of every geometrical proportion, the three first being given.

In all these and the succeeding, the hands, eyes, and tongues of the pupils, all move together, so that when one is perfect the whole is; while the teacher sits in his chair;* sometimes he will ask them questions untrue, pretendingly, the pupils instantly detect him, and, no sir, that is not so. Well, I declare, I beg pardon, I will be more particular in time to come. They are all frolic and fun, the teacher Mr. Neef, plays with them as though he were one of them, and the children are much attached to him. He uses no whiping or cruelty in his school, on the contrary, he is jocular and facetious.

After exercising his pupils until they are perfect in the preceding sciences, he teachers them drawing, or in other words, they teach themselves by imitating him. For instance, he says, I drew three horizontal lines and make it equal to the third on the table, they repeat the same.

When they are perfect in this, he teaches them not to read and write, but to write and read together; as they learn to write they learn to read. This is also a new and unthought of plan; he begins thus, what is the name of a tree that bears cherries? Answer. A cherry-tree.

The art and use of coherrency is here introduced.—The answer being given, the teacher asks the pupil, what he did when he answered.

Pupil. I spoke.

Teacher. Very well, but what did you, before you spoke.

Pupil. I do not know.

Teacher. Did you not think of something.

Pupil. Yes, I thought of trees and cherries and cherry-trees.

These questions give rise to the nature of ideas or thoughts, and forces the pupil, for the first time to see the necessity of writing in order, to convey his thoughts to a person at a distance.†

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* Mr. Neef introduces two other tables before he is done, consisting of squares ranged upon a table, which enables the pupil to unravel the most intricate and difficult point.

† He makes reading a consequence of writing.

The profound reasoning which takes place after this discovery, embraces, nay it completely anatomises the organical parts of the human body, which are combined with sound, the tongue, the teeth, throat, glottis, gullet, lungs, palate, lips, nose, &c.

For the sounds of the human voice, he has entirely new names, as he explodes the whole of our vowels and consonants, and proves them the silliest things in the world.—He says there are ten simple sounds in the human voice and we have but five vowels.

To the articulations of the human voice he gives the following names: *dento-labial*, *dento-lingual*, *palato-lingual*, *palato-somo-lingual*, and others to the same effect.

In a very short time, perhaps a day, the pupil learns to write and read.

If Mr. Neef scatters our alphabet in the wind, he annihilates our grammar, and his pupils, who are perfect grammarians, not only teach themselves, but make their own grammar. He says our verbs are not verbs; in short, he tears up the whole of it root and branch, without much pity for the poor *ams* and *haves* who have to undergo so much hardship and toil as helping verbs.

I cannot follow him, but give a few examples, and must first observe, he has neither nouns or pronouns in his grammar, or one single article of what we call the parts of speech. He comprises grammar under three distinct heads, viz. Ideology. lexography, syntax, and as in all his proceedings, the first question in other grammars is the last in his. Ideology contain his materials of speech, lexography dissects them, and syntax employs them. I am sorry I cannot either find room for, or sufficiently understand this part of the Pestallozzi system, as it has all the appearance of being the deepest and most useful part of science in the system. He says our verb, what is it, the word, to eat; he says, eat is a word, but he is witty upon the neuter verbs, for instance, I march, you say gentlemen I march, is a neuter verb, and I love, denotes action, while I march, denotes neither action nor passion, nor activity. When I, therefore, travel on foot from Philadelphia to New-Orleans, I am the laziest fellow in the

world; but when a young man is whispering soft nonsense in the ear of his mistress, he to be sure is the most busy man in the world. Another,

They burn, { a bull / a cow / a log

Here it is seen, that a bull is masculine, cow feminine, and log, Neef says, no gender at all. Sothat the word burn must take the name of a thing, verb. He in short, ungrammars the whole of our grammar, which in his hands appears to be the greatest piece of nonsense in the world. He is equally pleasant with the auxillaries, to be and to have, in the verb to hit. Under the head grammar, Mr. Neef, analyzes the whole fabric of speech in a masterly style.

His system of Ethics follows grammar, and is remarkable for its simplicity. He admits as a fact, that all religions consist of dogmas and morals, but permits his pupils to think as they please, what tenets are right and what not, and does not meddle with any in his system, as all religions, however, abhor crimes, or ought to do so, and inculcates virtue. He teaches his pupils to avoid the one and practise the other; and instead of asking them in the first place, as others do, what is God? he asks them whether they have hands? This question his pupil answers at once, whereas he would have to be instructed what to say in the other, and get it by heart.

He laughs at the practice of telling children they must get one page or two, by heart. Next to the hand question, he goes on with all the members of the body, and that all those members belong to them, and if so, they cannot belong to any body else. By this means the child perceives his rights.

His next question is, did we give ourselves these members, and every thing else, of which we are proprietors? The pupil answers, no. Who then is the author of these valuable gifts? By this method of proceeding, the pupil learns the existence of the Supreme Being; this he does not tell his pupils, they discover it themselves. As they receive their intelligence and every good thing from this

great supreme good, they conclude his intelligence must be infinite.

As his pupil's ideas unfold themselves, Mr. Neef supplied them only with words to express those ideas. The faculties, wants, &c. of the body, arise out of the foregoing, and of course are to be supplied by these members, and hence government and laws of society, that one may not invade the rights of another, and from a knowledge of these rights, the pupil discovers his duties; these duties teach them to respect the rights of others; and though the earth produces every thing, by which they, by these members and their faculties, supply their wants, yet they are not to prevent others from doing the same.

His pupils are brought to reason thus, God is the author of our existence, our existence subjects us to wants; from these wants flow our rights. But other men have the like wants, and the like rights; all men are subject to duties, in other words, laws, and proves that we are dependent on, or liable to be dependent on our fellow beings, and that our rights pre-supposes, that we are neither to suffer any wrongs, nor inflict wrongs upon our neighbors, and that we ought to render reciprocal favors.

This is a powerful motive to improve our faculties.—Thus the little pupil becomes a legislator, and is initiated into the field of metaphysical disquisitions. Natural history falls in next, and seems to be a favorite part of education with Mr. Neef, as in the preceding system, he differs from all the learned naturalists in introducing his pupils into the field of this beautiful and unbounded science.—He remarks in the outset, that there are but too many people who know or pretend to know every thing in the world, except what lies under their own noses. He calls those walking dictionaries, and though they can tell at what hour the emperor of Japan rises, and at what hour he goes to bed, what time of the day he dines, &c. and every thing that passes in foreign countries, and yet is ignorant that their next door neighbor is sick and in want of assistance.

On the contrary his pupils, to use his own emphatical expressions, shall know what passes before their eyes,

and what concerns them and their neighbors. Takes nature for his book, and confines them to surrounding objects, and every object is explained with great exactness. He first begins with water, and shows its uses to man and beast—next fire, and its powers in calcinating substances, and transforming and reducing them.

Thus he goes on, examining, observing them, describing, and analyzing all the various earths and stones, salts, bitumens, metals, vegitables, trees, plants, quadrupeds, birds, worms, insects, and fishes: and makes excursions for the express purposes, some times altogether, and some times in parties, and after examining each collection by themselves; the whole squadron is then assembled in one room, and correction made if needful—no book or author being consulted.

In all these proceedings, he has but one vote.

From this he proceeds to classing, uses, specific weights; and from the superior skill of his pupils in calculating, they can ascertain the weight of an oak, ship, wall, &c. He has botanical gardens, and discovers the diseases and death of plants, and the whole kingdom of plants undergoes a thorough examination, and all their uses to mankind.

Natural philosophy comes in after this.—In this part of education, he pursues nearly the beaten tract, but without a book.

Chemistry also, makes a part of his system, but he has no laboratory—he takes the kitchen for his laboratory; he remarks, what is very true, that cooks are the greatest chemists we have, and his chemical operations are carried on before a common fire, and begins with snow, ice, or any solid body, and reasons upon the effects of cold and heat, evaporation, transformation, &c. also the effect of different substances upon each other, in their combinations, such for instance, as metals, oil, acids, acohol, salts, &c. In this study, I perceive, discoveries and illustrations of some of the common processes of chemistry for the first time.

Gymnastics or exercises, is also a part of his system, and he indulges his pupils in the open air, at running,

jumping, climbing, bathing, swiming, summer and winter: to aid the extention of the bones and nerves of the children, and urges it as requisite to health, as air and sunshine is to the growing of plants.

He takes his pupils to an open plain, and ranges them at equal distances, and setting the example, he takes a firm upright posture, which is the foundation of all their future movements; it is equal to, if not superior to a dancing school—when they have taken their position, he explains to them, that every motion is composed of two distinct parts, performance and duration, and to hold out in any position, requires as much force as to take it.—Having taken his position, he begins to move, while the whole of the pupils imitate him at once upon the word of command, viz. Head forward, head backward, head right, left, &c. When the pupils have sufficiently practised all the graceful movements of the head, the motions of the body is then combined with that of the head—and the exercises in this double movement, are extended to some length, until the pupil gains a complete command of himself, and moves with ease and grace. The pupil next uses his members, arms, &c. with the same care until they are perfect in the whole—they are then let into the secret of using these members, as means of supplying their wants, and defending themselves from enemies, should these rights be invaded.

Mr. N. says, I know, that on this happy globe of ours, there are to be found monsters of every kind and discription, which go under the name of emperors, kings, despots, tyrants, crowned heads, domestic traitors, [true enough,] assassins, persecutors, robbers, murderers, and other but less ferocious wild beasts, and that we have those members and faculties to defend ourselves against all enemies. Some, says Mr. N. may blame me for inculcating those ideas, but I had no hand in making society what it is. I perceive, however, he is no admirer of standing armies. His motto is, "Do not unto others that which thou wouldst not have done to thee." He opposes at all points a superfluous navy, unnecessary fortifications, national debts, permanent taxes, and all such state machinery.—

No such thing, said he, is necessary; history and my own experience, have too fully convinced me, that those very establishments are the harbingers of thraldom, that they are just as compatible with real freedom, as consciousness of guilt is compatible with a good conscience, and means only, that every freeman ought to be capable of acting efficiently in defence of his country.

His scheme however, appears only to extend to the health of the body, sanity of the mind, and purity of the heart. He therefore, amuses his pupils with military evolutions, and first begins with platoons, and when perfect in these, divides them into squads, and a severe discipline is then introduced: they have arms and practise at the target until they are complete marksmen, or as he terms it, the best in the world.

The entrenchment or redoubts follow, or make a part of the discipline, which their knowledge of geometry enables them to construct. He said, (humorously,) that nothing but the want of cannon will prevent his pupils from becoming artillerists, and the want of horses, from becoming horsemen.

Though a proficient in all the ancient and most of the modern, he does not seem to be a warm advocate of the dead languages; he thinks it a useless waste of time, and gives unanswerable reasons why they are totally useless; yet he teaches Latin, Greek, and French, the latter very differently from the other teachers.

Geography is embraced in the system, and he seems favorable towards poetry, and very partial to music, in which science he appears to combine in his own person, every thing which has been discovered, said, set, composed, or sung since its origin; and though his soul seems on fire at the sound of music, he rejects the common track. I perceive this to be peculiar to Mr. Neef, he discovers a profound knowledge of every science and language, yet rejects the whole manner of instructing youth, by all teachers, and proves to demonstration, that our whole structure of education is radically wrong, and in every branch of his system, he commences as though he were the first in the world to frame a system, going back to

the earliest ages; he improves by their errors, and clearly points them out. The system pursued before Pestalozzi, was doubtless, the best that weak inexperienced man could devise, but this is no reason why a better should not be substituted in its room, and that the Pestalozzi system taught by Mr Neef, is superior to any system hitherto discovered, there is no question. It is self-evident, from the surprising facility with which his efforts have been crowned in teaching mere children, what it would take twenty years to learn the old way, and perhaps I might with propriety add, no student ever attained the same degree of knowledge, whereby he is fitted to enjoy happiness and confer it upon others.

A gentleman in Steubenville waited upon me to the school-room. I found it so crowded I could scarcely get in, and with difficulty procured a seat. Mr. Neef was sitting near the door with his profile toward me, very busily engaged, and paid no more attention to me than if I were a fly or a gnat—he never turned his head, bowed or took the least notice of me, whatever. This I learned afterwards, is his uniform practice, no matter who enters his school. It appears reasonable, as his pupils, agreeably to him, would have to imitate him. He had a large table before him, and little girls and boys sitting around it, and others behind them. When I entered the pupils appeared to be learning music, but being intirely taken by surprise, and having no conception of his method at the time, it might have been some other part of his system. His countenance was pleasant, and his eye was studiously bent upon the hindmost row of the boys, it being understood that the boys were on one side and the girls on the other, face to face. The boys were also smiling, particularly when they would make a mistake. He would chide them for laughing in perfect good humor; now what do you see to laugh at. They would proceed altogether. He would repeat, one, two, three, four, five, very loud and all upon one key; when he stopped the pupils would take up the same key or tone, and repeat *la la* as often as the master repeated the numbers—when they

were done, he repeated the same thing, and was followed by the pupils as at first.

He continued at this for some time, when they commenced another lesson on their slates in geometry. The master always speaking first; I draw my upright or parallel, or as the case may be, they follow him—all speak and using the pencil at the same time—after the figure is completed; have you all done, yes sir, all replied. So they continued without ceasing, while I remained in the school, but not one of them took notice of me—some of the children might have been ten years old, and all seemed to proceed as though they were at play. It drawing near night, I withdrew to Judge Tappan's, a few paces only from the school, and in a short time Mr. Neef entered the parlor with several of the judge's children, boys and girls. It was then, I perceived the superiority of the Pestalozzi system. Upon being introduced to those children, they saluted, looked, spoke, and acted different from any children I had hitherto seen. The most accomplished gentleman had not more easy grace or intelligence, in their looks or manners. But the most striking trait, was their unequalled, chaste, warm, and genuine friendship; they appeared to be the most kind and hospitable little beings in the world, and have no equals in conversation or politeness.

Mr. Neef was polite, lively, gay and facetious, and having understood, I was opposed to the missionaries, he joined me with much cordiality, and said they were, also great enemies of his. Mr. N. is almost, if not altogether, the only person at least, that I have met with, who displays the same independence on the subject of this religious tyranny and priest-craft. They will certainly oppose him, as his system will soon put an end to their impositions. I should rejoice to see a school of this discription in every county, town, and city in the union.—Mr. Neef is of middle height, rather heavy, plainly dressed in a grey surtout, his hair cut, though not short, profuse and lay in clusters over his forehead, his face was round and well featured, and his eye and countenance of the true Swiss independence.

JOURNEY TO WHEELING.

On the 17th December, I left Steubenville for Wheeling in the stage, the steamboat having passed in the night. We crossed the Ohio at Steubenville, and went down on the Virginia shore.

The day was very cold, and no passengers except a little boy, we were sadly jolted, the road being rough and hard frozen. The Ohio river however, with its wonted radiance, cheered my spirits and sweetened all my toil. Its smooth glossy bosom filled my soul with transport, and imparted an unspeakable charm to the heart.—The tall straight trees, added no little to the grandeur of the scene, and transported me out of myself.

I dreaded the moment when night would shut out the beauty of the scene. It was dark when we arrived at Wheeling.

I had heard Miss Frances Wright was lecturing at Wheeling, before I left Pittsburg, and I hoped to have met with this celebrated female at that town: and almost the first thing I said, after entering the tavern, was to inquire whether she had left Wheeling? I was told she had. I observed, I was very sorry, as I was anxious to see her, and remarked, I understood, she was very popular; she is very popular amongst the gentlemen; replied a woman, who sat rather behind me, in a very tart voice: she is not respected amongst the ladies, none of them admit her into their company. Whenever you hear these bitter remarks made by a female against her own sex, you may set down two admitted facts, viz. that the female who makes them, is a bad woman in any sense you please, and the female of whom they are made, a good woman. From Miss Wright's wrightings, I had at first formed an exalted opinion of her talents, but now when I saw her the object of bitterness and envy, I was confirmed in my opinion; I made nearly the same remark to the woman, who, no doubt, assumed a title of which she was unworthy, that of being a lady. Whenever you hear a female speak of her own sex in this manner, you cannot mistake her real

character, any more than the character of the object of her envy. This was not the lady of the house, but some visitor, and a true missionary—I began to tremble for Wheeling.

Miss Wright had left Wheeling about two days, after lecturing several nights to crowded houses, and made, as I understood, several converts.

I saw just such another remark, at least it contained as much gall, by the translator of the travels of the Duke of Saxe Weimer. He, like myself, was anxious to see Miss W. and as well as I recollect, was disappointed. He mentions her in his travels, and rather in respectful terms.

When the translator comes to this part of the duke's travels, he says, "Miss Wright is a woman who travels alone, very little respected, but by a certain class," or words to that amount, "and writes and speaks against religion." And what does he do?—does he give an evidence of religion, except the religion of tracts, in slandering a woman? What if Miss Wright did travel alone? What had she to fear amongst such godly people? are they not gospel spreaders, and about to convert all the heathen on the globe? This missionary, as he doubtless is, by his charitable remarks, would take a different step from Miss W. he would not travel alone, nor would any of his sister missionaries, though they are all so holy. Suppose Miss Wright had travelled in company with a gentleman; would this have silenced their slanderous tongues? I fancy not; this is one sure mark of the hypocrasy of these people, I mean that of slandering their neighbors—it is a sure mark of the vileness of the one, as it is of the merit of the other.

I had still one solace left, and concluding I might still have the good fortune to overtake Miss W. as she was before me I sent for Dr. Oaf, an old and respectable acquaintance whom I knew lived in Wheeling.

In a very short time the Doctor came, and though it had been some years since I had seen him he was little altered.

Though I had spent some years in West Virginia, I had never been up the Ohio as far as Wheeling—my pleasure, therefore, at meeting with an old acquaintance in a strange place, may well be imagined. The doctor is one of your liberal men, and hates the missionaries, and though he and I used to kick up a dust about our gardens, (as we joined fences,) when we lived next door, it was all forgotten, and we laughed our old quarrels over about the pigs and the chickens. Dr. Oaf, however, is an amiable man, well informed, lively, and sociable, and beguiled me of many a laugh, while I remained in Wheeling; and for the hundredth time related the old anecdote of Col. Ruffner and the hog, which had now become new to me, at least. For be it known, other people had pigs as well as I, and the moment I saw the doctor, I thought of the anecdote—and by way of antidote for the remarks of the snarling old maid, as I suspect she was, we have the anecdote as follows: Besides my pigs there was a large grown hog that baffled all the doctor's skill, she jumped equal to a deer, and let him fasten the gate as he could, the hog would be in the garden in spite of him; sometimes the doctor would set up the whole night to save his fine melons, as this learned pig prefered them to all other vegetables—he would have killed the pig and paid the owner an equivalent, but he was unable to discover the owner.

One evening, Col. Ruffner, the great salt-works owner, happened to call in. The colonel lived within half a mile of Charleston, the doctor's residence at the time, which is on the Kenhawa river. He related the circumstance of the hog's trespassing, and asked the colonel's advice on the subject. Oh, said the colonel, I will put you upon a plan that will rid you of her forever, catch her with your dogs, and get a sharp knife, and slit her feet an inch or two, exactly in the middle where the hoof parts, and I will engage she will never get in your garden again. The colonel was a magistrate and an elder in the church besides, but there were no missionaries in those days.

A few evenings afterwards, the hog paid a visit to the melons again, and the doctor caught her with his dogs.

and went to work with his knife, and just as he had split the two fore-feet; who should step up, but the colonel. Ah, I see you are upon the right plan, that is the way.—The doctor split the other two feet, but instead of one or two inches, he split them between three and four, and let the hog go, but lo! she fell down, being unable to walk at all. Confound it you cut too deep, said the colonel, as he stepped up to examine the operation, why let me see; looking at the mark; if it is not my preeden sow, (he was a German,) Cod pless me, I would not take $20 for her!

Being dark, I was unable to see the town until the next morning, and after tea I retired.

Wheeling is a very handsome town, situated on the bank of the Ohio river, and has considerable trade.

Like Pittsburg and Steubenville, it is surrounded with hills of coal, and is deeply engaged in manufactures. It is built on Wheeling creek, from which it takes its name, a romantic stream, with a high perpendicular shore of rough wild rocks, and the town is environed with hills, which are clothed with lofty majestic trees to their summit; in these hills lie the wealth of Wheeling, being solid masses of coal. They differ however, from the hills of Pittsburg, as they are fertile and susceptible of cultivation.

Wheeling is regularly laid out, and the buildings are large but not showy.

The public buildings are a Presbyterian church; Episcopal do., Methodist do., Catholic do., all brick.

A Lancastrian academy, a handsome brick building, erected and supported by a fund left by the late Noah Lindsey, Esq. a Yankee lawyer, who lived and died in this place, and a better man never breathed, ordered, it is said, in any plan.

A Masonic hall, a handsome brick; two master Masonic lodges, and one royal arch Chapter.

A stone court-house, a brick gaol; market-house and council chamber.

Two circulating Libraries.

Population 4,500, and rapidly increasing.

There are also, three air foundries, one woollen manufactory, one glass manufactory, two cotton manufactories, three carpet manufactories, one copperas manufactory, a brewery, &c. &c.

WHEELING MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

Messrs. Shriver, Wood, and Co. owns the American Steam Foundry of forty horse power, and appears to be superior to any I have seen, in expedition at least. It finishes a steam engine of one hundred horse power, in from three to four weeks! Every description of machinery made of iron, is done at this foundry in a style of excellence and strength equal, if not superior, to any cast in the western country. It consumes 200 tons of pig and bar iron annually.

This foundry is supplied with water from the Ohio, which is conveyed through iron pipes, from which it is contemplated to supply the town with water.

PHŒNIX FOUNDRY.

Owned by Mr. Cooper, makes small castings, from 50 to 75 tons per annum, of a superior quality.

UNION FOUNDRY,

The property of Messrs. Scott, Pollock, & Co. is a new and extensive establishment, and the castings made at this foundry are in great demand. It is in south Wheeling.

WOOLLEN MANUFACTORY,

Is owned by Messrs. Prescot and Co. manufactures 60,000 pounds of wool annually, in broadcloths, flannels, blankets, and carpets. Employs 80 hands.

WHEELING GLASS FACTORY,

Is the property of Messrs. Knox and M'Kee. Amount manufactured annually, $2,400.

COTTON MANUFACTORIES.

I saw but one; the property of an extensive company, has 1500 spindles; manufactures 360 bales of cotton annually. No cloth is made here, they sell the yarn faster than it can be spun. Annual sales of spun cotton amount to $34,000. Capital invested, $35,000. So that more force is wanted here.

CARPETING.

Some of the best carpetings are manufactured in Wheeling, in the United States, or perhaps superior. This business is carried on to a great extent, and employs a number of hands. The colors are bright and lasting, and the texture equal to any imported.

WHEELING BREWERY,

Is the most extensive I have met with in my travels. It is the property of Henry Moore, Esq. The building is 100 feet by 50, and strongly built of brick and stone. Makes 225 barrels of prime breer, and 200 of porter, annually; which consumes 8,000 bushels of barley and 7,000 pounds of hops. The capital invested is $8,000.

There are also, a large steam grist and saw mill in Wheeling. All the machinery for those manufactories and many others, is made on the spot.

Besides those great machineries, there are first

A SADDLETREE MANUFACTORY.

This is a very important establishment, and is the property of D. Murray and Sons. Amount manufactured annually $6,250.

WIRE MANUFACTORY,

Owned by Messrs. Mathers and Son. Amount manufactured annually is $4,500.

TWO OIL PRESSES,

The property of John Dix, Esq. Value of oil (cold pressed castor,) made annually is $8,000. The beans from which the oil is made are reared in the neighborhood.

LABORATORY.

This is the property of Dr. Hornbrook, and employs, from 10 to 12 hands. The doctor manufactures weekly, to the amount of $8,000 worth of copperas and alum, besides spirits of nitre, (dulce,) spirits of vitrol, varnish, &c.

Besides these, there are various other manufactories in Wheeling, such as hatters, cabinet makers, coppersmiths, &c. &c.

Every branch of business in Wheeling is carried on to greater perfection, than in any of the great workshops, as these towns are called, in the western country. All the work is neatly finished and substantially made. I saw the neatest and best finished chairs in Wheeling, the manufacture of that place, of any in the Union.

Thus goes on the west. Their soil rich, coal and iron, at their doors; their climate healthy, air pure, water fine; their citizens enterprising and industrious, plain, independent, and persevering; navigation at their doors. I see nothing under Heaven to prevent them from being the happiest people on earth, but the growth of missionaries.

All these towns, but particularly Wheeling, is a most delicious spot. What do they want? and yet this delightful spot is cursed with the worst of all curses, the missionaries! lamentable! that people in their senses, men of understanding, and particularly those opposed to this robbery, do not exert themselves to expel those enemies from amongst them. Here is a town, teeming with every beau-

ty and blessing, and the whole wearing a cloud of sable blackness; the look of the women would freeze the blood of a pirate. In the very place, where we ought to find the last touches of every charm, we find the death heads. I would rather find a thousand stinking skulls, than to find my sex, instead of imparting life and joy, and smiles to all around her, and ravishing sour senses, by the sweetness of her voice, and stealing our hearts by her kindness; erect her snaky (just received another sweet gospel spreading letter from Baltimore; put me in the right humor, nothing like a spur of some sort,) front and hiss, and writhe, and sink her envenomed fang with deadly aim into her female neighbor's reputation—gracious powers! one should think shame would arrest their tongues, as every gentleman at least, know that none but exceptionable females ever say ought against her sex, and no matter how vile men are, they are never made the object of their ill-nature, nor do gentlemen, at all, associate with them. No gentleman goes to these night meetings or Sunday schools; none but coarse, raw, awkward, ignorant young men go to these places.

> "The action with the music suits:
> So Orpheus fiddled, and so danced the brutes."

I can keep no measure with those women, a literal curse wherever they are, a chilling gloom overspreads their countenance, and taints the very atmosphere with hideousness. The damp my spirits received from the religious female upon the night of my arrival, was such, that I was unable to shake it off while I tarried in the town; and most of the females were of the same stamp. I met with a very engaging Boston lady at the tavern where I put up; this was Mrs. Petteson, a very amiable female, and abhors this missionary mania, as much as any one can do. My landlady was also, a very amiable female.

Many of the gentlemen, were likewise intelligent and liberal minded, though, doubtless, as in all other places, they are under the influence of their wives.

I found the people of Steubenville much less infected by priest-craft than Wheeling.

My friend Dr. Oaf is proprietor of the theatre, but meets with much opposition from these religious hypocrites, who wish to tyranise over the world, and suppress every thing that does not put money in their own pockets, or that tends in the least to improve, amuse, or instruct mankind. Had it not been for theatres the world would still be groping in the dark. Which is the greater evil, to receive amusement and instruction from a well represented play, or to dupe the ignorant and unguarded out of their money, and plunge them into ignorance by stuffing them with tracts, and alluring females to follow them night and day, to the injury of their health, reputation and fortune? When American women were kind and hospitable, a few years back, there were no such thing as night meetings, or tract or bible societies; every female was found at home, attending to her household affairs; and if an unfortunate fellow creature came to the door he was invited in, and his wants relieved. But now, although they are gadding to church two thirds of the time, they would just as soon give him a broken leg or a broken head as a piece of bread. These are the people who object to theatres. There is no place where you can receive more instruction than at a theatre, if properly conducted. It is nothing more than a mirror which reflects the vices and follies of the age; showing folly its end, and virtue its reward in a well represented play. But this is the reign of terror and of priests.

I found several enlightened Yankees in Wheeling, but they are not able to stem the tide of ignorance. I find education in the hands of Presbyterians here, as in most other places. Strange infatuation of our people, not to see and prevent this greatest of all curses—a total suppression of useful knowledge, by letting this dangerous and designing sect ruin the youth of our country. This may truly be called the dark age of America.

Mr William Petuson, the husband of the lady mentioned, and counsellor Nelson were both Yankees, and clung to me during my visit to Wheeling. Had it not

been for the polite attention of these gentlemen I should have found some difficulty in searching out the information under the head of Wheeling.

Dr. Oaf, as the smallpox was then raging in Wheeling, was constantly engaged in his professional business;* and, of course it was not in his power to pay that attention to me he otherwise undoubtedly would.

Mr. P. is rather a young man, of good size, and genteel in his manners, learned and intelligent. He is the soul of kindness and true Yankee hospitality. Nearly his whole time was devoted to me; and to his politeness I am principally indebted for many of the particulars on the subject of Wheeling.

Morgan Nelson is an eminent lawyer, and though a Yankee, I am unable to say which of the New England States has the honor of his birth. He is of middle age, and rather over the common size; an erect, good figure; fair complexion, of very engaging manners, and one of the most intelligent faces in the world.

Morris W. Chaplin, Esq. likewise ranks high at the bar. He is, if I recollect, a Virginian—a tall imposing figure, with a fair, round, full face, fine blue eyes, and gay open countenance. Every part of the human body contributes more or less to express the indications and properties of the mind, but more particularly the face. Nature, ever consistent with herself, will speak in the countenance, and with more eloquence than words can utter. I have more than an hundred times, since I began to travel, paid very little attention to the language of a man, but a great deal to his countenance, as nature forms us first within for every part of her plan; and by watching the countenance narrowly, when addressing a man, you have a more accurate knowledge of what passes within than by attending to his language. At first sight, therefore, I conceived a favorable opinion of Mr. C. though he was busily engaged in writing when I entered his office, and scarcely took time to salute me. His manners

* I ought to have mentioned that the smallpox was also raging at Pittsburg.

are mild, friendly and polite, mixed with that sort of elegance and ease which indicate a highly improved mind.

Besides these gentlemen, Wheeling boasts of Messrs, Jacobs, Whitehead, and several others, members of the bar, whom I did not see. I suspect these were blueskins, and kept out of my sight—the wisest plan.

Mr. Focet, a wealthy and independent merchant, was a convert of Miss Wright; or rather maintained the same principles, which goes the same length that I do against the imposition of priests; at least, those who make a trafic of the gospel, and corrupt our women. Both he and Miss W., however go much farther than I do; but they are people of science and learning, and perhaps can see further than I can. I have nothing to do with science or disputation, and abjure all sorts of religious arguments, for this good reason, I do not understand it. And though I do not know what religion *is*, (I mean the Christian religion,) I know what it is *not*. I know that it cannot consist of falsehood and robbery under pretence of converting the heathen. It cannot consist in slandering and in cruelty. It cannot consist in money. It cannot consist in feathers and flowers, and all the pride and profligacy which mark its possessors. It cannot consist in superb churches and show. It cannot consist of Tracts and Sunday schools, as Christ its head, never said a word about either.

Therefore, so far as Miss Wright goes against these things I am with her.* Mr. F. spoke in the highest terms of Miss Wright, and being a great admirer of her himself, he inspired me with very exalted sentiments in her favor, and I regretted exceedingly not having seen her. I understand she is a tall, elegant woman, of fine talents, and much independence.

It is certainly honorable to the sex that one of them, at least, has had the spirit to resist the daring impudence of these gospel spreaders, and to expose their impositions on the sex. Their influence over women is truly alarm-

* Miss Wright, in one of her remarks, gives these love-lady priests a good hit. She told them, "Christ said he would make them fishers of men, but they had become fishers of women."

ing. Never, in any age, were women so degraded, and I may say men too; as they have completely established their power over the one through the other; and this state of things cannot be changed but by enlightening the people, and this requires time. Unless some very decisive measures are taken to arrest this dreadful monster there is but little prospect of a speedy deliverance.

The present alarming situation of our country, from religious tyranny, has driven Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists, &c. into the same absurdity; and as there is but one way to establish tyranny, viz. falsehood and deceit, the whole of these sects, from mutual fear of each other, mutual depravity, and a total prostration of virtue, have thrown off the very last semblance of decency, and are all alike hostile to our safety; and, like a swoollen river, threatens our whole country with destruction. They are alike barbarous and hard-hearted to the poor, avaricious and greedy for money, mean and perfidious in laying schemes to acquire it, and uniform in seizing upon the passions of ignorant women. Each has the same end in view, which is universal dominion; which, by surprise or stratagem, they are bent upon; and he man or woman who has the patriotism and courage to meet this hideous monster, and at least keep it at bay a little longer, deserves eternal renown.

I think it no wonder that Miss W. should not believe in the truth of the Christian religion when she has such undeniable evidence of the vileness of its professors. Instead of attempting to convert her, as that is their object they say to convert the heathen and infidel, they heap all manner of slander and vile language upon her, and are continually sending her letters filled with obscenity and billingsgate. I suppose they learn this in the Bible.

I have a guess what kind of letters Miss W. receives, from what I received myself: doubtless such as I received from Carlisle and Pittsburg. I challenge these religious hyocrites to come forward and show in what part of the Bible they learn this infamous practice. I insist upon an answer, and shall consider them as hypocritical

knaves and slanderers unless they point me to the chapter and verse. Now, they have loaded Miss W and myself with obscene letters, that no inmate of a brothel would write. I have a few of them now, with the handsome pictures. They are said to be in the hand writing of women. I suspect these pious missionaries give these gadders a few lessons in drawing from the original. I cannot say whether the specimens in my possession are well or ill drawn; but I can say that if such is the christian religion Miss Wright is not to be blamed for raising her voice against it. And, as for myself, I can say, that I have never seen any action of these missionaries but what would disgrace a Turk. The whole community cannot too soon unite against them See the degraded state of our funds. How long can our country stand at this rate? And all these abominable women are perfect tyrants over their husbands.

Mr. Focet is a very amiable man, and highly respected, and has that kind of independence that every American ought to possess. He is a moral upright man, kind to the distressed and hospitable to strangers; which is more than can be said of the "good, sound Presbyterians," who strip the widow and the orphan. And as for his opinions, he is accountable to none but his God.

Mr. Fisher is likewise a liberal, benevolent man; also Messrs. A. & E Picket—they are booksellers. I was pleased to find them free from the pollution of the missionary system; and while this is the case there is some hopes of a reformation; but as soon as book-sellers and presses are bought up by the missionaries liberty is no more!

These are very amiable, enlightened and independent men, and must be proof against money; for, doubtless, they have had the offer.

Mr. Peabody Atkinson has a good deal of the blue-skin about him, but did not approve of the *Church* and *State men.* Nonsense—whoever approves of tracts, and such societies, are aiding and abetting the scheme, it is putting arms into the hands of the enemy. Mr. Atkinson is, however, a very amiable man, and a Yankee. He

had seen my books, and observed the notice I took of a friend of his, Mr. Peabody A. Morse, whom I met with first at Dartmouth College, and again at Haverhill, where he resides. Mr. Morse is mentioned in the second volume of my Black Book—I am bound to him by the deepest obligations; and it gave me much pleasure to meet with his friend and namesake. I should certainly have esteemed Mr. A. for the sake of his friend, and it gave me double pleasure to be enabled to esteem him for his own sake. He is a tall, stout, and well turned figure, plain and friendly in his manners, and much respected in Wheeling, though it strikes me he does not live exactly in the town.

Wheeling is the residence of the Hon. Judge Caldwell. I had the pleasure of meeting with Judge Caldwell at Wilmington, Delaware, some time back, where he had brought his daughter for her education; but, unfortunately he was absent from Wheeling at the time of my visit.

Dr. Oaf, my friend, is a middle aged, light figure, of middling height, with an oval, fair face, blue eye, and gay, lively countenance; he is genteel and affable in his manners, and doubtless one of the ablest physicians in the western country. He is full of anecdote and fun, but of sober industrious habits, and is a man of very general information. I have seen several ably written pieces of his on science, which prove him to be a man of study and discernment. But I am most pleased with that part of the Doctor's character which goes to oppose the missionaries, and hope he may meet with a liberal patronage.

I am the more pleased at the opportunity of doing justice to the Doctor, as I had, upon a former occasion, passed upon him some rather unjust censures.

My landlord, Mr. Graham, and particularly Mrs. G. was kind and obliging, and highly deserving of public patronage Their table is one of the best I have seen in the west; the rooms comfortable, and the servants attentive. I had the pleasure of meeting with the brother of General or Governor (which you please) Carroll, at Wheeling, who was accompanied by his lady, a tall, el-

egant woman, but rather distant and stiff, I thought for an eastern lady, nor did I admire the appearance of Mr. Carroll.

I have little more to say of Wheeling, my time there being limited to one day, (Saturday,) and part of Sunday, and the days being then at their shortest, it may be supposed I was not idle. When the stage called for me at one o'clock, A. M. I recollect very well it found me talking with Dr. Oaf and writing, and without tasting dinner, though on the table at the same time.

I have often remarked, the variety found in mankind, in the same state, same town, and in the same house, are as unlike as the dove and the viper. And merely for the sake of example, I found a most detestable fop in Mr. Nelson's office. He grinned like a monkey, as nothing but four-legged and two-legged monkeys grin at all. I always find these monkeys in gentlemen's houses, and was told they were for amusement; with book in hand, it lisped and grinned and bobbed its head. High life below stairs. He went beyond Judge Hall—now each clime has its peculiar quadrupids, birds, and fishes, but fops are found in all climates.

One thing however, is peculiar to the western country, which is a native and inbred sense of honor, common to children; I do not recollect publishing this remark, which I was unable to do, until I saw the old states. This is another evidence, why a person who has never been out of his own country; is not only unable to describe it; but of all countries, he has the least idea of the one he lives in. He may form some idea of other countries, but of his own none. It would have been impossible for me to have known the difference between children, men, trees, rivers, soil, or any thing in the new and old states. Why? Because I never heard the remark; and how happened this, doubtless it has never been made. We have Brackenridge's views, and Darby's views, and guides and pictures, and many other things, representing, to be a description of the western country: none are careful to mark those bold lines which distinguish the western from the old or Atlantic states: nor does it require any great dis-

cernment to draw lines, where they are already strongly drawn.

But what do we care for children? says the historian and traveller, our business is with the improvements, and where other improvements may be made; we are only the pioneers to point out where good settlements may be made, and navigation encouraged: in short, where populous towns may be located or begun, and the seeds of arts and sciences my be planted. We sometimes notice the growth of vegetables, and the variations of climate.

> "To tame the soil and plant the arts:
> What wonders there shall freedom shew,
> What mighty states successive grow."

But though we necessarily come often in contact with our fellow men, we never notice children, more than pupies or chickens, and wherefore? Wherefore? When you construct any thing made with the hand, for instance, a house, a ship, &c. do you look out for the best materials? It appears between the old and the new states, we are to have a mighty empire, which cannot hang together without laws. This leads us to the making of laws. Now, though there are a great difference of opinion upon governments: that is whether despotic, limited, or republican, are best suited to the happiness of man, yet there are but one opinion respecting the necessity of laws, which is, that as we are so wicked, we must have laws to protect us from each other, and that the utmost wisdom is requisite to frame them, which are to secure equal rights to all. Every citizen, therefore, will, for his own sake, elect men for this purpose, of the first wisdom and integrity, integrity above all. These men, all will admit, have once been children. It is with children, as with a nursery of fruit-trees, some are thrifty and flourishing, while others are sickly and dwarfish, and in the one case there can be no question, so neither can the other admit of a doubt; it therefore must follow, that a sound healthy child, is more likely to become a sound energetic man, than one who is not. Every species of the animal and

vegetable kingdom, proves this premise. But whatever may be the cause, whether from fertility of soil, salubrity of climate, or other causes not yet developed, the children of the west greatly exceed those of the old states, in size and manliness of expression, and the capacity of the mind seems to be in proportion to the size of the body. But besides this, they have an independence of manners, and an elevation of thought unknown in the latter.

This struck me forcibly after crossing the Allegheny mountains, or rather the Blue-ridge, on my first visit to the old states. "Oh, I love that man, he gave me a ninepence." I was quite astonished to hear this, which is universal wherever I have travelled; the children are the most avaricious little wretches in the world, of the Atlantic states. What sort of men will these make? Now he did not like the man for any good quality he might possess, but because he gave him money. The principle is shocking, a robber might say the same, and he would like him because he gave him money. Such children, I apprehend will, when grown, become a set of sharpers.—But you could not offer a greater afront to a child of the western states, than to offer it money, and the parents would consider it an insult.

While I was resting myself in the brewery, a middle-aged man accompanied by a pretty little boy: upon hearing who I was, requested him to sing the "Hunters of Kentucky." The boy without hesitation, sung the song, and acquitted himself to admiration. When I arose to return home, I took out a ten cent piece, (forgetting the character of the western children,) and was about to present it to the child, but in doing so, it accidentaly dropped on the floor, and the boy, (no other person being privy to it,) and I looked for it in vain; I returned to the tavern which was half a mile distant.

When we were about half way on our return, the father came galloping after us on horseback with the money, and insisted upon my receiving it back, and seemed rather offended, that I should have offered it to his son.—These are the children that will make upright honest men, and such are the parents of the noble west.

This high sense of honor is our surest safe-guard, and is worth more in a republican government than all the learning of the boasted schools of the old states. These principles will soon give a preponderance to the people of the west, and accordingly we find them now at the head of the nation.

VISIT TO WASHINGTON, PA.

Here I take leave of the Ohio. Upon leaving Wheeling, we take the celebrated Cumberland road, which leads us directly up on a considerable eminence back of the town. I kept my eyes upon the broad, smooth river, until it was no longer in view, and ascended the eminence which was to divide us, but I hope not forever.

We had an extensive view from the eminence: The Ohio with Wheeling Creek—Wheeling, with its variety of factories; and the country to a great distance. The land is rich, but broken, and rises up into every shape and figure; with deep fissures and ledges of rocks; intermingled with lofty sugar-trees: while the hills are one solid mass of coal This description of country continued to Washington—24 miles; the whole way being watered by handsome, brisk running streams.

The Cumberland road, which must have been very expensive from the unevenness of the ground, is going to decay. Strong bridges throughout are built over all the streams and hollows, and a statue of Mr. Clay perpetuates his name, in sight of the road. It certainly was a stupendous undertaking to make a road of such magnitude, over such uneven ground.

The stage was full of tolerably good looking men, who, like myself, had left Wheeling without dinner. But we prevailed upon a lady to set us a lunch, while we changed horses at one of the inns. Judge Burnet, senator of Ohio, of whom I shall speak hereafter, was one of the passengers: he proves to be one of the first men in that state.

It was quite late before we arrived in Washington, and one of the gentlemen of the stage escorted me to th ta-

vern, (different from the stage house,) where I had been recommended. I was pleased to find a candle burning, and a very genteel young lady, who met me at the door very politely, to prepare supper.

I had been told that Washington and Cannonsburg were the head-quarters of the bluestockings in the west of Pennsylvania; but the tavern-keeper was a *Mason*, and a very clever man.

While the lady (who was the tavern-keeper's daughter) was gone to prepare supper, the landlady came in (the husband having retired) but a more terrific looking female I never saw: her face was flaming iron, and her countenance of steel. She questioned me with great impertinence, to which I returned such answers as soon silenced her, and she betook herself to reading her *Bible*, which lay on a candle-stand before her. I asked her if she learned such impertinence in the Bible. She made no reply. In a short time I had tea, and retired to a very neat comfortable chamber.

WASHINGTON,

Is situated in a rich flourishing country; and is a thriving, handsome village upon the Cumberland road, which leads to Baltimore, and takes its name from an old noted place in Maryland, called Fort Cumberland. Washington occupies a commanding eminence, though it descends to steepness from one point. This would be one of the most delightful inland spots in the world, were it not cursed by those *viceroys* of Satan (so called,) the missionaries. The view is extensive, cheering, and beautifully diversified with hill and hollow, and farms, and must, in summer, present its quota of rich scenery.

Washington is the capital of Washington county, and is the seat of Washington college, to which my attention had been called by the friends of civil and religious liberty. Both this and Jefferson college at Cannonsburg, a few miles distant, has fallen into disrepute from the influence of the Presbyterians, who have turned both into repositories for tracts, and bible and missionary societies, to

the total suppression of learning and virtue. It is a well known fact, that wherever this sect has established its sway, virtue and honor has become extinct. Whether this be true, with respect to Washington college or not, I am not able to say. But it gives me much pleasure to have it in my power to exculpate the President. Rev. Mr. Wyley, from all share of blame with respect to the government of the college. I had heard many complaints of these colleges, and the principals of both Washington and Jefferson, being nick-named one (Mr. Brown,) being called the Pope, and Mr. Wyley the Cardinal, such being the ignorance of the people with respect to objects of the first importance.

Neither of these Presidents are to blame for the tyranny and disorder of the Colleges; which the smallest investigation into their affairs will confirm. It is the Trustees who are to blame, and not the Principals or Professors. The hands and feet and tongues of the Principals are tied up by the tyrannical laws of the Trustees, who have made havoc of every thing learned, liberal or noble in the Colleges; which, like Dickinson, have become dens of unheard of wickedness: but the Principals are gentlemanly and liberal men. It is cruel and unjust to charge these men with the tyranny and misconduct of the Trustees; and it is the more heinous coming from the source, who alone is to blame for the evil, I mean the People. Why do the people appoint these clergy Trustees? And why, when they are put in, do they not watch them and turn them out when they no longer fulfil the duties of their trust? There are, if they must have clergymen for Trustees, (for which I can see no reason,) honest Lutherans and Moravians, or Roman Catholics, enough, I should think, to make Trustees for all the Colleges in Pennsylvania; and they are the most liberal and learned men I find in the State. These Colleges are established by the people, and then left a prey to these ravenous wolves, and not a soul cares how they go on. If the Legislature can say, they have endowed and chartered a College, they think they have done something to promote learning, and conclude they have no more busi-

ness with them: they never dream of looking into their condition afterwards; and least of all do they consider that it is of the last importance to their country that they should do so. And now, too late, they see the consequences. All these Colleges ought to be suppressed, or remodelled upon a plan to produce the benefit for which they were designed. I presume they were not designed as missionary schools, which they have now become; and I might add—brothels!

I was truly sorry for Mr. Wesley, one of the best of men; who, heartless and hopeless, was about to resign his chair. Heart-broken, he found it impossible to bring his conscience to submit to the tyranny and wickedness of the Trustees; and actually left the College shortly after I saw him. A more capable or worthy man could not be placed at the head of any College than Mr. Wesley. He is a young looking man, of stout make, and a perfect gentleman, in every sense of the word. Learned, candid, and highly polished in his manners, he would do honor to any seminary over which he might be placed. But these qualifications only served to disqualify him to preside over Washington—any thing but honor, learning and integrity for them.

This state of things is quite alarming, and instead of serving for a laughing stock, as both these seminaries do, a speedy and thorough reformation ought immediately to be set on foot, and all these missionary men banished from all concern in our schools of learning. To sit still and laugh at them is the height of folly: for the next thing may be the knife or halter at our throats. I presume this would be no laughing matter.

The whole of this county, it appears, are thorough going Presbyterians, and are dangerous to our liberty.

Several of the students called with the President, and had a fine appearance: but by far the greater number kept out of sight. I was told they were distributing tracts, and collecting money for these and other societies, which pious purposes take up about two thirds of their time.

Missionaries and ladies have swallowed up every thing like goodness in this beautiful county. It is women that are to blame wholly and solely for this religious swindling. "O, let the women alone, Mrs. R., lash the men as much as you please, but let the women alone." And why; should the innocent be punished, and the guilty go free? When a woman commits a crime, does the law exhonorate her because she is a woman? Do not historians give the history of women as well as men? Does a historian deserve credit who does not tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? My book is to stand forever; and, therefore, nothing but truth shall appear on its page, and as much of it as I can lay on. "But, Mrs. R., spare your own sex, you do harm to your cause." Were I even a man, this fallacious argument ought to have no weight, as it has no precedent; nor is any history valuable but in proportion to the integrity with which it is written. It is a gross error, therefore, to sacrifice truth to falsehood, virtue to vice, and modesty and innocence to unblushing guilt and impudence My object is to root out corruption, and regardless of the world's opinion, I go to the root: which is woman. I presume the cap fitted those gentlemen. Com. General G. paid by by our Government, is one of them. His aunt, the old maid, Miss S. of C—e, (who kept her room several days, for shame, after my book came out, because it told the truth,) put this in his head, and has turned him against me. This is not all, he has turned Col. T. against me; and thus we have a proof, at once, of the evil of priest-loving women. This movement of Gen. G. and Col T' proves they have little value for the good of society, to say nothing of the good of their country. I merely, hint that men who are governed by vicious women, and wish to conceal crime, are dangerous to our liberty.

It appears that both these gentlemen have not been altogether clear of traducing a highly respectable female. I traduce none: I come forward in the face of day. If I hear any more of this effort to stifle crimes and vice, because of the sex, I will open a scene of crime perpetrated amongst them, that will settle the business at once.

Are not all the actions of females in *all* ages, recorded with the most scrupulous exactness? This is indispensable, or we may give up history at once.

I shall be told that historians confine themselves to *great* females—distinguished females, queens, empresses, dutchesses; ladies, and princesses, and sometimes they condescend to mention the wife of an officer, and now and then an actress, but to descend so low as to notice common women, it was out of the question. I am not so: I contend that all women are like men, born free, and have equal rights, and "*we* are the most enlightened nation on earth." Our females are upon a par with the greatest in Europe! And let me ask, who polishes man? Is it not to woman we owe our civilization? What would the world be without women?—A mere herd of savages. Softness, beauty, gentleness, virtue and charity, gives a grace to the female form that tames the savage heart of man. They are the mothers of our Presidents, Senators, Generals, and Statesmen; and upon them alone hangs our future glory, or downfal, as a nation. It is to our females we are principally to look for our advancement in civilization; and from the boldness of their undertaking, of late, viz. to convert the world to christianity: by giving birth to, and educating pious young men, it would seem they are perfectly aware of their weight in the scale of society.

But for want of education, our women have lost their influence over men of sense and taste; and losing their power over men, men themselves are no longer restrained by charms, which no longer exist. Thus women have lost their power to attract, and are left to herd together and being neglected by one class of men, they have fallen a prey to another—the missionaries. Thousands of dollars are pocketed by these men, from the labor of these silly women in Washington county. Their whole labor, I am told, goes to the support of missionaries, or, more properly, church and state men. I saw the daughter, (an old maid,) of the tavern keeper where I put up, working a lace veil, valued at 20 dollars, for the missionaries.

" That ancient heathen godhead, Moloch,
Oft stay'd his stomach with a bullock;
Or if his morning rage you'd check first,
One child suffic'd him for his breakfast."

I took myself off—these madams might cook me for their dinner.

The number of students at Washington College is greatly reduced, amounting at this time to no more than fifty. As my business was principally with the College, I did not extend my visit. I saw very few of the citizens: Mr. Griffin was all. I found him a very worthy, amiable man, of young appearance, mild and gentle in his manne s; of middling size, with a round, fair face, intelligent, bright blue eye, and an accomplished gentleman throughout. It strikes me he is an attorney.

I also heard of my friend, whom I met in Westmoreland, and was pleased to hear he was highly respected in Washington, (where he resides,) by the liberal portion of the citizens; but am so unfortunate as to have lost his name.

I found several gentlemen from the neighborhood, who were attending court. These were the finest looking men I had seen in West Pennsylvania— remarkable for handsome people of both sexes. I took a list of all their names, and of the most distinguished students: but unfortunately the paper fell amongst those delivered to the school committee.

The landlord was a plain good man; but the kindness of his son, I shall never forget, a most amiable young man; none of the male part of the family are missionaries. To the disgrace of my sex, the iron mask was the gentleman's second wife.

CANNONSBURG,

Is but eight miles from Washington. I had had such an appalling account of Jefferson college, that I expected rather a rough reception, but was pleasantly disappointed.

I was much pleased in the first place, with the town, and found the people kind, exceedingly so, and the accommodations superior to any I had met with since leaving Steubenville. After taking breakfast, the best I ever sat down to, I was shewn into a large elegant parlor, and the weather being cold, it was comfortably warmed by a large coal fire. Calling for pen and ink, I addressed a note to the President, Rev. Mr. Brown, who called in the course of half an hour.

It has already been remarked, that Mr. Brown is stigmatized by many hard names, and looked upon with horror by the liberal part of the community. Imagine my surprise, upon seeing in the person of Mr. Brown, a tall mild looking man, with all the softness and ease of the most finished gentleman! So much for hearsay! So near Washington, and yet the report I had heard, was rather confirmed there. How cruel! how unjust! is this world! For though doubtless, the college deserves all that was said to its discredit, and a thousand times more, yet, no part of the blame ought to rest on Mr. Brown, but upon the trustees, as at Washington college. I am truly pleased that I called at Cannonsburg, as it may be the means of rescuing the character of Mr. Brown from the foul charges alledged against him. All that Mr. Brown ought to be blamed for, is prostituting his name and talents to the college. He is however, going to leave it, as he finds the efforts to discharge his duties so cramped by the severe and rigid regulations of the trustees, he cannot submit to them.

Mr. Brown is advanced in years, tall and slender, of very delicate appearance, and uncommonly mild and genteel in his manners. Neither he nor President Wyley, have any of that puritanical acid in their looks common to the sect, and both ought to stand acquitted of all blame for the degraded state of these colleges. I was unable to procure the rules of the Washington College, as there were none in print—nor was there a catalogue to be found; I was more fortunate at Jefferson, though the rules and catalogue was dated in 1825. three years back. But such rules would disgrace a state prison; and that any

gentleman would send his son to a place where even the repetition of the vulgar language, would cause a blush in the face of the most desolute. Here are a few of them: "If a student be caught stealing—If a student be caught in beastiality." One would think they were familiar with those crimes themselves, and doubtless they are, else how could they have thought of them.

This is fine language for the ears of gentlemen's sons. The d—l himself must have penned such rules. This is all the effect of priestcraft, and if not shortly checked, must end in ruin And what makes it more dangerous, not one person in the whole state, so far as I have been able to learn, nor a single member of the state legislature, or school committees, were apprised of these abominable rules, until I presented them myself. Here is, where all our states have erred in suffering trustees to possess such unlimited power over seminaries of learning. Every rule was alike absurd, obscene, and tyranical, and consisted principally in missionary regulations.

But since these rules were published, they have turned Jefferson into a complete missionary school, and the students have no time for any other species of learning. For instance, they must attend missionary, tract, and bible societies, three, perhaps more, nights in the week, and sing and pray. The remaining nights, they must go from house to house, and distribute a certain number of tracts, call on all the females, (fine business for young men,) to collect donations, &c. Every Sunday morning they must repeat so many chapters of the bible, they must attend preaching three times every Sunday, winter and summer; and as if this were not enough to exhaust the time and spirits of the students, they receive a tract every Sunday, if I recollect, which they must commit to memory, and not only so, but lecture on and define it; they must contribute a certain sum at stated periods for the *spread* of the *gospel!!* As if these regulations were not sufficiently degrading, they were marked on the margin for the press: one was "The reading of tracts strickly enjoined!" This appears to be the science of Jefferson.

Every nation and people have had their fits of insanity, but ours cannot be called insanity, so much as it proves we are unfit to govern ourselves: let us boast as we may, and by an unpardonable neglect of the one thing needful, education; we are divided into a poor set of slaves on the one hand, and a set of sly, cunning, hypocritical despots on the other. The latter ready to seize upon those rights we are no longer worthy to possess, since we no longer have the spirit to defend them—and lest these hypocrits should lose in the succeeding age what they have gained in this; they have turned our colleges into *dunce schools* and brothels, so that the next age will not be likely to meddle with them. An army of women and priests would march as they now do, from Maine to Georgia. Ye that approved of colleges, why do you not see who are put over them?—Ye that voted for money to build them, why do you not see from year to year, what goes with it? Ye that send your sons to colleges, why do you not sometimes see how they spend their time? Do you wish your children to become abandoned to all manner of wickedness? Do you wish them to put the finishing stroke to every thing manly, and to become brutes in principle, and worshipers of tyrants? If so, send them to these colleges. Ask the young men at Jefferson, how they spend their time when not on these religious duties? I hope the legislature will examine a few of these, when they take up the business. But I will exhibit a few facts. In the evening, some of the eldest and better sort of students called — Some of them were grown, and it appeared, had not been long at Jefferson, some were from Georgetown, D. C. and all seemed pleased with my visit, alledging it might be an advantage to the college. I was much pleased with the gentlemen, and their judicious remarks. But these had not been in long before another party came, whose looks and the manner they intruded, I by no means approved, nor was it long before their rudeness was such, that before their fellow students, I was forced to order them out of the room. Three or four of them arose and walked down stairs, but one refused until I called the landlord.

After sometime, two or three more arrived, as they were of good appearance, I asked them to sit down, but the rude ones went off and brought a reinforcement, and was about to enter the house, when the landlord discovered them, and in time to lock the door against them.—Can Pennsylvania hear this without a blush? And does she contribute money to this end? No such conduct was ever heard of at any other college, until this swindling business of spreading the gospel commenced. It would be an insult to the good sense, honor and dignity of Pennsylvania, to suppose she will suffer these colleges to remain any longer in such hands: eleven are priests.

An old field school, or any school not under the control of these gospel spreaders, is greatly superior.

All that appears necessary, is the new moddling these seminaries upon a plan to ensure success. I left the rules marked on the margin and other papers, with the chairman of the school committee, which is all I can do.

I am sorry that amongst these papers, were the minutes I took of the young gentlemen whose conduct towards me, did honor to themselves. They called again in the morning and escorted me to the stage-house, where I took passage to Pittsburg. But these acts of politeness, were the effects of habit acquired before they came to the college, and had taken too deep a root to be destroyed by bad example.

Another charge against these blue-stockings, calling at the Post-office to put in my letters, I was struck by a pile of magazines and tracts, piled upon a shelf franked to the postmaster; and I asked him the cause of this. He said, they were sent free to him for the subscribers in the town and neighborhood, and to be distributed amongst non subscribers. I told him if I lived to see Washington I would put a stop to it. This was not the first time I had seen these tracts sent free of postage, and the public swindled in this manner by these state thieves. Doubtless, the mails are every where loaded with this trash, to the injury of the country. I hope the Postmaster General and Congress will put a stop to this open swindling The postmaster, a very clever man, was aware of the law, but

was afraid to mention it lest he might offend these pick-pockets. Is this religion?

The college buildings make a handsome show, upon the top of an eminence, and there are nearly double as many students here, as at Washington, but the town is not so large, nor the building so handsome, yet the situation is equally beautiful, and the country around it rich and flourishing. Cannonsburg, however, is going to decay. I have seen no Germans in this part of Pennsylvania.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the landlord and his amiable family, whose name I have lost—I do not know that I ever spent my time more pleasant at any tavern, and his charges were reasonable.

RETURN TO PITTSBURG.

I spent but one day at Cannonsburg, and took my departure to Pittsburg, from which I designed to go to Harrisburg by the northern route down the Juniata.

The day was cold and the road rough, as I left the Cumberland road at Washington. There were several passengers in the stage, amongst them was a very intelligent Yankee lady, she did not go far; but we were continually picking up travellers, which kept the stage full.

As it happened, though not customary, I contrived to have dinner with a cup of tea the last stage. There was a genteel looking woman with a little girl, and when I proposed dinner, said she would like the tea, but she had the headach so bad, she could not eat.

When every thing was ready we sat down, and the lady seemed to forget her headach and forgot to pay.—This was a fine house, and it was a great piece of courtesy in the man, as well as the stage-driver, to accommodate me.

We had a considerable distance to drive still, and the road led over hills and hollows, but our horses flew; they were the handsomest set of horses I ever saw, in harness, four beautiful greys; such was their spirit and speed, that I expected to be dashed to pieces, but the driver to whom

they belonged was the best of his profession, and managed the reins with dexterity and skill.

The scenery was such, I found generally in west Pennsylvania, consisting of hills and dales, and covered with handsome farms and lofty timber.

We arrived at Pittsburg about sundown, and being in haste to pursue my journey, I spent but one day there, which was Christmas day.

As the northern stage went from the house of Mr. Ramsey, I sent up my trunks to his house, and spent the last night with him. This is by far the best house in Pittsburg, and has few equals any where; and you are sure to meet with two very essential requisites at Mr. R. which are fine parlors and good company; the rif raft which deluge the other taverns, are not admitted here. This is the gentleman who narrowly escaped being murdered by robbers on the Allegheny mountains.

The story is as follows: Mr. Ramsey, it was known, went to the lower part of the state, perhaps Philadelphia, with a drove of cattle; two men who were travelling on foot, getting intelligence of this, took a narrow view of his person and horse with a view of robbing him as he returned, supposing he would have a great deal of money. For this purpose they loitered near the road until he returned from the sale of his cattle.

It so happened that Mr. Ramsey swapped or sold his horse in the meantime, and the gentleman who received the horse, was nearly the same size and much like Mr. Ramsey.

It also happened that the gentleman returned the same road, and about the time; and so diligent were these men that by watching the taverns and listening to travellers, they knew the very day upon which Mr. R. would pass up the road. But it happened he passed one day sooner than it was reported, to which alone he owed his life.

He had seen and noticed these men as he went down with the cattle, and knew them again upon his return, one was carrying a gun on his shoulder, and both examined him very closely. He was suspicious of them at the time, and rode on pretty brisk. The next day the other man

came along upon the horse he had received from Mr. R. and one of the men shot him dead.

They found but little money, and hiding themselves near the road, were taken shortly afterwards—one was hung, and it strikes me the other was killed in his defence when they were taken.

Several of my friends called on me the evening before I left Pittsburg, to take leave, and with the most lively feelings of friendship and gratitude, I parted with them over-night, as I was to leave the place at three o'clock, A. M.

When the hour drew near, I was called by a servant, and upon entering a parlor, I was agreeably surprised to find coffee, bread, butter and pickles on the table, prepared by the kind hand of Mr Ramsey, who was up and had a fire, candle, &c. These are the men that deserve patronage. Mr. Ramsey's sister was my fellow traveller with two others, who were Scotchmen, and though laborers, were smart intelligent men.

VISIT TO DENISTONTOWN.

The northern route leads through Denistontown, Blairsville, &c. This was a source of much joy to me, as I was to pass through a country—the very neighborhood—the very houses—or where they once stood fifty years since. But I will not anticipate. The country was nearly like the land generally between the Allegheny mountains and the Ohio, though the farms were by no means so large. This is easily accounted for, no Germans. The appearance however, is equally beautiful, and was doubly so to me, and every inch of ground was hailed with rapture. How eagerly would I have embraced every tree, and kissed the ground upon which they grew. Deniston! and the Loyalhannah! I thought of nothing else.

The Scotchmen proved to be fine company, and were either singing or relating anecdotes the whole way.

Sometime before day we stopped to change horses; Sawneys wishing to take a dram, the key of the bar could not be found. The bar-keeper hunted high and low, but

all in vain. The first instance, I suspect, upon record. The Sawneys disliked this, as the morning was sharp and cold, and recommended to the tavern-keeper to shut up his shop, as he could no longer take care of the key, and laughed it off.

At the house where we stopped to breakfast, I found a female of singular appearance—she had arrived in the bar-room while we were at breakfast, and stepping in to pay the bill, I discovered her, and soon perceived she was in distress, though her countenance showed no depression of spirit; her clothes were old, and patch lay on patch; she was on foot and might be near seventy years of age—she was a stout robust woman, and her countenance showed the marks of intemperance, and she had walked all the way from Pittsburg, and still had some distance to walk—we gave her a trifle and the landlord gave her her breakfast—one of her hands with part of her arm was shockingly burned, and I had a sly thought it was occasioned by drink. But she was a fellow creature and in distress.

Towards twelve o'clock, we parted with the lady but not before we came in sight of

DENISTONTOWN,

Which the lady showed me from the gate where she stopped—I turned my eyes that way, and my heart palpitated with a species of delight I had never before felt; I had indeed passed the whole morning in a delerium of pleasure when I was told we should pass through Denistonstown; for of all places in which I had been tossed in those troublesome time, I had the clearest recollection of Denistontown, though no tour was thought of then.

It was two miles from where we p rted with the lady, but I remember nothing of it but the Loyalhannah, (upon which it is built,) was not more than half so large as it appeared to me fifty years since. I used to think it a great river, whereas it is only a creek. A bridge had been built over the Loyalhannah at this place, but the floods had prevailed against it, and it is now useless, though its re-

mains add no little to the scenery from its great height from the water.

I hastened to enquire for the Deniston family the moment I descended from the stage, and was informed that one only of the name lived not half a mile distant.

I called for dinner, intending to wait upon him after I should have dined.

Meantime there was a large party of young people at the tavern, upon their way to Blairsville, a few miles distant to a Christmas ball, and among them happened to be a son of Mr. Johnston, who owns the saltworks on the Kiskaminitas at the mouth of the Loyalhannah.

From this young gentleman, I heard from my sister, whom I had seen but twice in fifty years, and her husband never. She lived near the saltworks, and I was gratified to hear she had raised a whole brigade of fine large sons, who were becoming wealthy and independent — The boys, Mr. Johnston said, were industrious and saving, but the old man would drink too much, but an honester man was not to be found.

All this had something wild and novel in it, but would not have touched my heart, had it not caught the spark of enthusiasm by associating the scenes of my childhood, awakened by the spot I now occupied—my heart swelled with unspeakable pleasure at the sight of the Loyalhannah, upon the banks of which I had often strayed, and the sight of the place where I had trudged to school! the very farm upon which the little log school house stood! I was all delight.

Meantime, while dinner was preparing, I amused myself with the rustic beauties, and who should stagger into the room but one of the holy willies, about three sheets in the wind; I was instantly struck by the name and the likeness—was told the old man lived near Bedford, Pennsylvania, and being a widower, was upon the hunt of a wife.

There appeared to be some truth in the story, as he was quite in a loving strain, and sung several obscene verses for the entertainment of the fair ones, whose blood rushed to their faces at his vulgarity; notwithstanding all

this, he was by far the best of the bunch—I wonder his holy brethren of Washington do not convert him: but wonders increase upon wonders respecting these godly people, and godliness is the only thing they are not guilty of. He grew so bad at length, he had to be put out of the room. He was likewise going to the ball. At length I was called to dinner, and while in the act of dining, some of the family observed Mr. Deniston was in town, and I sent for him to come in. He soon made his appearance, but little was he aware of my feelings upon viewing one so very dear to me—my heart throbbed with pleasure, and I gazed at him for some time without being able to speak; at length I asked him, what he was to Nancy Deniston. I am her son, he said; and had it not been for shame, I would have rushed into his arms. And where is her husband John Deniston, and where is she, and where is the father and mother of John Deniston! My grand father and mother, are long since dead, so is my father John; my mother still lives and lives with me; I have a wife and daughters. It was at his grand father's I lived on this farm, but the house, he told me, was long since torn down, having gone to decay.

Mr. John Deniston and his wife Nancy, of whom I had the clearest recollection, when I knew them, lived in the same house with the elder Mr. Deniston—and were a very young and handsome couple; they had but one child then, which many an hour I have rocked in the cradle. This child, a son, is still living and had I known it, I might have seen him in Wheeling, where he resides Mr Wm. Deniston, the gentleman with whom I was conversing, is about forty years of age, and born since I left that country. Having gained his intelligence; Mr. D. said he would walk on and I could ride up to his house in the stage, which passed his door, and that I might have some excuse to return, (as I did not wish to trespass upon his generosity,) I left my trunks at the stage-house, and rode on in the stage.

From some misstatement in the papers they had been looking for me at Blairsville several days before the ball: but on that day to a certainty; and the lady at the tavern

where I first stopped, and Mr. Johnston, endeavored to persuade me to go on to Blairsville with them: but this was vain, though the report that I was to be there had circulated widely, and all the young folks expected to see my ladyship at the ball, and no doubt some of the spruce beaux expected to have me for a *partner*. *I felt* for their disappointment, but resolved to breathe a few sighs to "Old Langsine" before I saw Blairsville; where, nevertheless, I understood I had many warm friends, and was of all places most anxious to see.

But there was a large party of young people also at Mr. Deniston's on their way to the ball.

Mr. D. had arrived home some minutes before the stage. When he entered the parlor he found the party engaged in conversation about the *distinguished* guest they were to meet at Blairsville, and all were on tiptoe to see me. Mr. D. smiled, and just had time to apprise them that they would have the pleasure very shortly, as I was close behind him.

When I entered the house my eye passed rapidly over the company, and a lady pressing through the crowd with great eagerness, embraced me with much ardor. I was forced to believe this was my old friend, and still I thought she looked too young; but who else could it be? It was not Nancy Deniston! It was Mrs. Wm. D. who soon led me to my old friend, whose features I recollected at the first glance: but, strange to tell, she had no recollection of me! I was rather hurt at this, but was sufficiently gratified to see and know her.

When the company dispersed I related several circumstances to Mrs D. of old time—she recollected every thing but myself. This might be accounted for from the the nature of the times, as the country was much harrassed by the Indians, and for greater safety, many families used to live in one house, though I do not recollect of any but myself at the time, so that I must have been very young. I was taken there to go to school, but as to how old I was I have no recollection, nor have I any idea of the year: it could not, from my present age, however, have been less than fifty years.

Mr. D. the grand father of Mrs. D. was at that time about middle aged, and his wife about the same. These two, and Miss Jinsey D., their daughter, not grown, their son John, and his wife Nancy, were all I recollect of the family. Miss Nancy and I used to crack walnuts in the meadow, and go to school together; and I used to sit by Mrs. N. D. for hours, and rock the cradle. Mrs. N. was then, as she is now, a woman of very few words. She used to sit from morning till night without speaking half a dozen words; and was the handsomest woman of her time. I was very partial to her, as she was my namesake: a circumstance that went far in those days.

The old gentleman was a lively, good-natured man; and his son John used to trade over the mountains with pack-horses, and would bring home many handsome presents for his wife One article, in particular, I recollect surprised me—it was lump-sugar; also, loaf-sugar. But I was still more surprised that they should put the sugar on the table and not use it, and as they did not, I would not have touched it for the world. And so the sugar came and went every day. I thought it was a great piece of folly.

When I returned home I told my mother, and she said they were Jersey people, who did not use sugar in their tea. Old Mrs. D used to be subject to sudden fits of sickness which often threatened her life. Miss Jinsey and I used to be greatly afflicted at this, and ran through the house in distraction.

I think there were about twenty of us who used to go to school, and would hold the frying pan to cook the meat for our dinners. We used to have agreeable plays, where boys and girls, and even young men joined. One, in particular, was called "*The Juniper Tree.*" One person sat in the middle of the room, the party taking hands, and walking around the person seated in the centre of the circle, sang altogether a beautiful air to the following words:

"O, sister Phœbe, how happy were we,
When we sat under yon juniper tree—heigho:
Take this hat on your head, to keep your head warm,
Take a sweet kiss, it will do you no harm, I know."

At the conclusion of the verse the person wearing the hat, (there being but one in the company,) puts it on the head of the person seated in the centre, kissing her at the same time.

I was not fond of these plays, but being drawn into the *Juniper Tree* once, and sitting in the centre, had to be hatted and kissed, which set me to crying. The young man, (for it was a young man,) picked me up in his arms, and after pacifying me, carried me out of the play. This is all I recollect of the school, except that I could read in the Testament before I went there. I also used to help to pen the sheep and calves, and was a great hen hussey.

Mrs. Nancy D. could recollect every thing but myself; and we had a long talk about the Messrs. Pars, Larry Irvin, old Mr. Blane, and old Mrs. Freeman, who was lame; and fleeing once from the Indians on horse-back to Shield's Fort, gave the alarm as she passsd by the neighbors, beating the horse she rode with the beam of a pair of steelyards to urge him forward, while the Indians were close at her heels. The people never thought of fleeing to the forts in those days till the Indians were within a mile or two.

Thus we talked of yore, while I called to mind the soft smile and blushing cheek of my admired friend; and though she could not recollect me, she mingled with my feelings, and as I gazed at her decayed features I could not help thinking of 'Auld Lang syne,' when her face was round, plump, and beautiful.

> "We twa have stray'd about the brays,
> And form'd the garlands fine;
> We've wandered many a weary foot
> Since auld lang syne"

I was better pleased with Mrs. D. than her mother-in-law. Had I been her mother, or some long lost friend she could not have shown me more affection. This matchless woman thought nothing in her house too good for me. Her hospitable table was soon spread with every dainty, and though I had just dined, I was pressed to par-

take of her bounty. The best room in her house was fitted up for my use. Her daughters, Miss Nancy and Rachel and Mr Deniston himself oppressed me with kindness—I thought no more of the inn. Mrs. Wm. D. is one of the most fascinating females I ever met with in any country. I could not have believed so much perfection existed in the female form. Fair and lovely in her person, graceful in her manners; her soft beauteous blue eye, her sweet cheering smile, but, above all, that heart-refreshing kindness that marked her every word and action —she certainly is the pride of her sex. Mr. D. seems to be aware of his happy lot, and values it as he ought: a more amiable or better matched couple I never saw!

Mr D. has met with a reverse of fortune, yet has a treasure, invaluable as it is rare, in such a wife.

The have only two children, both daughters, handsome, and accomplished in ever part of useful education. This is the place for young men to seek wives. You will always find daughters take after their mothers, let it be good or bad, with very few exceptions.

It certainly added much to the pleasure of visiting my native walks to meet with such unlooked for and unmerited kindness. But the half is not yet told: For immortal acts cannot be described by mortal words. Thus,

> " From the mild converse of the virtuous fair,
> . . . . . Joys unspeakable that glow,
> In the calm bosoms of the friendly pair."

When we had interchanged the pleasures of friendship and feeling, I took counsel with my friends about visiting my sister. Upon inquiry I found she lived about eight miles distant, directly off of my road, and that this was the nearest point. If, therefore, I paid her a visit at all it was to be done from this place. I was, on the one hand, pressed for time; yet, on the other, as I had never had an opportunity of visiting her in my life till now, and might probably never have one again, I consulted my friends upon the ways and means. Mr. Deniston was never at the place, though he knew where it was, and was at my service in any way he could serve me.

I longed to see the place of her residence, particularly as I had once lived there prior to my residence at Deniston's; and I recollected several circumstances which kindled in my bosom a strong desire to see the spot my infant feet had often trod.

Of the road, no one could give any satisfactory account. It was a wagon-road, and a good deal used by wagons going to the salt-works. It lay on the bank of the Loyalhannah, and the place I was aiming to see was at the junction of the Conamaugh and the former.

But a serious difficulty arose! No carriage to be had, though all the horses in the place were at my service, and as many to escort me as I chose to accept. But the difficulty: it was doubtful whether I could ride on horseback. True, I had once been famous for horsemanship, but had never been upon a horse for six years! and I was doubtful as to my abilities to manage a horse now, particularly if the road should be bad.

All these matters were debated in full council, and it was finally concluded that "Mrs. Fly," Mrs. Deniston's saddle-mare should be saddled in the morning, and I was to try my skill, and if successful, Mr. Deniston, upon another horse, was to attend me to my sister's.

After every thing was settled, it now being late, we assembled once more to partake of my favorite supper. This was a dish renowned in olden times, and a favorite with Mrs. Nancy D. as well as myself—mush and milk. Yes, Mr. Barlow, mush and milk, I like the name; were I to call it pudding not a soul in Pennsylvania would know what I meant. And Mrs. Nancy D. and myself joined in "a cup of auld lang syne;" and I loved her the more for her preference.

Next morning I took an excursion over the farm, the barn, the spring-house, the distillery, orchards, meadows, &c. But chiefly my eye sought the spot where I had skipped like a fawn, when young. "It was more to the south I should see it."

Mr. D.'s farm occupies one of those enchanting swells that adorn this life inspiring country: which is one representation of farms, great barns, and vales, and groves,

of inexpressible beauty. The people of this country have no idea of the beautiful region they inhabit. I observed this while I stood glued to the spot, unable to withdraw my eyes from the tall, slender trees; while, never having seen any other forest, Mrs. D. viewed the scenery without any emotion; and I should certainly have done so too had I, like her, have spent my days in the same place. We saw the bright Royalhannah winding through hills and farms to a great extent. *This* and the *trees* yielded me infinite pleasure. For the timber, there is no parallel, not even the umbrella trees of New York; as these are choked up by an under-growth, but these towering trees usurp the whole of the forest. You see through them for miles, while they unfurl their silken branches, and reach the clouds in airy pride.

When we returned to the house *Fly* stood ready saddled, and Mr. D. and the Miss D.'s, all the servant, and the distiller to see my essay on horse-back. Fly and I seemed to like each other at first sight, and Mr. D. vouched for her good behaviour. "She was very decent, never took fright or stumbled, or was known to be naughty in any respect." Fly seemed to confirm the character by drawing up, of her own accord, to the wooden block for me to mount, and made a motion with her head, which seemed to signify, "No ceremony, Madam, I am genuine back-woods; I know nothing of the mithology of pagans, or the di inity of modern *tracts:* least of all do I trouble my head with drawing rooms and high life: it is just the same thing with me whether Adams or Jackson be President, or whether there be any President at all. It is the same thing with us ponies: we have always our share of labor let who will be President; and as for admitting one of us honest and faithful quadrupeds to a share of the administration, it would be the last thing I should expect at their hands, though they no doubt admit worse animals; and although we can do very well without them, they cannot do without us. This is some comfort."

Fly switched her tail and lifted her head rather angrily at my delay, and gave a leer at her mistress, as I suppos-

ed, to ascertain the meaning of this new order of things. Fly is rather advanced in years, of middling height and weight, rather handsomely formed, light and active—answering to her name She was a dark grey, and had a full, sparkling eye; her countenance was open and gay, though I perceived a great deal of the coquette under this disguise.

At length I ventured on the saddle, which was held by Mrs. D. herself; and the word was given to "bala..ce—tight rein, &c." and off I moved, or rather Fly moved, very gracefully down the road! I rode just as well as if I had practised for a month, and soon fell into a gentle pace. I hope some of my friends of the *nine* will prepare a neat epitaph for Fly, and be sure to recollect that she once carried the famous "Mrs. W——r S——tt, of America;" and let Noah Webster put it in the dictionary.

The road from Pittsburg to Harrisburg is from west to east, and we quit the road a little above the village, and took a southern course.

With a view of showing me the spot where once stood the house in which I used to rock his brother in the cradle, (John was his name,) Mr. D. threw down fences and opened gates, and conducted me to the spot! The spring looked small! and the meadow looked small! yet I had some recollection of all. "There stood the house," said Capt. D. pointing to a spot of sideling ground with his switch. My eye rested upon it in silence, striving to recollect the situation of the door. A large gate used to stand before it—"And where was the gate"—"Just there," said Mr. D. "a few steps from us near a small drain west of the house." At that gate I stood, and cried after my mother as she rode away, after leaving me at the grand father's of the gentleman now with me, which has been noticed.

A large pile of wood always lay near this gate, and men choped it with axes; and I used to pick up the chips and carry them into the house. "But where was the spring, and the spring-house?" "There, where you see those clusters of bushes; the spring-house was just below it." I now recollected the place perfectly, and

my eye traced out the well known course of the once trodden path, which wound up a little rise, where the cabin stood in which I used to go to school, and where we played the Juniper Tree!

Ye who have been torn from the haunts of your childhood, and after a separation of half a century to enjoy the felicity of seeing those sacred spots, endeared by innocence and a thousand recollections, will know what I felt! To be borne on the stormy sea of life almost an age, far from the scenes of youthful innocence, to which your heart was wedded, and would give worlds to see! thus, on a sudden, to hail those dear and "long between" but never forgotten shades, where oft I used to sit and weave the many colored leaves, and stray after a May-apple, was joy unutterable! Nor do I believe it possible for any situation on this side the grave to impart so high a share of rational pleasure.

Mr. D indulged me sometime, and it was like tearing my heart and body asunder to leave the spot. The meadow too! and the same walnut tree under which Miss Jinsey and I used to sit and crack the walnuts, and pick out the kernels as a treat for her father and mother. She was a most affectionate child to her parents. She married a Mr. Kirkpatrick, (if I recollect.) I saw a son of her's after this, but I forget whether she be living. But, strange to tell, the meadow did not appear half so large, nor die any thing except the trees, appear to retain its former size.

We next passed a large apple-orchard, on the same farm, but it was not in being when I left the Loyalhannah, though planted thirty years since.

He led me on the bank of the Loyalhannah, to show me the old seat of Larry Irvin and his wife Ruth, and the Messrs. Pars, all respectable in their day, but now no more. The house of Mr. I. was on the opposite shore on a steep hill-side, and overlooked the river. The old house was gone—what a pang it gave me: but another was built on the same spot, and just such a one as he

lived in fifty years since.* Larry was a short man, and his wife Ruth very tall. They had no children.†

The Pars was on our side of the river I recollected both, as each had been a place of refuge from the Indians: it being the custom in those days for several families to assemble at one house.

Not far from here we lived, (if it could be called living,) at a place, I think, called Moor's Hannahstown was five miles from hence, and contained a fort, and we were continually running either to it or Shield's, the latter a little over a mile from the former.

We still hung upon the Loyalhannah, and passed several Indian graves, killed in an engagement since I left the country, and the former residence of old Mr. Blane. This had also been a place of gathering together, and I remembered it well. The house not the same, but stood in the same place. The barn, the spring-house and the meadow were familiar to me. But this meadow, like that at Deniston's, was but a speck. I used to think it boundless, whereas it is only a patch! I cannot account for this. Mr. Blane and his wife were old people when I knew them; had no children, and were wealthy. He, the Pars, Larry Irvin, and the Denistons all emigrated at the same time from New Jersey, and were all wealthy. But, to return to Mr. Blane—the old lady took a little too much now and then, which proved a great source of trouble to me; though I was often relieved by a bound boy they had, by the name of Patton. Patton was nearly a man, and was the only person that could manage Mrs. B She stood in great awe of her husband when sober, but put him at naught when tipsy; and then Patton had to take her in hand. There was an old nine-tailed wig about the house; and, of all things, Mrs. B. had the greatest antipathy to this wig. Patton had put it on her so often, that the very sight of it would set her to raving. The wig had belonged to the ancestors of the family, who were of the first respectability, and were from Ireland.

* Equal to Waverly.

† He was killed by the limb of a sugar-tree after I left the country, and Ruth married again.

It had been thrown about from post to pillar, and so roughly handled by Mrs. B. that it looked like any thing more than a wig; and, for my part, the first glimpse I had of it I took it for a racoon skin.

Patton was between 18 and 19 years of age, stout built, not very tall; his face was broad and goodnatured, and he understood work both in doors and out He could cook, wash, milk the cows, churn, reap, mow, plow, hoe; in short, Patton was the life and soul of the family, and nothing could be done without Patton. All I can remember of Mr. Patton's dress, is, that he wore bucksin breeches; and, in summer, neither hat, shoes nor stockings; and his hair was profuse and bushy. By way of dress, he sometimes wore leggings and moccasins. But Patton had too much upon his hands to dress every day—every thing fell upon him. He had to act as cook, butler, laundress, dairy-maid, wood-chopper, ostler, plough-man, and hay-maker.

Meantime Mrs Hannah Blane, when sober, would lend a hand, but she did more harm than good; and if Patton was not upon the alert she would undo in three minutes what he had labored three hours to accomplish. She would overturn the pans, pots, and kettles, overset the milk, claw the butter, cream, &c. and Patton had no resource but to seize her round the waist and throw her forcibly on the floor, and tie the wig on her head, as often wrong side foremost as right. Often, however, she would seize the wig, and terrible scuffles would ensue, in which the wig always had the worst of the battle: while I used to look on trembling with afright. Not willing, however, to expose his mistress, when company was present he would merely show her the wig, with a significant nod—this was enough, and restored peace for the present.

One day Mr. Blane, as he thought, having secured all his kegs and bottles from his wife, and being harvest time, had a number of hands eugaged to assist him, and after Patton had assisted with the morning's work, he went to the field also, leaving Mrs. B , another woman, and myself to prepare the dinner for the hands. I could

do hut little, such as bring a small vessel of water, wash the potatoes, or set the table.

Hannah, however, was too cunning for the whole of us, and (Heaven knows by what means,) she had contrived to get a bottle of whiskey, and before we knew what we were about, she began with her "dear creeter," a word that denoted her failing, and "I say," was another—"I say deer creteer, the big pot must go on." "Oh, madam, we dont want the big pot, we will boil in this and bake in that, and the fowls." Hannah would hear nothing. "I say, dear creeter, this big pot shall go on;" and on it went, and in she soused every thing pell-mell, vegetables and all.

She was with all her faults very stingy, and though she had plenty of provisons, she would stint the workhands if she could. They had some spoiled beef on hand, which Mrs. B. did not despair of palming upon the workmen sometime or other; and as drunkenness proves principle, she thought this a good opportunity to cheat the workmen with the beef.

The woman finding argument vain, quit the premises, and desired me to tell Mr. B. that Mrs. B would have her own way, and she would be of no service to him, or words to that effect.

Every one may guess how matters went now, cabbage, potatoes, beans, &c all spoiled in the big pot, and Mrs. B. tumbled over and went to sleep, leaving me to manage matters at my own discretion. I always had a bad time of it with Mrs B. but this was the worst of all. I shall remember it while I live. I could not have been more than seven years of age, but had sense enough to keep up the fire, and fill up the pot with water, but the fire would singe my clothes and burn my face, and at one of my attempts to get water in the pot, I inadvertently trod on a log which rolled on the floor, and I very nearly fell into the fire! what was to be done now?

I plucked up courage and taking the broom-handle, rolled the log off the floor, and busied myself in hunting up the knives and forks.

Mrs. B. arose about the dinner hour, in a pretty good humor, called me "dear creeter," and to hand her the ladle and the flesh-fork, and the big pewter dish, and the little pewter dish, and between forking and dishing, and fishing, she and I placed the dinner on the table; I was then sent to the spring house for milk with my little pigin, and then to the field to call the men to dinner.

We had a shell by which Mrs. B. used to blow the men to their meals, but she was past blowing now.

Walking by the side of Patton, I let him into the secret of matters at home—he muttered a few curses and walked on before the company, and entering the house amidst the buz of the flys and odour of the meat, found the old woman "dear creeter," sitting with her red eyes and stewed countenance, scarcely awake.

Patton soon came to a resolution, and without the assistance of John Doe or Richard Row, brought his suit of enactment againt the whole squadron, and pitched the whole of it out of doors, as far as he could send it, potatoes, beens, cabbage, all were again scattered upon mother earth for another crop. It was the only time I remember to have seen Patton in a passion. Meantime Mrs. B. was not a silent spectator of Patton's short work—she greeted him with "I say," and meaning to say it was as sweet as a nut, and red as a cherry. "I say, it is as red as a nut and as sweet as a cherry." Meantime the men came in. Here was a lesson for drunken wives, eight or ten hungry men, who had borne the heat of the day, hard at work, and nothing prepared to eat. But Hogarth nor West could paint the looks of the old man. He had an impediment in his speech at all times, but had now lost all utterance, outright.

He with the others entered the house just as Patton was in the act of carrying the meat to the door to throw it away, and getting to leeward as fast as they could, the old man surveyed his wife in amazement—at length he found utterance; wh wh-wh-where is the wo-wo-wo-wig—d-d d-d—n her old soul, wh-wh-where did she get the wh-wh wh-whiskey.

Patton after clearing the table, produced the wig and running to the pot, ladled out some of the grease and bespattering the wig with it, showered a copious portion of flour upon it, and tieing it hard and fast under his mistress' chin, told her she might sit at the head of the table. She began with "I say." But Patton had something else to attend to; and calling me to follow him, he took a plate and tin bucket, and proceeded to the spring house for butter and milk. "I say, Nancy you shant go with Patton." We proceeded however, and Patton filling his bucket mostly with cream, and laying on as much butter as the plate would hold, not less than four pounds, we returned to the house.

Meanwhile the old lady had retired to a little back shed to avoid, what she could not prevent, the mirth of the party, and the anger of her husband, and by the way, she had evidently taken a few more of the drops, as appeared in the end.

The only chance now left for the workmen, was to stay their hunger upon the milk and butter—there was plenty of bread and onions, and Patton soon had it in readiness.

Mrs Blane, however, suspecting Patton had made an inroad upon the contents of her dairy, grew restless, and hearing the plates rattle upon the table, came forth with her powdered head, and the tail of the wig dangling over her face, and eyeing the plate of butter with something that might be called rage, and holding her self up by the side of the house; she began, "I say Patton, you shall not waste my butter, it is too much, take it back, take it away, I say, they shant have it." Patton paid no attention, and picking up courage, she ventured to walk to the table, but losing her balance, she made but one step of it and pitched with her face upon the plate of butter! The reader must imagine the rest, for I have no recollection of what followed. I laughed until I fainted away; such another laughable scene I never saw before nor since.

It was never ascertained how she got the whiskey that day, as there was none within six miles, but what was in the field—she must have procured it out of the keg before it was taken to the field.

I could fill a book with the incidents of Mrs. Blane and Patton.

The old man had a distillery of his own, and used to keep his whiskey barrel in the spring house, and when he drew enough to serve him a certain time, he would cut off the peg even with the head of the barrel One day, however, he perceived the barrel grew light, he had drawn but once out of it, and turning the barrel about, he essayed to speak thus: "Na na-na nancy," he said, (I was then in the spring house with him,) "ho-ho-how is this, so-so-so-somebody has been at my whiskey." I told him I did not know; and after examining the end next to the wall, he discovered where his wife had followed his example, by first boring the head and having a peg to fit it, cut it off even with the head, (no such thing as faucets in those days.) But instead of one, she had five pegs. Mr. B. was outrageous. "D-d-d-d—n her soul, she has fi-fi-fi-five stopples for my one."

My parents used to leave us where they thought we (only my sister and myself,) would be safe, and would go to their farm, but very often called to see us—my sister at this time was at some other house. The people in those days were kind and affectionate to each other, much more so than now. Tracts, bibles, priests and missionaries have destroyed every thing like charity, benevolence, love, and friendship, except between the women and the missionaries.

But to return—my mother calling to spend a few days at Mr. Blane's, was employed in spinning tow; she kept her tow in a barrel, and taking some of it out, she found a bottle of whiskey. Mrs. Blane coming in at the instant, exclaimed, "my dear creeter, that is just a little drop I had for you and me."

Mrs. B. however, has long departed this life, and poor old Mr. Blane after weathering many a storm, was at last killed by the Indians a few yards from his door. Peace to his name, he was one of the best of men.

All these scenes were recalled to my memory, as I passed by the door, and glanced at the spring where I used to hold the candle at night, for Patton while he strained

the milk—and over the meadow, where I had to carry cool water for the mowers.

The place was unoccupied, and stillness seemed to rest upon it. "Roll on fair spring." I breathed as I pursued my way down the road to meet with other scenes of yore.

Near this place, on the summit of the hill, stood an enormous tree, which over-topped its neighbors, and like them was desolated by fire. At the junction of the limbs with the tree, there was a large eagle's nest, which had remained there, time immemorial, and was still inhabited by the bald eagle. There were three of them, two of which were of amazing size and strength. They would carry large sticks of wood to their nest, for miles, as stout as a man's arm, from three to five feet in length. Standing in our door, we could see them every day, (at the season of feeding their young,) carrying fish from the Loyalhannah. We saw the fish distinctly struggling in their tallons; sometimes they would drop them, and darting back to the river, soon re-appear with another. They always pass each other on the way. And were constantly adding to their nest, which could not have been less than four to five feet in diameter, and it was supposed the weight would finally break down the tree.

We jogged along slowly, the day was fine, and every thing reminded me of old times. The road passed on a high ridge, between which and another, the Loyalhannah stole along. We found some difficulty from Mr. D's. ignorance of the road, and though we saw the house of my sister at the distance of two miles, we travelled at least five before we reached it.

The house stood on a hill, which Captain D. called Mount Pisgah, and compared our journey to that of the windings of the children of Isreal, as we nearly encompassed the hill, before we found it accessable. At length, a lady whom we fell in with, said, there is Mr. Cowan's, and giving her palfrey a cut, paced off.

MY SISTER.

The house looked much like those in the neighborhood, and the land was fertile, but an empty barn! my heart ached for my sister. But it was the handsomest situation in the country; and the first of the family who made their appearance, was about half a dozen pigs, who saluted with a grunt, and tails curled up gave us the path.

I was determined if I did not like appearances, to return with Captain D. if the contrary, to spend the night, and let the captain return alone, and some of my sister's family might return with me.

All this was settled between Mr. D. and myself, at our first setting out from his house. It was also settled, that I was not to disclose my person, and that we were to pass for travellers. Finally, I resolved to stick to Fly until, as the phrase is, I saw how the land lay. I knew nothing of the people, they might be savages, they might be missionaries, they might be civilized, and they might not; they were all strangers to me, and I determined not to venture neck and heels too suddenly amongst so formidable a force.

My brother in-law, I had never seen, my sister but twice, and one of the sons, Jim. But I had a powerful motive, independent of all this, to visit Mount Pisgah.—Though I have never mentioned it yet, Mount Pisgah was not unknown to me. It was the first place we settled after removing from the State of Maryland, to the backwoods, as it was then called. I recollect the camp we lived in at first, the spring, and a large gang of wolves which trotted by it one day, when I went for water, a patch of corn, and several other things. But how I got upon the top of Mount Pisgah, I know not—but the place was still dear to me, and I was anxious to see it.

When rising the top of the hill, I perceived a well dressed, genteel looking young man, which put me in heart—he was neatly dressed throughout in broadcloth, and was walking slowly into the house; but seeing us, he stopped until we rode up, by which time several other good looking young men, stepped out into the yard, and

seemed to view us with much surprise—by the time we reached the front of the building, my sister, for I had some recollection of her person, stood in the door.

Mr. D. saluted and asked, if Mr. Cowan lived there, the young man replied, he did.—Mr. D. then addressing himself to my sister, asked, if he could leave this lady there a while, as he had a little further to go. My sister assumed a most inhospitable frown, and knitting brow, said, yes, I suppose she can I nevertheless, was loth to dismount, for though pleased with the young people, I did not like the cold eye of my sister—and after viewing her sometime, I asked, if Mr. Cowan was at home? he was not, but he will be at home in a short time.

Mr. D. now took me from the horse, and I walked slowly into the house, and looked my sister in the face, to see if she would recollect me, and finding she did not, I asked her if she had no recollection of me. No. Do you not suspect? I begin to suspect now, said she, you must be my sister. Yes, and we saluted. The children then came up, (or rather the young people, as they were all grown but one,) and saluted very friendly, but I set my sister down as a missionary; I was not far wrong, she was a mighty pious methodist, and gave me a less hearty welcome than any of the family. They had just returned from a party in the neighborhood.

None of their sons lived with them, excepting a boy, those I saw, were merely there upon a visit—most of their children being married and gone.

By degrees my sister grew familiar, and seemed much pleased, and the young ones remarkably so. I could not praise the neatness of her dormitary and parlor, which formed a great contrast to Mrs. Denison's. But she could not attend to her domestic concerns as she had to go to meeting. My next enquiry was after James, my old acquaintance—he lived some miles off, and the little boy, (poor little fellow, I never saw him afterwards,) was sent off on horse-back to collect as many of the family as he could. But hearing they lived near Blairsville, I was sorry the boy went, as they did not arrive before I left the place. All my pleasure now, was confined to amus-

ing myself with the scenes, and the old gentleman when he should arrive. Mr. D. finding I was contented, gave me a strict charge to keep Fly safe, and took his departure.

It was not long before I paid a visit to the long remembered spring, said to be the best in the country; I remembered its situation, and the hollow below it, where the wolves trotted by me; but goodness! it seemed to be three times the distance then! My sister pointed out the spot where our little cabin stood. I had a very clear recognition of it also—but the spring was familiar and the stream that issued from it.

A man calling at our hut one day, asked for a drink, my mother sent me with a tin cup for the water, as I drew near the spring, a large gang of wolves, as I found afterwards, trotted across the spring run, without deigning to stop or look at me. When I returned to the house, I informed my mother, I saw a large gang of dogs, at the spring. It is wolves, I'll bet, said the man. And doubtless were, as the woods swarmed with them. This is the first knowledge I had of the name, or nature of the wolves—I have often reflected upon the circumstance since, and am surprised they neither testified fear nor hostility.

At another tour to the spring with my tin cup, I was terribly beset by a snake—I was running along and meeting the snake in the path, he disputed the passage, and I took a circle round him—on my return I kept a look out, and discovered him in the same place, with his eyes fastened on me. I discovered from his looks, he intended to attack me, and I had no resource but my heels, keeping my eyes on him, I creeped along slowly, and as I expected, he darted after me, and flinging away the water, I ran for my life to the house. the snake pursuing me to the door. The woods were then alive with snakes, and every species of wild beasts and game, came to the house; and no end to fish

I spent some moments at the head of the spring absorbed in extacy. In short, I enjoyed more pleasure from the time I came in sight of the Loyalhannah at Denistontown,

than I ever thought was within the power of human abilities: yet every thing looked less.

At length Mr. Cowan came. I had charged them all strictly not to discover who I was, as I could have a better opportunity to ascertain his character, and wanting amusement for the afternoon; the old gentleman was one of the best timed subjects, I could have wished for.

He is rather under middle height, very thick and corpulent, and quite old, his head was as white as cotton, he looked old enough to be my sister's father: she being quite a young looking woman. His face was fair and round, and his countenance open and honest, his eyes were blue, but they were nearly shut, from having taken too much Christmas times.

I had no intelligence of his approach—but guessed it was him; he was dressed in a grey overcoat—and as he came in, clapped Mrs. Cowan on the shoulder in a manner, that showed he both esteemed and respected her—well old woman, I have got back again. I see you have, said she very mildly. I was afriad she would scold him. The children too, behaved very respectful—not a frown marked the countenance of one of them.

It was sometime before he observed me, and merely bestowed a transient bow, and said, Who is this? I returned the salutation, and told him, I was a traveller—had called to spend the night, and had received a very kind reception from his lady, and hoped I had his approbation. To be sure, he said, you are as welcome as the flowers in May, and turned off very unconcerned, and addressed the family about the party, &c. After sometime, looking very earnestly at me, he observed; you are a good looking woman, any how. But never asked me where I was from, nor where I was going, or any impertinent questions whatever, which gave me a very exalted opinion of him—casting his eyes on me again; he made the same remark, you are a good looking woman, let you be who you will, and I'll be bound a sensible one I trembled, lest he might ask my name, but he did not. Drawing his chair near me, he sat down and said, faith you are the smartest looking woman I have seen this many a day,

and if I was widower, I don't know that I would stop to court you. I laughed and said, he honored me, &c.—He seemed to attach himself to me, and at length began to sing a masonic song, and sung very well—when he finished the song; I told him I was a mason's widow, and was very partial to them. He was much delighted, and pressed my hand with great warmth, while the soft tear stood in his eye. Thus we passed the time until dinner.

After I took my seat at the table, he came up and said, Well, I will take a seat by my noble sister. Meaning a mason's widow—this was close guessing. Tea had been made for me, and my sister, forgetting herself, asked, Do you use milk in your tea, sister. Ah, said Cowan, sister, a methodist, I suppose? Well, I do not think the less of you for that, neither—my wife is a great methodist. I could not bring myself to use disguise any longer, and addressing him immediately, said, I am your sister sir. Oh, yes, I know you are my sister. Meaning masonry. But I am actually your sister, sir, I am Mrs. Royall. Oh, you love to joke too. I am serious, sir; ask your wife. Yes, said Mrs C. it is my sister. Now is it possible! I'll not eat another mouthful to-day; (and dashing down his knife and fork, caught me by the hand,) I thought you were something past common. While the tears ran down his cheeks. It did appear, he had some presentment—he almost ran crazy with joy, and it was genuine.

Absorbed in my own reflections, I knew not half this kind man said. It was enough to see his heart was noble, warm and generous; his sons are sober and industrious, stout, fine looking men; there were, however, but three present: there are eight in all living, and four daughters! I saw two more of the sons afterwards, and a son-in-law. The rest had acquired money and gone to the west.

I perceived that my sister felt proud of her children, as well she might, though they were very deficient in education.

I have no idea of the period we settled this place, but think it must have been about the beginning of the revolution. We were the last house of the settlement be-

tween there and Pittsburg, if we except the Peerys, who lived at the mouth of the Connemaugh, where Saltsburg now is. I inquired for the Peerys, but they were all extinct.

An old man by the name of Stephen Rybolt, lived in the wilderness about ten miles beyond us, and remained there, throughout all the wars, till the day of his death. He was a German, without a family, and lived the life of a hermit, without any human being or animal, excepting a dog, whom he called Wasser.

He was an old man then, tall, slender, and swarthy, and bent from age; his chin was long and pointed, and his cheek hollow; but his countenance was bright and winning, and his conversation highly interesting. He came into the neighborhood at stated periods usually hung round with a great number of gourds. These he would give away to the women, and some he would fill with lard, salt, &c. It did not appear that he, like the hermits of old, lived upon vegetables. He had lived in the wilderness from the earliest recollection of the inhabitants, neither afraid of, nor molested by the Indians. He called to see us often, and used to tell us that he charmed the Indians; and by calling his dog, (for he always kept a dog,) Water, it prevented the Indians from using *their* charms, (which he believed they could,) to stop him from barking, as you could not *stop* water from *running*. He was evidently superstitious; but, strange to tell, his superstition seemed to enable him to set fear at defiance. He walked with a long staff in his hand. I remember him more distinctly than any occurrence of Mount Pisgah.

Stephen Rybolt lived till within a few years since, and must have been the oldest man at his decease in America. Before he died he was bent nearly to the ground.

I am sorry that I am unable to tell the cause of his sequestering himself so far from the haunts of men.

No great length of time after our settlement on Mount Pisgah, we fled from the Indians into the neighborhood of the Denistons', &c. which has been narrated. Many particulars of interest relative to this part of West Penn-

sylvania, will appear in, (if the fates permit,) "Letters from Alabama."

At this place I sung, for the first time I have any recollection of, "Fire in the Mountains;" and learnt to read also. I recollect this well: after receiving from my father a little insight into the sound of the letters, and putting them together, I went out and sat alone upon a small stump before the cabin door, and went on through several pages by myself, and learnt to read in the course of the evening. The joy I felt at both these acquirements was unspeakably great.

I have already observed we were compelled to leave this place soon after it was settled, and from that time to the present I never saw Mount Pisgah. Nor do I wonder at Mr. Deniston, or any body else, for not knowing where Mr. Cowan lived, or rather perched, being inaccessable but at one point.

SCENERY.

But it is a real Pisgah, and has its Moseses and Aarons, and its Children Israel, and rods and rivers, and canals and salt-works, and forests and milk and honey. My Yankee friends, during the last war kept calling out "Where are our Moseses and Aarons to go before us unto battle?" They have only to go to Mount Pisgah. The Pink, or Noah Webster must have been amongst those Yankees. We, of the west, wanted neither Moses nor Aaron to lead us to battle, nor to pray up a resolution or pray it down, as in the Hartford Convention.

This hill is level and rich upon the top, and well watered; and upon it, principally, my sister has reared those lusty sons. It is the handsomest situation in West Pennsylvania, commanding a view as extensive as it is rich and beautiful. The house, which can be seen several miles distant, commands a view of the three rivers. It is built upon the verge of Mount Pisgah, precisely at a right angle with the Loyalhannah, overlooking a precipice of about 3000 feet. The Loyalhannah, as straight as a line, runs down, at a right angle with the door, to the base of

the Mount between two hills richly clothed with the most beautiful timber. This river turns suddenly round the base and empties into the Connemaugh. Thus, you have a view of the Connemaugh, the Kiskaminitas, the Pennsylvania canal, Saltsburg, the bridge, and the Loyalhannah. But the beauty inimitable of the scenery arises from a happy combination of images: like a well woven wreath, every thing is in its place—every shade and attitude is happily matched. The Loyalhannah, rough and foaming, but straight, the Connemaugh, winding in a smooth serpentine; the Kiskaminitas, flowing in a broad, smooth stream; the symetry of the canal; the rural village; the sea-like meadows, all intermingled with a towering foliage in nature's richest dress. Imagine yourself raised to the sudden height of from three to four hundred feet, and embracing an extent of three counties, in harmonious stillness, while you are seated aloft upon an even green, which seems to sit smiling at the rolling streams, and all the airy gems of polished nature. Such is the view from Mount Pisgah: but chiefly I loved to dwell upon the Loyalhannah. It was the only image of the whole I recollected.

The shape of the Mount is an oblong The surface may contain from 90 to 100 acres, strong land; and the best peach-orchard I have seen in Pennsylvania. What a retreat from the world! It equals the most extravagant romance. Such is the view from Cowan's door. When I took my last look of this, I seemed to leave my soul behind! The spring, where the wolves passed—the dim path, where lay the snake—the slope, up which the hermit Stephen used to come. But how shall I bring my swelling heart—yes, how—to touch the tender string which, and forever, binds me to the small tranquil spot, where waves a small sugar tree, as if to perpetuate the day, when surrounded by the lords of the forest, I sat upon the low stump at the cabin-door and learned to read!

SALTSBURG.

Early the next morning, accompanied by my sister, I returned, as the stage to Blairsville passed Capt. Denistón's at 12 o'clock, and I was to proceed in it. Fly was brought out and saddled, and taking leave of the family, she soon brought me to the river.

About half way to the river, as we wound round Mount Pisgah, we saw a large deer bounding gracefully through the woods.

When we came to Kiskaminitas we left our horses and crossed the river in a ferry-boat to Saltsburg, a new, flourishing town at the junction of the rivers, upon the canal, which is completed some distance towards Pittsburg, and is to meet that at Juniatta at Lewistown.

After viewing the canal I walked towards the town. I had sent word to the managers by a young man, who crossed the river with us, of my name and arrival. As soon as he received the news, he sat off to meet us It proved, however, to be Mr. Drum, the brother of my friend of Greensburg. He saluted us very friendly, and conducted us to the first tavern, and observed the visit was quite unexpected, as they were afraid I would pass without calling.

Wishing to see the engineers, Mr. D. went to apprise them. Their boarding house was not far, and I waited till I knew they must have had time, and finding they were not in sight, and my time pressing, I called to my sister to return, and re-crossed the river.

Our horses were a short distance down the river, in the care of a boy, and I being lame took a straight course to a house on the road side, and my sister proceeded to forward the horses Not liking the looks of the house I sat down upon a log and waited their arrival I saw my sister and the boy advancing, and at length observed her stop and speak to some person over the river. She then moved briskly towards me, and said, "There are several gentlemen crossing the river to see you, and they beg of you not to go till they arrive." She was much surprised that so great a mark of respect should be paid me, and

seemed, for the first time, to think that I must be somebody, indeed.

I suspect no ferry-boat ever crossed a river in so short a time, and the gentlemen soon reached me, while I laughed at their narrow escape. They laughed too, and congratulated themselves upon their fortunate escape: for, had they not redeemed their credit, I certainly would have laid it on hard.

Mr. Randall, the principal of the canal, took all the blame upon himself, saying he was at breakfast when the news came, and not dreaming that I would leave the place so soon, waited to finish his breakfast All well enough—we were all merry upon the occasion. I was glad to see gentlemen; and they were delighted. I had but a minute to spare, however, so unfortunately was I situated: though I would gladly have spent a week with those amiable, friendly people. But I have no pleasure in travelling, separate from the public, or rather they have the pleasure, if there be any going, and I have the pain.

The gentlemen who came over, besides Mr. Drum, were Messrs. Randolph, E. R. Livermore, a Yankee, Lafferty, a lawyer,—a pretty good turnout for Saltsburg. These were all genteel, friendly men Mr. Drum was much such another as his brother, but younger, with warm manners and the finest face in the world. Mr. Randolph is a tall, good figure, oval face, and blue eye; his countenance and manners very engaging. Mr. Lafferty, a warm-hearted Irishman, and among the first to make his bow: I was particularly struck with his friendly manners, his fine figure, full, dark eye, and fair, oval face. The other gentleman, I think a lawyer, is a tall, slender, very young man, his face a fine oval polish, with a large, soft, dark eye. Mr. Livermore is also young, and interesting in his features, all round, full, and handsome; and the whole of them were as familiar as though we had spent our days together. This, however, is generally the case, as I am familiar with the public by report. What a victory this was over the old maid missionaries, to have such a party of handsome swains in

my train. This was the greatest honor ever paid me; and considering the time and place, it has acquired for its generous actors an imperishable name.

I find in my notes on the same page, a minute of a Messrs Sterret and McFarlin, of which I have no distinct recollection, as hve only crossed the river: but, that I met those gentlemen, either there or in the neighborhood is certain. They are thus described: Mr. McFarlin is a tall, stout figure, round, fair, oval face, and dark eye, and of genteel manners. Mr. Sterret is described as a stout figure, handsomely shaped, oval face, open countenance, blue eyes, and very genteel manners.

When about to part with my friends, from the restive manners of Fly they found much difficulty in placing me in the saddle. They procured a chair from the house, but found it impossible to succeed without something of greater height, and walked on, carrying the chair some distance, to a tall stump, upon which I mounted, by the aid of the chair, while it required their united strength to hold Fly steady; and interchanging the most cordial wishes for each others happiness, we parted.

Thus acted the generous sons of this proud State! I wished, for their sakes, I had been a daughter of Pennsylvania. But it was of no little amusement to witness the surprise of my sister. She seemed puzzled to account for those extraordinary honors. She had lived amongst them her life time, and might probably hve seven life-times without receiving as many marks of respect as were paid to me in the course of a few minutes.

The canal is 28 feet wide at the bottom and 48 feet at the top. The workmanship is well executed, but the locks are of wood, very long and narrow.

As we rode on, my sister pointed out the house of Dr. Kirkpatrick, the son of my friend. She was personally acquainted, and proposed to call and introduce me, representing him in very favorable terms. The house stood near the road, and an avenue leading to it: we rode down to see him.

The Doctor had been at Capt. Deniston's the preceding evening, and heard I was in the neighborhood, and

seeing us ride toward the house, suspecting the truth, very politely walked to meet us. I merely saluted and inquired after his welfare, as I had no time to lose.

The Doctor is a young man, and quite a light figure, with delicate, handsome features, a sweet countenance, and the most engaging, friendly manners in the world. But I was doomed, as before, to tear myself from him, though I know of none with whom I would sooner have spent an hour. He is said to be eminent as a physician, and has a handsome practice: a man of his address, however, must always succeed.

About 12 o'clock we reached Mr. Deniston's, where tea and every thing was ready on the table, waiting my arrival, as the stage was expected every minute. The Captain and his daughters were absent at a funeral; I therefore missed the pleasure of taking them by the hand; and after snatching a hasty dinner the stage called, and I took leave of my sister and the Mrs. Deniston's and departed, well assured that I never shall look upon the like of Mrs. William Deniston again.

The afternoon was pleasant, and I had a charming drive through a most delightful country to

BLAIRSVILLE.

It is situated on the Connemaugh, and called after Mr. Blair, the principal in making the great northern road. This road has been made within a few years through Huntington, Lewistown, and thence to Harrisburg, a few miles below the Blue Mountains. The canal also passes by Blairsville, and is in a great state of forwardness. Blairsville is the most flourishing town I have seen in the State. Here is the road, the canal, salt, iron and coal in great abundance, the country rich and flourishing, and such is the rapid growth of Blairsville that it has the appearance of enchantment—one hundred houses are now going up.

Four years since, there was no house where Blairsville stands! It contains 1200 inhabitants, and five churches! It has more activity and industry, in proportion to

the inhabitants, than any spot I have yet seen in the state, and is inhabited by a noble, lively, generous people

I find this road is a paradise compared to the middle route; I would go an hundred miles round to see the people; where as I am told, if any, it is the nearest—and no mountains! I have understood that those numerous ridges of the Allegheny, are scarcely perceivable. And here is also, rich scenery, a bold ridge runs parallel with the Connemaugh, which, and the canal with its locks and dams, and the numerous workmen, all in view from a gentle eminence, on which the town stands; added to the bustle and activity of the town, was truly an interesting picture.

But the cheerful and friendly manners of the inhabitants, were alone enough to render Blairsville an interesting spot. No missionaries here but one, and he is harrassed out of his life. They have balls too, and common sense, and are the happiest people in the state.

My friend William Jack, directed me to stop at Mr. M'Anulty's. I also had a letter to Mr. M'Cabe, a lawyer, and from his partiality to me, of which I had heard; I addressed him a note from Pittsburg apprising him of my intended visit. This led them to look for me sooner than I could possibly arrive, and in one word, Mrs. M'Anulty was fit to devor me, and first and last, almost killed me with kindness.

I had been but a short time in my room before Mr. M'Cabe came in; I was partial to the man and longed to see him, and had intended dropping him a note, but notes were needless—they were all looking out, and the news soon flew, and Mr. M'Cabe lost no time in paying his respects, nor was this all, others flocked in, and my room was constantly filled.

Two gentlemen from Ireland, by the name of Grier, lived opposite; they are brothers, engaged in mercantile business, and are among the first people in the place. They were remarkably pleasant in their manners, and engaged much of my attention. The ladies were distinguished for gaity of disposition and sprightliness of man-

ners, and we were all romp and play, like so many children.

Mr. Grier having seen my books, would threaten the ladies. Ah! Mrs. Royall is coming, she will fix you, she will put you in the Black Book. But Mrs. M. Grier, was amongst the first who called, and I was charmed with her wit and elegant manners. When she returned home, she told Mr. Grier; I have been to see Mrs. R. and she likes me too well to put me in the Black Book. She told me playfully, they almost scared her to death with the Black Book. Mrs. Mark Grier, is a stout, young handsome woman, with an oval face, and fine blue eyes. Her countenance is open, gay and benevolent, and indicative of great wit and good sense, and one of the most facinating women I ever met with. Her husband, Mr. Mark, is an exemplary man, hospitable, kind and generous, he is the delight of every eye, is a small man, and very handsomely featured, with the softest blue eye in nature. The youngest, Mr. George Grier, is much like the first.

When they are gentlemen, the Irish are not surpassed by any people on the earth; and no people have warmer hearts.* First and last, these gentlemen behaved to me with all the disinterested dignity, generosity, and politeness, common to gentlemen in every sense of the word.—Their kindness is written on my heart. Mrs. George Grier, is a small lady, very handsome and equally kind and polite.

Mr. M'Cabe is alike entitled to the esteem and respect of every liberal mind, and laid me under many obligations to him. Mr. M'Cabe is a thin light figure, with an oval fair face, delicate features, mild countenance, soft blue eyes, and very genteel manners. He is of middling height, quite a young man.

Mr. Stewart Davis is a tall slender man, very fair, with golden hair, oval face, fine blue eyes, and of amiable manners.

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* I shall ever esteem the Irish since they rallied round me in this city, when I was in the clutches of the Blackcoats. 'We'll stand by you Mrs. R.' This chivalrous declaration, has effectually won my good opinion and regard.

Thomas Johnston, Esq. from the neighborhood, is a stout, noble figure, and open generous countenance. All the gentlemen of Blairsville were distinguished for politeness and hospitality. Several of those were engaged as engineers on the canal; of these were Mr. Johnston mentioned, also Mr. Alonzo Livermore, of New-England. Mr. Livermore is a young genteel man, and seems to hold the first place in conducting the canal. He appears to have the best education, and appertains to the first people of New-England, These Yankees I find, are every where sought for, wherever science is required.

Thomas M'Farland, Esq. perhaps the same mentioned a few pages back, is a most amiable man.

Mine host Samuel M'Anulty, is a stout young looking man; round fair face and soft blue eye—as an innkeeper, Mr. M'. is not surpassed in his calling—he is uncommonly mild and soft in his manners, low in his charges, and keeps a first rate house.

Andrew Brown, Esq is a middle aged man, an attorney, I think, of very pleasing manners.

But as great a favorite as any I met with, was Mr. Mulhollin, the postmaster; a most gentlemanly and worthy man.

I was sorry I had so short a time to spend with these amiable people. Wishing to give a faithful picture of Pennsylvania. I had extended the time, until the weather was growing cold.

I was beyond measure pleased with the citizens, and had the pleasure of seeing a few of my nephews, Messrs. Edward H Day and James G. Crow, the latter, the barkeeper; both excellent men. I think these were the cream.

It will be recollected, my sister sent off for her sons, some of which lived near this place. But not knowing I would leave Mount Pisgah so soon; they travelled there and arrived a little before my sister from Denistontown. I presented her with a volume of the Black Book, and they were so eager to see what was in it. They read it through that night, and returning to the neighborhood of Blairsville, called on me the same day.

My old acquaintance James, looked older than his mother, had a wife and children, and was a methodist! they all have long faces. But poor James, though I plagued him enough about his canting hypocrisy, I was glad to see him.

Robert, the one I had seen at his father's, came also, and a son-in-law of Mr. Cowan's, Mr. Henry Gibbons, quite a genteel man, and well educated. They behaved very respectful, bought books, and were much pleased, I was truly so

After they took their departure, Mr. John Cowan, another of my sister's sons came; he was accompanied by his wife, a very genteel looking woman. John was the best looking and most manly of the whole, and said to be the most industrious I think he told me he made $30 per day, boring for salt-water! He is a giant in size and a handsome man, though hard of hearing. This man will be rich if he lives; for he already owns several lots in towns. There were others in the neighborhood whom I did not see, and others again had gathered money and gone to the western states. They are all sober thorough going men, and lack nothing but education to render them amongst the first men in the country. John and his wife spent the day with me, with apparent pleasure, though Mrs. Cowan said she was almost afraid to come, having heard I was such a great lady, and James said, she must speak proper, and all that stuff. It was his religion, or rather the want of it, caused him to say this. Both John and his wife were well spoken, genteel and very interesting couple.

It was hard I could not spare one evening to visit them, but the dear creatures stayed with me until dark—and when we went to tea, I found Mr. C had spoken for an elegant supper, and after supping together they took leave, having but a short distance to go.

All the people in this region are remarkable for good size, great modesty, and a keenness of countenance peculiar, and form a wide contrast to the people on the other road.

A petrefied fish was shown to me at Blairsville, a curiosity. It was found in sight of the town, in the middle of a solid rock, fifty feet above the surface of the river. It was a foot in length, with the scales and fins entire and perfect. The fish was of solid stone, of a very dark color. It was broken about the middle, and was a perfect stone throughout. Hope the Pink, or Walsh, or Noah Webster will favor us with a learned dissertation on the subject, and put it in the *Dictionary*.

The third day I left Blairsville late; travelling this fine country in the dark, over chesnut-ridge, where there was no ridge; slept at Alexandria, and arrived next morning at

EBONSBURG.

It was provoking to travel over so much of the country in the night; it was near twelve o'clock when we arrived at our quarters, and had to start again at three o'clock, A. M.

Ebonsburg is on the top of the Allegheny mountain in a dense forest of the tallest hemlocks, perhaps in America. This was the scene of Harry Hemlock, and the three judges—never was a name more appropriate! It was equal to the Black Book.

Ebonsburg is settled by Welsh, and a few Irish and Scotch. The mountain forms no perceivable elevation. But how they cut through such a dense forest, is extraordinary—here grow the tallest trees I have seen to this day, they are a singular curiosity.

We arrived at Ebonsburg early in the morning, where I stopt for one day. I have always been partial to the Welsh from their character, and from having married a descendent of Llewellen prince of Wales. The name, Royall, denotes Welsh; having the double l, which is peculiar to them only. I was not long in Ebonsburg, which is in Cambria county, before the Welsh flocked in, and crowded around me with great ardor and affection. The day was very inclement and cold, but this did not prevent those dear people—I loved them all, and took their offered hands; nor was ever joy more mutual. The

real Welsh fresh from the mountains—their features were peculiar, and faces small, with a singular independence of countenance.

There were some of my own name amongst them, whom I did not see. These own a whole country, which lies on the Allegheny mountains, and proves they have a permanent fondness for mountains, as they could have purchased land any where in the union.

The Allegheny at this place, produces all sorts of grain, grass, vegetables in abundance. Their farms were extended in all directions round the town, and above all people, they have the most contented look. They have a very handsome college; the town is neat and flourishing.

These people might have been the happiest of the happy, had it not been for that curse, priest-craft; and wherever this curse fastens her fangs, the reign of terror begins. The Scotch, always dead going Presbyterians, began this business, and have drawn into their scheme, the innocent unwary Welsh, who pray and preach, tracts and bibles, by the gross; and have introduced such rules into the academy. that the liberal of all parties have withdrawn their patronage, and the building is now unoccupied. This wide spreading evil is destroying all our seminaries. What business had they here; in this abode of innocence, on the top of these mountains?—the d—l himself would not have pursed innocence so far.

The split in the college, is that the blue-skins want a Calvanistic president, and the liberals will not consent to it; and the money bestowed on them by the legislature stands idle!—lost to the state! and to all parties. The cost of the building and the funds are considerable. Was there ever a nation so mad, to be giving, and always, and eternally giving, to discipline troops for the great struggle. I am astonished that none of our great men have had the courage, nor the curiosity to ascertain what those people mean by this great struggle. It has a very emphatical meaning, as I see it is eternally referred to, and seems to be a watch word, and a watch-word by which they have matched through the United States, and have an army of regulars. Since writing this article, I find their articles

of warfare and creeds, on every table and desk in our executive departments; they grow bold. I took secretaries, chief clerks, and messengers to task about the danger of encouraging these people in this open and barefaced manner. "They were in the department when we come, early in the morning, how are we to know who brought them?" If I were a secretary of war, or a secretary of peace, or entrusted with the treasury and arms of the nation, I should suffer no traitors to enter my camp. "They can do no harm Mrs. R. we have all the money and muskets." A fig for muskets, when these traitors open all doors, enter women's bed-chambers, as I have seen them, and range through all our departments. "They are brought in without our knowledge." This is a fine tale; and why are the departments not better guarded? What is to hinder these traitors from taking possession of every department, and every arsenal in the government, at any moment? Nothing. In the capacity of spies, they go over the whole United States. In all capacities they encompass the land. What business have they to open doors and go in where our state papers are? I would be happy to know this—there must be treachery somewhere What sort of messengers have we, to suffer these traitors to enter their master's cabinets. I find these pamphlets on every table. This shows what an enlightened nation we are, to encourage such swindling. What is to hinder them to seize our muskets? Nothing. And this not the worst, they have corrupted many of the clerks, E is at the head of the bible society and St. C. is president. I hope they will soon get their walking papers. It is bad enough to have traitors without, and not within our camp.

But to go back to the policy of the legislature—These "good sound" hypocrites ask for money, and get it. Only to ask.

"Who would object to so laudible a thing, as giving money to instruct the ignorant?" Very true, it could not be better applied. But for want of common sense, the money has done more harm than good. I hope to hear no more of chartering colleges If legislatures give money, let them see that it is put to the use intended.

The first who honored me with a call, was Dr. Young, an amiable man. The Dr. is young, middle sized man, with a noble countenance and regular festures; his manners candid, mild and genteel.

Mr. Lewis, with a real Welsh face, is rather low and heavily made, of middle age, round fair face and blue eyes. In his manners, he is plain, frank, and friendly.

Mr. Ivory is a tall, stout, and very muscular fine looking man, with an noble eye.

Mr. Stewart Steel, is an attorney, a tall, slender, fair young looking man, with a very keen eye, and a sensible countenance.

Messrs. Moses Cannon Noon and M'Donnald, are also entitled to notice. M'Donnald particularly, who kept a tavern; was remarkably polite, and a perfect gentleman. He is a man of family and education, and lives in a large handsomely furnished house. I was charmed with his manners and his family, with whom I took tea.

Shortly after my arrival, Gen. Smith from Bedford, who was in Ebonsburg, apprized of my presence soon called and brought Mr. McDonnald with him, when I received a polite invitation to spend the evening at his house, and never was I more astonished at the taste and elegance of his family, and the style of his equipage. Mrs. McDonnald is a young accomplished woman, though the mother of several children. Being people of education they are taking much paines with their children and keep a Governess in the house. It was truly interesting, on the summit of the Allegheny, to see those little girls advancing in all the finer accomplishments of the sex. They were drawing and embroidering when I called, which constitute a part of their education. Mr. McDonnald and his lady are from Ireland. He is one of the Trustees of the academy, but was about to resign, as he was unable to benefit the institution. The tavern at which I put up was well kept and very comfortable, but not equal to Mr. McDonald's, the latter is one of the most pleasant men in the world.

I saw some of the best specimens of painting in the neighborhood of Ebonsburg I ever witnessed, which

were said to be done by an insane man. It was life itself, the design and the whole execution was inimitable

Amongst the wonders of the mountains I found a natural genius, a Welshman, who had made a set of large church organs without any instructions whatever, his name is John Lloyd, the Post Master of Ebonsburg

I took leave of my kind friends the next day, and a bitter cold day it was. I had passed the Chesnut ridge, Laural Hill, and a good part of the Allegheny in the night but without perceiving any elevation in either. This evenness continued till we drew near Blairs Gap, where the Allegheny Mountain ends.

In the course of the day I passed the head of Connemaugh and one of the heads of the Susquehanna, two small springs within one hundred yards of each other.

I had no company in the stage but a lady and her pretty little daughter, who had been upon a visit, and we suffered much from the severity of the cold. The lady, she informed me, was the sister of M. T. Simpson of Washington City, agent of the General Post Office, a place of some trust under the Post Master General † knowing Mr. S as a gentlemanly man I was not a little pleased to drop in with his sister, whose pleasant and agreeable manners, helped to beguile the rigor of the day.

At Blairs Gap I had the pleasure *once* more of meeting with the all accomplished General Smith. These rencounters with the same person was truly pleasing It was certainly a treat to meet him twice in a strange place. He was on his return.

After introducing me to the tavern keeper and seeing I had every thing I wanted, he took me by the hand and departed.

The *Sawney* at Ebonsburg told me he had an aunt at Blairs Gap, an old maid, the great grand mother of all the missionary societies in a hundred miles round, and expressed a wish we should meet.

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† There is another S. also in the General Post Office, not worth his salt.

The tavern keeper's wife was a double distilled missionary, the fiercest monster I ever saw, a daughter of old Mr. Blair, and her husband a very clever man, between her and the old maid had a hard time of it; I tried to inviegle the old maid into an interview but she was too cunning. I amused myself with the landlady, her eyes fairly turned green with rage, she could have torn me to pieces—"She loved *good people*" she said, "I thought madam you loved us heathens." She darted out of the room and refused to wait upon me, but I soon called her back and told her "I expect to pay you madam, attend to your duty." She complied and growled like a *She Bear* all the while.

I pittied her husband, who suffers himself to be hen pect by these two women.

I had another cold ride and arrived at Huntingdon upon the Juniatta about an hour before day the next morning.

I stopped at the stage house but not liking my quarters I sent for a friend after breakfast and desired him to look out for a more agreeable house. It may be thought strange, I should have a friend in a strange place; but it was even so. I had a letter from Gen. Smith to several gentlemen, and sending for the nearest [Mr. Bell] he soon came and went off to procure me a house, but never was I in such a house before nor since. I had no fault to find with Mr. M'Connel, but, his house did not suit me. He is a *Seceder*, and what that is the heaven knows. Those religious people need not decry farces and plays. For there is no greater farce than they represent, and though called by different names, they all come out upon the stage, make a long prayer, a wry face, ogle the women, and finger the *Cash*. The play actors do no more. The Presbyterians are called round heads from Washington Pa., to this place. But the liberals were getting rather the upperhand.

Huntingdon is the county town of Huntingdon county, and is handsomely situated, partly upon an even plain on the bank of the Juniatta and contains some very handsome buildings, the canal runs through it, which will bring the trade to their doors. Huntingdon contains a-

Court House, Jail, Masonic Hall, 5 Churches, and 1200 inhabitants, and is a very beautiful town, containing handsome streets and several fine brick buildings. It lies between two wild mountains which gives it a romantic ap pearance, the scenery of Juniatta is much like Mauch Chunk.

I merely took a short walk when Mr. Bell returned with a tall elegant looking man whom he introduced by the name of Clark, and to whom, amongst several others Gen. Smith had written; whoever has had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Clark can never forget him, Pemsylvania contains not such another. He combines at once every grace and virtue that adorns the human family; and if I were to write an octavo I could not do him justice. He bent his soft grey eyes upon me, [being a giant in height] and with a smile of inimitable sweetness, saluted and said "shall I have the pleasure to attend you to my house madam, I am afraid I cannot furnish you as you deserve, but I will endeavour to make you comfortable. When did you arrive, and how have you faired this cold season," any one might have said this.—But the manly look, the easy grace, the chaste smile, the stream of melting kindness that breathed "things unutterable," I was completely vanquished. They both attended me to Mr. Clark's where I was met by Mrs. Clark no less amiable than her husband. Tell me nothing of Kings and Coronets—give me the man whose heart is touched by Heaven with social kindness, who is wise to see and quick to feel, unborrowed delicacy for the wants and cares of a destitute female, and cheers the heart of the forlorn and weary traveller.

I scarcely rang the bell, while I staid at his house, Mr. C. though a thorough gentleman bred, was my waiter, footman, and friend. It happened to snow prodigiously most of the time, and this generous man was constantly coming up to my parlour to see that the room was warm, always accompanied by some friend. Where were the round-heads all this time, who travel thousands of miles to convert the heathen? here was I a poor wicked heathen come to their very doors in the hardest of the winter.

> But, "these are they, whose souls the furies steel'd,
> And curst with hearts, unknowing how to yield."

Mr. Clark had taken under his fostering care a widowed sister of Mrs. Clark—was a father to her children and brother indeed to the bereaved widow! Both her and Mrs. C. were amiable women, all lived together as one family, the most interesting group I ever beheld. Mr. Walter Clark is a young man of towering height some inches over six feet and made in proportion—his face unmatched in manly beauty, and his countenance unrivaled in seraph innocence—His manners are of the highest polish, but all this conveys but a faint outline of the man.

J. M. Bell, Esq was the first to call on me, and never ceased in his attention during my visit; Mr. B. is a gentleman of stout make, young and very handsome, his face is round and fair, and adorned with black eyes of the most beautiful lustre—I have no doubt but they have done a great deal of mischief in their time. Mr. B. is an Attorney of some eminence, and the very milk of human kindness; the Huntingdon Bar is quite respectable

Besides Mr. Bell, Messrs Williamson, Miles, Orbison, Porter, and several others; it snowed hard the whole day, Sunday too, they were continually coming and going—David R. Porter, Esq. is a brother of Gen. Porter of Lancaster. The Porters are a distinguished family of Pennsylvania—Mr. D. R. P. is of middle age and size, with fine oval features, dark complexion, and a full speaking black eye; his countenance has great expression, he is a most amiable and pleasant man.

Mr. Wm. Orbison, is a good hearted man, of fine appearance and manners—Messrs Miles and Williamson are both excellent men, and respectable in their profession—Doctors Henderson and Benj. J. Berry, were likewise amongst those who called—they are highly respectable men, Dr. B. I think lived in the country, he is a very engageing man both in person and manners Mr. Moses McLean is a gentleman of portly size, round fair face and pleasing manners; A. P. Wilson, Esq. is a tall

stout figure, quite young and much esteemed—and Samuel Hines, Esq. must not be forgoten, he came in quite late, but insisted upon adding his patronage, he was a very affable German, and said he would help the widow, which much to his honor he did, he was a jolly lively man, plain frank and honest; Abraham Levy, Esq a Jew, was also amongst my friends of Huntingdon, and I must say, notwithstanding the kindness every where lavished upon me throughout the state, Huntingdon left the rest far behind, taking into view the badness of the *weather* and the *shortness* of the time, and the *day* being Sunday; the gentlemen's hats and coats would be covered with snow. This is the right sort of religion Sunday or Monday.

I never during my life recollect of spending a more pleasant evening than I did at Mr. Clark's, surrounded by a large circle of friends, by a glowing fire; the charms of their conversation, their undisguised friendship, their marked respect and overflowing kindness went to the heart, it was impossible not to love and respect them. This mark of attention is not only an honor to the state, but to the American character; the godly people were at preaching.

Apropos—They have an academy here too, the building cost $1000, and $1000 more was appropriated (by the Legislature) to support a teacher. The Presbyterians agreeably to their practice, got the management of the school into their own hands, employed a teacher until their own children were educated, and then drove him off because he would not teach for a trifle, for his services, reserving the balance of the thousand dollars for themselves.

Since that they have turned it into an Irish tavern (see their religion) and appropriate the profits to their own use, *besides* the $1000 for the Teacher. ! ! ! Was there ever a state so imposed upon as Pennsylvania I informed the Legislature as I passed through Harrisburg shortly after this, and they knew nothing of it; one of the *black coats* spoke up and said "they turned it into a tavern because the canal run close to it, and on that account, it was not fit for students." The traitor, why did they retrench the

teacher's wages long before this? why did they not consult the Legislature? why did they not consult the people of Huntingdon? and if they were actuated by any thing but the principles of *theft;* why did they not pay over the money to the state. Pennsylvania, *great* in resources, great in virtue, and great in union, industrious and interprizing, yet cannot get on; *how* is this? Because those vipers are preying and have long preyed upon her VITALS, they have nearly eaten through the very heart strings of the state, and have deprived it of every *prop*, I mean its *schools* and *colleges*! prostrated to the dust, and the money in defiance of shame, appropriated to overturn our liberty. It is a known fact, they have to send to New York and New England for all their engineers, because science is crushed in the state.

Last year several hundred dollars were collected in Huntingdon to furnish Bibles for the town, what became of it? smuggled away to head quarters, Philadelphia. Here are a number of children to be educated, and though the state has furnished $2000 for that purpose, they have to send their children off to other places.

A man by the name of Adams, one of Dr. Ely's good "sound Presbyterians," passed through this country last year to convert young ladies, a singular way to convert them—He went from house to house, would get the young women in private, lay his arm round them, talk to them about the good of their souls, until he would get complete possession of the body. He would make these silly girls cry, and make them believe he could send them to heaven or hell, until they became frightened into any measures, one result was, that he drained them of their cash.

He converted every young lady in the neighborhood; every body remembers Mr. Adams. At length he was suddenly checked by a lady who found him in a situation with her daughter by no means pleasing to her: and too late the people opened their eyes, and banished him from the country.

The Juniata is a very handsome stream, at this place. There is just room for the canal between Mr. Clark's

house and the river. The house commands a handsome view of the river and the canal, from its lofty rooms. It occupies one of the most delightful situations on the road.

The scenery upon the Juniata is wild and fanciful, beyond description, consisting of piles of wild rocks, and circular hills, intermingled with lofty trees. The scenery around Huntingdon, particularly, is beautiful in the extreme. It must be amongst the greatest treats of the summer, to a person of taste, to lean in a window at Mr. Clark's, upon a warm summer day. The mountains, on both sides come in close to the river.

Dr. Shoenberg's ironworks are near this; where he makes 250 tons of iron per week.

There is also a celebrated mineral spring near Huntingdon, which is rising fast into notice.

LEWISTOWN

Is also upon the wild Juniata, a few miles distant. As usual, I left Huntingdon before day, and who should be up, but I and Mrs. Clark. A fine fire blazed upon the hearth, and a cup of coffee smoked upon the side-board. I was oppressed with kindness, and even carried to the stage. It would insult the feelings of Mr Clark to say he did not charge!

After day broke I had a very pleasing prospect of the country. Where the mountains do not interfere, the land is rich on the river; but they rise into fearful piles of loose grey stone.

We arrived at Lewistown about one o'clock, P. M.—stopped at Williams's.

I had longed to enter Lewistown for the sake of once more seeing the amiable Col. Clinton, the son of my friend, Gov. De Witt Clinton. He stopped at this house, and I panted to see him, without regard to the house, which is not the best.

The driver refused to give me my baggage, though in justice to him he did suffer me to get out of the stage: "this was kind."

I hastened into the house, and asked for Col. Clinton. "He was there." He was at dinner. I threw off my cloak.

The table was long and crowded, as Lewistown was then the rendezvous of all the canal people. I crowded in at the head of the table, and cast an eager eye round for the Colonel, but not seeing him, I asked, "Which is Col. Clinton?" when he raised his well-known face, and forced a smile;—but, alas! we both had more reason to weep. We dropped our eyes again; for since we saw each other, the world had lost his great and good sire. I saw, however, the image of the elder, in De Witt Clinton, Junior. He has the same eye, chin, forehead, and every feature of his father, and, doubtless, the same mind, same height, and same mild, benevolent heart and countenance. The Colonel was thin and pale, doubtless, from intense application to his duties as chief engineer.

It appears that he is at the head of all the canalling business in Pennsylvania, and a better they could not have.* I have very little doubt, but in genius, skill, and experience, on the subject of canals, he is little behind his splendid sire.

In 1826 I mentioned Mr. Clinton as being 25 years old. This was a mistake: De Witt Clinton, Jr. was but, at that time, 21 years of age, which makes him now about 23 or 24.

Several gentlemen saluted me at the table by name, who had seen me in different parts of the country.

After dinner I was shewn to my room, and shortly afterwards the Colonel came up; but such was the pressure of his duties, he merely took me by the hand, and set off perhaps 30 miles that night. He is constantly going from one end to the other of the canal; and often stays in camp, and seems to have a hard time of it. But he is always pleasing, and slips along through the world with the least noise of any man of half his worth.

The house was so crowded that it was difficult to get a room; and the landlord going into the dining-room, ask-

*I lament to hear Pennsylvania, blind to her interest, has suffered this talented young man to withdraw since I saw him.

ed the gentlemen if any of them would be so polite as to give me a room on the second story, and take a room on the third For the honor of the Yankee nation, a Mr. Tattan spoke up first, and said he would give Mrs. R. his room. This was singularly kind in Mr. T. as he had just received a wound from a fall upon the canal, by which he was severely injured; and accordingly, he gave me up his room.

Mr. Tattan knew me at Yale College, though I had no recollection of him. He was from New Haven, and being a man of science, was engaged by the canal company as an engineer. Mr. G. M. T. is a young, small man, and light make. His face is oval, and complexion rather dark: his countenance is grave, and genius is stamped upon every line of his features. His eye has much expression, and his manners are modest and retiring. He had but lately arrived from the Farmington canal, where he was one of the principal engineers. They have been greatly taken in by the round-heads: one of them, Mr. Clark, with an iron countenance, was there at the time.

William H. Morell, Esq. of Cooperstown, Otsego co. N. York, was another engineer, and a most interesting man. He was also engagaged for his superior abilities and experience as an engineer, upon the grand canal. Mr. M. is a stout, fine figure, and about 22 years of age, with a bold, intelligent, oval face, and a pair of briliant black eyes, and high smooth forehead—his complexion is dark, and his countenance noble and manly—his manners are open, gay and satirical.

Thomas Franks, Esq. a son of the Hon Judge Franks of Harrisburg, is a cousin of the Messrs. Keim's of Reading, and he and I were half acquainted of course. He had heard of me through the Keims, and I esteemed him for their sake and for his own. Mr. F. is an assistant of Col. C's, and at once one of the most examplary men breathing. He is humanity itself, and unequalled in generosity, and virture—is of common height, light make, with very delicate oval features.

Mr. Morell, as well as Col Clinton, was forced to leave Lewistown, and Messrs. Tattan, Franks, and Dr. M'Con-

nell, were almost constantly with me, and rendering me all the aid in their power.

J. H. Hickoke, another engineer, was also attentive. Mr H. is a thin spare figure, fine features, mild countenance, and quite a young man, of pleasing manners.

J. Jeffery, Esq. another of the canal corps, is a tall good sized man, with a round handsome face, open generous countenance, and fine blue eyes, is very engaging, though plain in his manners.

Mr. A. Hinck, was also amongst those who called; he is a small, young looking, pleasant man. And lastly and least, one Twins, did not come to pay his respects, as he had none to pay.

Having got through with the canal folks, (the saucy rogues watched me close enough to see what notes I took.)* But one more before I advert to the citizens.

Dr. M'Connell, a son of my tavern-keeper, the Secedar at Huntingdon. The Dr. had very little of the vinegar about him, and was about the handsomest man in Pennsylvania; frank, gay, familiar and lively in his manners—he said, he despised their hypocritical canting at Huntingdon; so much, that he quit the place The doctor's person and features are without fault; he is a tall handsome figure, and his features and complexion, as handsome as imagination can paint them, and has the softest blue eye in the world; polite, affable and generous, he added much to my amusement at Lewistown. The old maids will yet be the death of me, as I always have a train of young gentlemen after me. Poor souls, they may have the priests.

The society of Lewistown is the best improved and most refined of any town in Pennsylvania. There are a very few blackcoats in Lewistown. The citizens are learned, generous and hospitable, and possessed of considerable wealth and taste. They were perfectly aware of that respect due to a stranger.

The most of them waited upon me at the tavern. And first, Doctor Smith, a man of wealth, who lives on his in-

*They were so anxious to see what I said of old mother Drybones, that one held me while the others looked.

come, and is a gentleman of great elegance of manners and erudition. The doctor lives quite in style, and has a most accomplished wife. He is rather young in appearance, fine size, fair complexion, ovai features, with all the kindred virtues beaming in his dark soft eye—he is one of the most amiable of men.

Dr. Ard, also a gentleman of attractive manners, pursues his profession; he is tall, slender, middle aged man, and alike amiable.

Doctor Culbertson, is likewise a very amiable man I do not recollect any other physicians. The bar is considerable for numbers and talent The first on my list is Elias W. Hale, Esq. a descendent of the great Hale of England. Mr H. is a shrewd satirical Yankee, whose fore-fathers landed upon the rock of Plymouth. He is middle aged, of good size, and fair round face, and a very expressive countenance, and is a gentleman of great wit and acuteness, and does every thing with astonishing ease and grace. He is the best reader I ever heard—one would think he had coned the book for a speech.

Saying to him, I wished to procure something characteristic of the state, to grace my travels; he gave me the following names:

Joab Oxenrider, Sinnemahoning, John Nineteenhills, Henry Nautsinger, Valentine Foglesonger, Esq.

Mr. Hale never laughs, though he has the faculty of making every one else laugh. Joe Strickland ought to see them, and Noah Webster ought to put them in his Dictionary. The saucy Yankee—I asked him if he did invent them, but he said they were real, and he knew them all.

Mr. Parker of the bar, is a small man, good figure, and fair face, and of tolerable manners.

One Hall, also of the bar, is a great clown.

Abraham S. Williams, Esq. is a very genteel man, of middling size, good features, and a bright blue eye.

E. L. Benedict, Esq. likewise of the bar, I was not fortunate enough to see, he being absent—so also was Mr. Hulings, whom I met afterwards.

Mr. Watson, (I cannot distinguish the name,) is a thin spare figure, oval fair face, open benevolent countenance, fine eyes, and of very engaging manners.

Of the clergy, I saw but one, Rev. Bennet, he was a methodist, and quite an agreeable man, though he did not help me on my way.

Francis M'Luer, Esq my friend and favorite of whom I could never say enough, is a merchant, and I might with propriety call him brother, for such he has proved himself to me. Mr. M'Luer's unrivalled worth discovered itself to me by an incident, over which neither of us had any control. He is a middle sized man, young, active, and persevering. But so mild, so gentle, like his own Juniata; light, life and joy, beams in his fine countenance. May he reap the fruit of his virtues.

Levy Reynolds, Esq. is the editor of the Mifflin Eagle. He is a young man of fair countenance and pleasant manners, like all the liberal editors, I found in him a friend. He is much respected in Lewistown.

Mr. James Dickson, was another editor, whom I did not see.*

Mr. Wm. Mitchell is a tall very handsome figure, open countenance and the finest eye in the world.

The *Academy* is a handsome building and in a flourishing condition, I found a yankee at the head of this, and the pupils about *seventy*, far advanced in their studies. The teacher, Mr. P. N. (if I do not mistake) is a man of education, polite, affable in his manners and seems to be aware of the correct method of teaching, I examined several of the pupils in grammar and geopraphy, and found them perfect; both boys and girls are taught. It was unfortunate I should have stumbled upon the only religious house in the place, old mother dry-bones, the landlady was religious, illnatured, vulgar, and unfriendly. Finding I was a foe to those Priest loving dames, she said "the young ladies could not love better men." This comes well from a female. She

* I overlooked a Mr. Glyn, whom I must have seen at Huntingdon, a very amiable man.

had a house full of these godley dames and gentlemen were crowed out; I never was more bored by vulgar women, and the engineers were leaving the house.

Lewistown is the capital of Mifflin County, and contains an academy, 4 churches, a court house, and jail. It is situated at the confluence of the Kishacoquillas creek with the Juniata. The canal passes through it. It was incorporated in 1795, and contains 1500 inhabitants It has several stores and taverns, and is a lively flourishing place, and of all towns, it is the most pleasantly situated. The scenery around Lewistown pertakes largely of the wild, the sublime, and the fanciful, and is unsurpassed in beauty. The views from the academy, which stand upon an eminence, is the most pleasing in Pa The proud Juniata glittering through the rich planes, the sloping hills, the impervious thickets, the encircling mountains, but chiefly the variety of surface, continually rising and falling, waving and winding, the heart saturated with pleasure.

JOURNEY TO HARRISBURG.

After spending three days at Lewistown I departed down the Juniata to Harrisburg the 9th of January 1829, the coldest day we had during the winter.

The gentlemen of the stage house had put the best stage in requisition, had it neatly painted, stuffed, and lined anew with thick cloth, the stage lanterns were shining and the horses the best in the line, and the driver no way behind, and with a gentleman, a lady and child, I bid my favorite town adieu.

We drove on the bank of the Juniata and sometimes upon steep precipices, and in many places the road actually runs in the river upon a wall. But the woman! yes woman!

There was a pass called the *narrows*. Talk of plagues, a scary affected woman, is plague enough, "Oh! we'll be killed, I wish I had 'nt come. Set still Betsey; an't you scared dear? well, all I wish is I had 'nt come." I wish you had 'nt madam." I always responded.

We passed the defiles in safety—had left the river, and were proceeding rapidly over the even plain when we were suddenly over shadowed with utter darkness, followed by a loud clap of thunder, as though heaven and earth were coming together, attended with a noise like the ringing of bells and rattling of hail-stones! This was succeeded by a sudden brightness rushing in from above, and a shower of wooden fragments; the horses going at a quick trot, the whole passed as sudden as a flash of lighting !!! and all unhurt.!! What an engine this would be for the missionaries, they would convert the whole world, were they in possession of such a miracle, it exceeds all their out pourings; they may have it gratis, and they will have what they never had before, a true story, but the reader is impatient.

The top of the stage was off! the canal people are in the habit of building bridges on the surveys—one of those bridges lay across our road, the stage run under it, and had often done so before, but this time by some cause (perhaps a stone got under the wheel) the bridge carried away the top.

The bridge occasioned the darkness, tareing away the top occasioned the noise, the top being off, occasioned the light, the rattling was occasioned by shattering the top to pieces, the bell ringing sound was caused by shivering the lamps. The shower of wooden fragments, I need not explain. Thus the mystery is explained, our escape was miraculous, as ninety-nine times out of a hundred, any set of horses might have taken flight, but particularly ours which were highly pampered, they never altered their gate, however, which was doubtless owing to the presence of mind and superior skill of the driver, for the noise was so sudden and so loud, that it was enough to throw any man off his guard. Another miracle was that our sculls were not pierced by the sharp pieces of wood darting endways so near our heads.

Thus it befel the owner of the stage, who had taken so much paines to render me comfortable.

It now began to snow prodigiously, and stiffened with cold, I arrived at our quarters at 10 o'clock P. M. cover-

ed with snow, but a good fire and a pleasant adventure, soon restored my wanted vigour.

Travelling as I do, I sometimes take it into my head that men, particularly, usurp liberties which I am determined they shall not. Jealous of my rights, perhaps I carry my ideas too far, but who shall decide?

While they were preparing supper, two young men came into my parlor; seating themselves deliberately by the stove, commenced a conversation with each other—not satisfied with this piece of rudeness, they at length addressed themselves to me. As I did not know whom I was amongst—I bore it sometime, but their impudent glances displeased me more than their language. Instead of that ingenuousness which is a universal characteristic of all classes in Pennsylvania, their faces displayed a thorough coat of genuine brass.

Now beside the bar-room, there was a front parlor, with a good fire. Why did they not stay in the bar room? No. They had heard of me, and they must gratify their rude curiosity. This always provokes me, but never from the lowest citizen, if he is introduced.

I told them at length, that I would thank them to withdraw: I was going to sup, and did not wish to be intruded on. But there was too much brass aboard; and sending for the landlord, I told him to invite the gentlemen into another room: that I was not accustomed to such impertinent intrusions—one of them walked off, but the other sat still, till I spoke pretty sharp, and told him that he or I should leave the room. He then sneered and walked off.

Meantime supper was brought in; and while I was sitting at the table another gentleman walked in—he took off his hat, and bowed politely, but did not offer to sit nor speak; nor did I speak to him. I saw he was a gentleman, but was nevertheless displeased, as he ought to have known better.

He continued to walk backwards and forwards at the lower end of the room, and kept his eyes fastened on me. Having finished my supper, I turned my back on him to disappoint his curiosity. He then drew a little nearer,

and asked, if I were travelling. I replied that if it would afford him any gratification, I was; but I did not conceive it any business of his. He then walked out; and as I had to set out again in about three hours, I persuaded the landlord to give me the adjoining parlor, as it was warm and comfortable, and had a large settee, upon which I could repose till the hour of departure.

Shortly after I took possession of the room, a servant pronounced the name of Hulings to some person at the door. Struck by the name, I asked if Mr. Hulings was in town. He is in the bar room, madam. Ask him if he pleases to walk into my room; I wish to see him. It will be recollected that Mr. Hulings, an attorney of Lewistown, was absent, and being highly spoken of to me, both in Lewistown and Huntingdon, from which last place I had a letter to him from a friend, my pleasure may be readily imagined.

Mr. Hulings soon entered the room with a smile, and who should it be but the gentleman to whom I had spoken so harshly in the supper room. I laughed as I arose to take his hand, and asked him why he did not make himself known? that he was the only man of all others, I wished most to see. He said, in fact he was afraid—he was not aware he was known to me by report. Why did you not get the landlord to introduce you? He tried that, but the landlord was afraid too. I tried the landlord, said Mr. H. and when he refused, I was determined to see you at any risk. But, oh! Mrs. R. forgive me, I had heard so much of you that I could not help it. I told him if there was any pardon to be asked, I thought it was due to him, but we were both so overjoyed at the rencounter. That for my part I do not remember half what passed—I was in a perfect delirium, to think I had a friend at the very time I most needed one.

I had been told at Lewistown, I missed a great treat in not meeting with Mr. Hulings, the pride of the Juniata.

I was never more gratified and hurt to this moment, that I should have spoken so harshly to so fine a man — His presence confirmed every thing I had heard of him, much more—certainly, has the most engaging exterior of

any human being. He is over common height, his figure fine, face oval, and rather dark, his glossy hair hangs in profuse clusters over his fine polished forehead; his eyes, full, dark, and animated; his features harmony itself, and the graces dwelt in his countenance. But the exterior of the man is nothing; it was swallowed up by the virtues of his heart; we see the one but we feel the other. All else suspended; my comfort and convenience became his peculiar care—the fires were replenished, the servants, the landlord, all had secret orders, as I never saw more obsequiousness Just tell me what you want Mrs. R Pray do not give yourself any trouble, said Mr. H. as I called a servant. Blankets were produced, coffee, bread and butter. All placed on the stove, ready for me before my setting out in the morning, my bill settled, and nothing left undone.

Meantime I apprised him of the stage accident, and the very uncomfortable alternative of travelling in a vehicle exposed to the weather, and requested him to procure a cloak, blanket, or something to protect me from the cold, which was intense.

I also mentioned the rencounter of the young men, and as they were to travel with me in the stage, he proposed introducing them. I rather objected, but as one I think, was his relative, I received their apologies. "My friend here," pointing to one of them, "Mrs. R. will be of service to you crossing the Susquehanna, which you will find necessary, as it is frozen over, and you will have to walk on the ice—I will pledge myself for them" I gave them my hand to please my friend, but had my suspicions, nevertheless. When about to take leave, (these are the most trying moments.) Mr. H left his cloak, lest I might be cold in the night, and after asking if he could be of any fur-service, took leave. Thus I always find friends! (brothers, I might say,) and protectors! What more can mortal wish?

After resting, perhaps three hours, we proceeded, and a colder morning was rare in that part of the country.

HULING'S ROCK.

About daylight we reached the celebrated Hulings Rock, which over-hangs the Juniata, in a frightful precipice. This rock takes its name from Mr David W. Hulings, the gentleman just mentioned, who at the cost of much expense and enterprise, has cut a road through it to the distance of nearly a mile! A most astonishing effort of industry and enterprise to be accomplished by one man!

I thought of the scary woman, and felt the blood stiring about my heart, as the horses almost flew over a perpendicular wall of several feet in height, literally built in the river.

This rock of amazing height and steepness, jutting into the river—there was no alternative for a passage but to cut through it, which was accomplished by this enterprising man.

Shortly after this, we passed the residence of 'the Hulings' family, a most charming seat, on an island; while I lamented want of time to visit the family.

A little after sunrise, we reached the Susquehanna, where we took breakfast, at a very genteel tavern.

The gentlemen who accompanied me, were hitherto very attentive, and the landlord was uncommonly kind—we left our broken stage here, and took another on the opposite side of the river.

The landlord furnished a small sleigh, in which he put the baggage, and placing me on one of the seats, sent a very genteel man to draw me across the river—excepting the rail road, this was the most pleasant ride I had on my tour.

The Pennsylvania canal comes in here, and another branches off from this point towards New York, up the Susquehanna. It appears that the whole state of Pennsylvania is to be canalled, and I fear too much of it on hand.

The Susquehanna is very handsome at this place, and the scenery very splendid. The mountain comes in close

to the river on one side, and though the ground rises on the other, there is a narrow strip of land on the river—at this place there is a dam across the Susquehanna to raise the water even with the canal.

Two Irishmen got into the stage here, one was an impudent coxcomb, and the other was a poor old man who seemed ready to expire from some disease he had contracted on the canal.

As he was poor and shabby, he was forced to sit upon the middle seat, which had no back, without extorting the least pitty from the brutish passengers, all young men. I interceded for him, but all in vain! and seeing he was ready to drop, I sat on the middle seat myself. and gave him mine! We need not go far to look for heathens! The monsters, to treat an aged sick and poor man thus.

My young gentlemen who had evinced rather an impatient aspect for some time, now broke out in a volley of oaths and threats of an alarming nature—they were both good hands at the bottle, and had taken a deep drink at the breakfasting house, and at every house on the road, until they were completely drunk, and the coxcomb Irishman was not far behind them. Mr. Hulings' friend had poured it in so liberally, that he became beastly stupid and sleepy. But it had a different effect on the other, he grew outrageous—he had only smothered his rage since the preceding night; and the spirit beginning to work on him, he first turned pale and then red, and attacked me personally with oaths, referring to that incident, and my entreaties in favor of the old man.

As I had been particularly consigned to the care of the other, I appealed to his honor—I appealed to the promise I heard him make to his friend Hulings—all I obtained was a stupid grin.

My only chance now was the driver; the poor old man was my friend, but he was too sick to help himself. But the Irishman sitting upon the front seat, whispered to the driver, and gained him to their side. I nevertheless ordered him to stop the coach and let me get out. Drive on, said the Bogtrotter. Stop I say. Drive on, said the ruffian. My last resort was to alarm the people on the road,

and accordingly I called aloud to the people of the first house I saw, to stop the coach. Drive on, said the two ruffians—drive on. Whilst I addressed the people with the door open—the people obeyed instantly, and ran with great speed to my assistance. But the driver putting his horses to full speed, also—the man, after running himself nearly to death, had to desist. I then made an attempt to jumpt out, but the ruffians held me forcibly in the stage. Thus the northern route disgraced itself the last day. The passengers, driver, and proprietor of this line, ought all to be sent to the state prison for this day's work; and the passengers certainly would, but while I was calling for a constable to arrest them at Harrisburg, they disappeared.

It is doubtless, the first time that a female was attacked by four men, in open daylight, in the United States' mail stage.

HARRISBURG.

I merely passed through Harrisburg on my way to Pittsburg, intending to spend some time in it on my return, as the legislature would then be sitting, and I would have the pleasure of seeing the members.

I arrived about noon. Proceeding down the Juniata first, and the Susquehanna to Harrisburg, through the Blue mountains. The scenery on these two rivers, is not surpassed by any in the Union.

Just at a point designed by nature for the metropolis of this independent state, stands Harrisburg, on the bank of the Susquehanna, in the heart of the finest land in Pennsylvania. The surrounding country is beautifully diversified by rising grounds and fertile plains. The site of the town rises from the river back, until it gains a considerable eminence; on the top of this, the capitol of the state legislature is built—one of the finest buildings in the United States, and beyond dispute, the most convenient.

The summit of the eminence is level, and on each side of the capitol stands three other buildings, for the public offices and arms, and show to great advantage. But the view from the cupola of the capitol, is unrivalled by any

view off the seaboard. The town below, the broad Susquehanna, with its superb bridge; the farms and gardens, and the Blue mountains—it is the most triumphant display of beauty and grandeur to be met with in the states.—The architect of the capitol deserves much credit. There is no hide and go seek holes in it like our capitol at the city of Washington. A handsome gallery runs round the building, equi-distant from the base and the top on the outside; and doors open to this platform, on which you may have a delightful promenade.

The representative Hall, is large and very splendid—the furniture is rich and costly, and the speaker's chair is more superb than that of Congress Hall. The Senate Chamber is larger than that at Washington, and both are well lighted.

They have no galleries—seats for strangers are on the same floor, behind the bar, raised like those of the halls. I was present during the debates, and was much pleased with the good order and plain independence of the members.

I stopped at Mr. Buehler's, and was waited on that evening by a number of the members—also by my old friend Gen. Swift. This being Saturday, I was invited to go to church the next day; a carriage and escort was at my service, after the arrangements, to which I consented, and the gentlemen withdrew.

Next morning Gen. Ogle, the old 76, attended with a barouch and five or six outriders, and thus honored, I was led to the front pew, which had been reserved for the purpose. Next day I was escorted to the Senate, where I found matter enough for my pen.

The first thing I did, was to select those members who voted for chartering the *Sunday School Union.* These were pointed out to me by a friend; and I candidly believe they sincerely repent of the infamous transaction.—The speaker of the Senate, Mr. Sturgeon, one of the voters, is a stout young looking man, with rather coarse features; his face is round and complexion dark, but his countenance is open and artless; his manners are plain and displays great independence and self-possession; though

a farmer-like man, was perfectly unembarrassed; spoke audibly, and never appeared to miss his duties.

They go on very rapidly with business in both houses, sit after dinner, and even until bed-time, in committees. But go with the blue-skins.

Hon. Brown, is the hardest *cut* of the whole, he *drinks ——— water.* Oh! the sinner. He is of good size, neither old nor young, with a broad red face—he turns all his hair upon the top of his head in narrow braids to hide his bald pate, has a gander eye and sly countenance.

Hon. [this distinction is only due to senators,] King, I have mentioned in my 1st vol.—He has a very heavy brow and a piercing black eye; he voted for the charter.

Hon. Duncan, same corps, is not a bad looking man, and a good speaker The Presbyterian hardness was there. He and the Hon. Sullivan, resemble very much, and the flint does not look harder. They have triangular red faces, high cheek bones and blue eyes. They are cold blooded men.

Hon. Fullerton, same, is an elderly stout man, a little gray, with a large pale face, and the finest eye in mortal head; large, full, soft and black—his countenance is mild and benevolent, and his actions accord therewith. He supports a fair reputation, and nothing but the most besotted bigotry could have led him into the snare of Dr. Ely.

Hon. Hay, is mentioned in 1st Vol. under the head of Philadelphia He has a keen intelligent face, and could swing off an hundred heretics to the hour

Hon. Logan, (Sunday school too,) is keen for uniting *church and state;* he openly avows it, and is a warm friend of Dr. Ely's. May both their HEADS be severed from their shoulders, before we see the day. The others do not deserve a place in the history of their country.

The liberal men form a great contrast to these—there was the towering Gen. Ogle, grown gray in the senate; reminded one of one of the Roman senators. He is a very bold animated speaker—the tear watered his benevolent cheek as he spoke in favor of the revolutionary soldiers.

Hon. Hare Powell, is also a very independent, manly

speaker, and a fine orator. The United States and the world at large, owe much to this patriot. Had it not been for him and Dr. Burden, most probably American blood would now be running in our streets. Pennsylvania has rendered her name immortal, in being the first to oppose those ferocious banditti.

Hon. E. S. Kelly, was rather of a blueish cast, but is a very amiable, worthy man. He is an attorney, of good height and figure, rather light, and young looking, with an oval thin face, dark complexion, and dark hair and eyes—his countenance is keen, at once expressive of shrewdness and good sense. He is affable in his manners, and is said to be one of the most efficient members of the senate.

Hon. John Ryon, is one of my favorite Germans. He is a gentleman of young appearance, middling height, and well made—his face is round, full and fair, with handsome regular features, fair hair, and soft blue eyes; his countenance open and manly, and his manners candid and generous.

Hon. J. Miller, (of Perry,) is also a young man, tall, slender and finely shaped, with an oval, fair, smooth face, and mild dark eye, and his countenance mild and placid; his manners are peculiarly dignified and engaging.

Hon. Jackson, was a poor apology.

Hon. Matthias Morris, is a Yankee from N. H. He represents Bucks—is a tall, fine looking man, keen and actively made, with a good face, dark complexion, and piercing black eye. He is an attorney.

Hon. Krebs, is a middle aged man, rather intelligent and genteel in his appearance.

Hon. Kerling, of Delaware, is also of middle age, and middling height, oval face, with deep blue eyes, and genteel appearance.

Hon M'Clure, of Lycoming, is a handsome light figure, middle aged, redish hair and eyebrows, pleasing countenance, and easy manners.

Hon. Ringland, of Washington, is a keen, fine figure, with a fair face and very engaging appearance.

Hon Seltzer, one of my Germans, and a good sound man; is middle aged, and respectable appearance.

Hon. John Ray, one of the best men in Pennsylvania, German descent. He and Mr. Ryon, were sitting together; I liked their honest generous faces, and drew my chair, and leaned over the bar, against which they sat, and chatted with them some time. Mr. Ray is of middle age, dark visage, black hair, and a keen sensible black eye—I was much pleased with his generous countenance and frank manners.

J. Hunt, Esq. another senator, is from Chester county, the land of promise—he is a good honest farmer, of middling age, and genteel manly figure, with honesty and independence depicted in his countenance—his complexion is middling, his face round, with good features, and a soft gray eye; his manners familiar and friendly.

Hons. Dr. Burden, of Philadelphia county, and Wise, of Westmoreland, were absent at Philadelphia.

Hon. Leech, of Mercer county, is also of middle age; a tall man; round, fair, small face, sharp nose, and very pleasing countenance.

Of Hon. Houston, I find nothing in my notes but *chin* and *spectacles*.

Hon. Frederick Hambright, is another of my favorites, as generous as a prince, he is from Lancaster. No more may be said of him. Mr. Houston, is also from Lancaster, but he did not happen to strike me.

Hons. Drumheller, Reif, Bertolet, Scott, Hawkins, and Herbert, are all that remain of the senate.

As it is the first time, the body has attracted the pen of the historian, it would have given me pleasure to have described them particularly. But from what cause I know not, they have been overlooked in my haste, or the notes lost. Must wait till next time. It is painful to close the description of this noble body of freemen, with the much lamented J. De Pui, Esq. the life, soul and pride, as well as clerk of the senate. He is no more! Cruel death always culls the fairest flowers. Mr. De Pui was of Green county, and the handsomest man in the chamber; a fine towering figure, noble mien, and the Chesterfield of the senate. Peace to his shade.

When I last saw him, he received from my hand, a set of my works, a present for the state. I shall never forget his modest bow, as he took the books from my hand, and the sweet smile which accompanied his thanks.

Col. W. S. Franklin, assistant clerk, was also an interesting young man, nor must I forget the door-keeper, who is also sergeant at arms, Mr. Robert Dickey, a most worthy and kind man, and a perfect gentleman. I never look at the exterior of a man, I always attend to his actions.

For honor of this great state; all possible honor was paid to me by the senate, from the speaker down. They know how to appreciate strangers, and by paying proper respect to their own rights, they know how to respect the rights of others.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

If I was honored in the Senate, I was much more so in the House. These noble warm hearted people received me as though I were a dear parent. It was quite a moving scene. Pennsylvania had heard of me—I was for some time cherished in her bosom, when a child. They had heard it—they had heard I was a brave man's widow—they had heard of my adverse fortune—they had heard of my independence—and the respect paid to me every where.

I was escorted to the house, and met at the door by two representatives; these led me up the front isle—when the speaker descended from his chair and received me with great condescention and kindness. He led me to a seat near the fire and seated himself by my side. The speaker, Mr. Middlesworth, is not a handsome man, but his politeness made him shine like diamonds—I shall ever remember him with gratitude and esteem—he is a middle aged man, and middling height, heavily made, with a round full face, dark complexion, and open benevolent countenance; he is a plain and friendly man.

Mr. L. A. Caldwell, of Lancaster county, was every thing to me—he is of middle age and stoutly built, of fine appearance, and warm easy manners.

Robert A. Miller, of Chester county, is likewise a middle aged sound German, of good size, round face, fair complexion, and mild gray eyes; his countenance steady and unassuming, and a modest independence marks his unsophisticated manners.

I was no less pleased with Mr. Peter Shindle, a low but good staunch firm German. I wish all our citizens were as honest and sound as Mr. Shindle. He is low and square built, and seeing the other members subscribing, he "did not care about reading or buying a book, but he vood kif a vidow somdings," and pulled out fifty cents; more than I would have received from a missionary in an hundred years, unless it was in the price of a halter.

H. Petrekin, Esq. is a fine merry soul; he despises the blues, tracts, and priestcraft. Had seen and read my Black Book, and was delighted to hear I had dispersed the blackcoats, and put the colleges to a stand—he was one of the school committee; he and two or three more, soon made arrangements to introduce a new and liberal mode of teaching; which we in the goodness of our hearts, and wisdom of our heads, declared and decreed, should be general in Pennsylvania, and should not contain a single priest or missionary. We were to pull down all the colleges and erect them anew. I showed them the obscene letters I received from these godly people, with the rules of the colleges. The liberal members are for a general school system.

Mr. P. is a young small man, with a keen eye, and no small share of intelligence; he is an independent and spirited speaker, and guards against innovations with the eye of an eagle.

A. R. Fetterman, Esq. is mentioned in the 1st Vol. he is from Bedford, and is also awake and on guard. Both he and Mr. P. are attorneys. Mr. F. is a man of more mildness, but eminent in virtue.

Mr. Roberts, is a young spare man, with rather a clownish look—he speaks well; I do not know what county he is from; as a missionary stole, (I wish this was all they stole,) the paper with the names of the counties.

Mr. A. D. Ker, of Washington county, is a large middle aged man, with an intelligent countenance, fair complexion, and wears spectacles—he is a close attentive member.

Gen. Krepps is a stout, portly young man, with a round, full, ruddy face—good natured open countenance, very jovial and friendly.

Peter Lobach, Esq of Cumberland, is middle aged, and a fine noble figure, fair full face, and open manly countenance, and the pure cream of human kindness—he is quite a plain farmer looking man, little touched with the blues

Rev. John Dreisbach, a Methodist priest, (I think,) is a slender thin visaged man, sallow complexion, and soft blue eyes; his countenance is mild, staid, and has much sweetness—his manners are easy and amiable. He is from East Buffalo, Union county.

Wm. Alexander, one of the stars, is from Newville.—He is a middling sized man, of very fine appearance; his figure light, and his features of the best Grecian model; his countenance is mildness and intelligence itself, and his manners are equally winning.

Gen. Frick, is quite a rustic, with a stout figure, round face and wan countenance; he effects great singularity, and is full of horse play and horse laugh. I should think his heart or his head is unsound.

Mr. B. Champneys, is from Lancaster; he is an attorney, of middling height, and rather light make, with a handsome person; his features are regular and striking, and visage round and fair; his countenance is prepossessing, and he speakes with much fluency and grace; he is quite young, and very promising; his manners are truly engaging.

Dr. Lehman, is from Philadelphia, also a very engaging man; he is tall and keenly made, with a small lynx eye; his face is oval, thin and handsome, and his countenance cool, staid, and contemplative; he is a sensible, shrewd, business-going man, and a very handsome speaker—he is a perfect gentleman in his manners and does honor to those who elected him.

B. S. Bonsall, Esq. is from Philadelphia; he is a tall fine figure, and handsomely featured, with a soft full black eye, ruddy complexion, benevolent countenance, and very genteel interesting manners. He was one of our committee to fix the school plan.

Mr. Fisher, from York, is also a genteel good looking man.

J. R Shannon is from Beaver all the way; he is one of the finest men on the floor—one of your right down warm hearted men—gets acquainted in a moment, and uses no ceremony. This is however, peculiar to Pennsylvania, excepting Philadelphia; you cannot find a fop in the state. Mr. S. is quite a young man, stoutly made, with a round, full, handsome face, and ruddy complexion. His countenance is humanity itself, and his manners fascinating, in the highest degree, and is the idol of all who know him.

Mr. Blodget is a young looking man, of good appearance, blue eyes and easy manners.

Mr Rohrer is likewise a fine looking young man, good figure, handsome features and open benevolent countenance.

Mr. Bastress, is a portly, elderly man, with a coarse visage, rather blueish, but appears of good sound sense.

Mr. Martin, of Philadelphia, is a good looking man, and fine appearance.

Mr. John Galbraith, of Franklin, is a tall fine figure, with a thin oval fair face, and mild engaging countenance, and pleasant manners, and a young looking man.

Mr D. Lawson, is a rough farmer looking man, of middling age and good person; his face is rather dark, with a fine keen intelligent eye, and benevolent countenance. I was much surprised to find him a man of reading, and general knowledge, and one of the most active members of the house.

Mr. Geo. Farrell, is an amiable man, of very pleasant manners and feeling heart, middle aged, and very intelligent. I cannot say whether Mr F. is a member or not. But this I can say; he is a most valuable man to society. Alas! there is no society! But I mean virtue, innocence,

and liberty. It is astonishing that the very few friends of virtue and humanity, do not unite for the common safety. Masonry, the last prop of society, is attacked by these savages—never was a better bait to take the unwary, and were it not that what little learning, honesty and common sense is left from the ravages of these Tartar hordes, is found amongst the Masons, the curtain of liberty would soon drop forever.

I received a complimentory note from Mr. Farrell, in approbation of the favorable opinions I expressed of Masonry in my writing. The note does honor to the Union; that if all the people in the world were Masons, no such thing as war and blood shed or cruelty, would disgrace the human race. But this is impossible while ignorance and knavery abounds.

Gen. J. Ash, of York, is also amongst the respectable members. Likewise, Messrs. Isaac Trimble, of Chester county, Arthur M'Gill, of Pittsburg, Ezra Cope, of West-Chester, John Cox, of Shippensburg, and Samuel White of Petersburg, Adams county—these are all very amiable and independent men.

Messrs. Livingston and Boyd, deserve the fag-end of the house; both hot blue-skins of the first water, and are from Philadelphia; very little to its credit to send men to make laws, who bored their tongues and hung them—I could take a piece of maple and make better men if I had a Yankee carpenter. I heard Livingston say, "we have *beggars* enough." Very true; but if his tract-ship, applied the epithet to me, I throw it back in his face. Boyd had an old maid with him, trying to trade her off.

Mr. Miller, of Philadelphia, is a very fine man, but a little touched with the blues.

These are the principal members, a firm generous independent body of men as America can boast.

It would seem the taste of the assembly centered in the person of its clerk. The clerk of the house is the pride of the Susquehanna, and beyond question, the most perfect model of manliness in the state, or perhaps in America. He is about six feet, five or six inches high, with clear made limbs, perfect symmetry, young, pleasing in his

manners, handsomely featured, and his gate easy and graceful; his name is F. R. Shunk, Esq.

The officers of the state government, are also worthy respectable men—of them, the principal are Gabriel Heister, Esq surveyor-general, and A. Mahon, Esq. treasurer, and the auditor-general, Gen. Heister, is a relation of ex-Governor Heister, and a stout young looking man, with a large round fair face, dark full eyes, and very easy plain manners. His countenance is very interesting

Mr. Samuel Brenizer, his chief clerk, is one of the finest looking men in the state—he is a tall elegant figure, (these Susquehanna people are giants,) quite a young man, with one of the handsomest faces in the world—his complexion is fair, his eyes full and blue, and the graces revel in his countenace.

Mr. J. D. Rupp, in the secretary's office, is rather a small man, but finely shaped, with a round fair face, and mild blue eyes—he very politely waited on me through the building, and showed me some interesting relict of antiquity, viz: the signature of James the 2d, king of England—this was written in a plain hand, while he was duke of York; signed James, to a deed to Penn. Also the original charter of Charles 2d, to Penn. The colors taken from the Hessians at Princeton—several deeds from the Indians to Penn. The first of these charters was dated in 1692, the other in 1732. I did not see the secretary of state, but found a great boar sitting in his chair.

The auditor-general, David Mann, is a very tall middle aged man, of pleasing manners.

Mr. Mahon, the treasurer, is a stout man, middle aged, full face, with a fine blue eye, and gentlemanly manners. Every thing was in place in his office, and the business appeared to be well conducted.

Gen. David Mann, was however, the flower of the flock.

Amongst the relics of old time, I met with a number of chairs used by the old congress at Philadelphia, from 35 to 40 years ago. They were very large, and newly covered with red morocco.

JUDGES.

But one judge resides in Harrisburg. Judge Franks, he is a relation of my favorites, the Messrs. Keims of Reading, and the greatest wit and humorist of the age.—"Oh, Mrs. R. if you go to Harrisburg, you must see Judge Franks—every body likes Judge Franks, he is the greatest wit in the state."

The Judge having been absent, returned but a few hours previous to my departure, and I had the pleasure of his company but a few minutes, sufficient however, to discover his talent for wit and humor in which he excels.

One of his stories was of a negro woman, a pious methodist. She was a domestic in a merchant's house, and occupied a room adjoining the store. There was an opening in the partition wall, between this room and the storeroom, and a barrel of coffee stood near the opening; she set her heart upon the coffee, and drawing a chair to the spot, spread her apron out on her lap and began to draw the coffee out of the barrel, with both hands into her lap, and to prevent suspicion, began to sing a him, keeping time with her hands. But to see the Judge mimicking, stretching out his hands and drawing them in, singing, "Turn to the Lord and seek salvation, glory be to God that rules on high," Was superior to any comedy—a line for every take. He told several anecdotes with admirable humor, and I was sorry we had to part so soon.

The Judge is a middle aged man, with a stout, handsome person, fine full face, rather of the Grecian shape, and if you can imagine generosity, charity, wit and good nature, assuming a material image, you have a correct idea of his countenance. Nothing can give an idea of his eyes—unlike other eyes, are without any white, and are a sky-blue.

THE BAR.

The bar of Harrisburg, is about so so. A Yankee, Mr. Wood, was tolerable; they are always fond of books. Mr. W. is a middle sized man, of rather young appearance, handsome round fair face, and full blue eye—he has all the ease and cordial manners of the Yankees, and has a very interesting family.

Mr. Maginness, one of the best of men, is no more. He was a middle aged, stout polished man, and one of the most pleasing, generous men in Pennsylvania. Peace to his shade.

Wm. Ayres, Esq. of the bar, is a fine looking, stout man, very liberal and gay in his manners, and hates the blues—he is very promising, being a young man.

Geo. W. Harris, Esq. is a descendent of Col Harris. who gave name to Harrisburg. He is a very amiable young man of interesting appearance and genteel manners. These were all of the bar that fell in my way.

The liberal part of the citizens of Harrisburg are rather in the minority; the greatest part being Scotch-Irish.

Messrs. Henry Beader, Jacob Duck, Samuel Haldeman, A. D. Keller, John Cameron, Henry W. Godwin, and H. Alward All gentlemen of generosity and kindness, and with a few others to come yet, keep the body and soul of Harrisburg together. They are plain sensible men, and are friendly to the whole human race.

Governor Shulze, I mentioned in 1st Vol. I found him the same—pleasant and friendly. Also Messrs. Peacock and Stambaugh, first and last, these were amongst the first citizens of Harrisburg. Mr. Stambaugh, especially, is one of the most humane, benevolent men on earth.*

Mr. Wyeth, (mentioned before,) was my bookseller, and a faithful, friendly agent, extremely polite, and rendered me many essential services in Harrisburg, yet I was hurt to find him unfriendly to Masonry. The enemies of Masonry, however are

* Mrs. Stambaugh is an exception of her sex.

"Vapours fashioned by the breeze,
Aspen leaves on brittle trees."

They are strong in Harrisburg. Nor must I forget Master Lewis Wyeth, the most charming youth I ever saw.

Mr. Fahnestock, I think the Prothonotary, one of the finest jolly souls in Harrisburg, a genuine German, and hates the blues—he is a middle aged, stout and handsome, and carries his soul in his body, always ready to relieve the widow and the orphan. I met with Mr. Snyder in his office, another warm hearted gentleman.

Mr. Samuel Shoch, was there too, all kind and glad to see me, (but a shabby lawyer, who ran away,) I could have spent my days with them.

Mr. John H. Foster, cashier of the bank, is the pride of Harrisburg. He as well as the chief clerk, Mr. M'Cormick, are also attornies. Mr. F. is a tall, beautiful figure, middle aged, with a keen gray eye and oval face, and a man of shining manners. It would be almost a sin to add more, though I could without exhausting the subject. Mr. James M'Cormick, his clerk, is another Adonis—a tall, light, neat figure, fair round face, with the fugitive graces dancing over it, and a soft blue eye beaming beneath his mild brow.

But of all wild beasts, the cashier or what you will, of the other bank, exceeded; and what makes him ten times uglier, he has the prettiest wife in the Union.

As we move on the same side, we come to Mr. Wm. H. Doll, a respectable jeweler, an amiable man. I know but one more, Rev. Kay, the Unitarian parson. Mr. K. is of England, is a perfect gentleman, and his family highly accomplished. But this is common to Unitarians, they are greatly ahead of other sects in mental improvement.

Dr. Keagy, I mentioned in 1st Vol. he is still the same amiable and kind man.

I met with several interesting strangers at Harrisburg, amongst these were Dr. Beaumont, of Ontario, New York. Dr. B. is the principal contractor for the Pennsylvania canal. Is a man of science, talent and business—he is rather a small man, of young appearance, and a perfect gentleman in his manners. Pennsylvania is highly indebt-

ed to him for his efficient labors and indefatigable industry—he was one of the contractors for the grand canal, and well acquainted with the business. He is highly respected in Pennsylvania. He is now engaged on the Chesapeake and Ohio canal.

Mr. Welsh, is an editor, and resides in York, and one of the most agreeable friendly men I met with on my tour. He is a young man, uncommonly handsome, and pleasing in his address, and the finest black eye in nature.

At Harrisburg also, I met with James C Gallaher, Esq, of Norristown, Montgomery county, Pa. likewise a most interesting man, of highly polished manners and cultivated mind I was particularly struck by his studied politeness and friendly conversation.

John J. Shuler, of Middletown, is likewise amongst the worthies of Pa. and one of her most facinating sons—he is small, and quite a young man, and if I am not mistaken, appertains to the army. He was grossly misused by Major K of Fort Independence at Boston, and must be known to the War Department at Washington city.

I also had the felicity to see Capt. Elliot, of Carlisle, which I have mentioned.

Also a worthy young man by the name of John Candour, Esq. he is a very accomplished, interesting man, and received with much pleasantry the puns played off with his name.

Gens. Winchester and Swift, adverted to some where back, little need be said of them. Gen S. I have noticed in my Sketches. Gen. Winchester, of Baltimore, is a lofty, noble figure, and amongst the first men in our country—his family is ancient and respectable, and he is a man of first rate talents, nor less so is Gen. Swift.

They were sent on by Maryland to unite with the people of York, for permission of the Pennsylvania Legislature, to construct the Baltimore and Susquehanna Rail Road. But it appeared this measure was strongly opposed by the Philadelphia members from motives of selfishness, it is said, lest Baltimore might draw the trade of the Susquehanna. The people of Baltimore could not have sent two more efficient men to negociate the business;

but I saw it was impossible from the hostility of the Philadelphia members—Hare Powell opposed it like a lion.

I overlooked a Mr. Henry Alwood or Alward, (I cannot distinguish,) he is represented as middle aged, and genteel. Also, Mr. William Colder, as one of the worthy men of Harrisburg. Also a bookseller, Mr. M'Gowan, is quite a liberal man.

The weather being unfavorable, I saw but few ladies. A few however called, amongst whom were Mrs. Catlin, Miss Burr and Glenn. The two former, the daughters of the architect who built the bridge at Harrisburg—these were by far the most accomplished females I met with in the state, and reminded me of the Boston ladies. Whoever has seen the one may form some idea of the other; simple, plain and artless, ease and kindness, mark their manners: all nature, no art.

Miss Glenn, is also a very accomplished woman, and at the head of a female seminary in Harrisburg. She is a tall, beautiful figure, and possesses a highly cultivated mind, and is the only seminary worth naming in Harrisburg

I had much amusement at the house of these ladies with a red headed, good sound Presbyterian; he attempted to expose me by argument—"That those who opposed tracts and missionaries, were enemies to Christ." He repeated this so often I took it up, and asked, "In what part of the bible he found tracts? I never read the bible, I asked for information." "You never read the bible! you ought to read the bible." "But I think for myself." "Every one ought to read the bible" "But sir, I am afraid if I were to read the bible, I might be guilty of the crimes those are who do read it" "Oh, if you deny the bible and the christian religion, I have no more to say, I am done." There was a large party present.—"Now gentlemen, this blue-skin just proves what he is? see his hypocrisy; at the very time, agreeably to him, he ought to have the most to do with me, he deserts me."—The company burst into a loud laugh, and the blue-skin picked up his hat and walked off.

I also had a great deal of amusement with aunt Tabby, an old maid, the great grand mother of all the missionary societies in Harrisburg. "I hope I have the honor of belonging to the missionaries," said aunt Tabby. Every one knows her.

THE TOAST.

When my departure drew near, the gentlemen of Harrisburg were pleased to honor me with a dinner. Without flattering Mr. Wilson, at whose tavern the dinner was given; it was the most splendid I ever saw in the western or eastern states.

But the Toast.—I was supported on the right by Gen. Ogle, the oldest general of the revolution, and on the left by Gen. Wise. I was asked whom I would have in front, I replied, the editors, my greatest friends. Accordingly, three editors sat before me, of whom Mr. Stambaugh of the Reporter, was one.

While I was thus honored, Mr. Hay, of the Centinel, came up behind me, and leaning on my chair proposed a reconciliation I always come to the point at once, and taking a glass of wine, proposed he would abjure blue-skinism forever. This was a tough pill, he hummed and hawed some time—Mr. Stambaugh finding he hesitated, filled up a glass and said, "I will pledge you Mrs. Royall, *Blue-skins, may all their throats be cut.*"

Harrisburg contains between three and four thousand inhabitants; and besides the buildings mentioned, has a magnificent Masonic hall, a court-house, prison and several churches.

HISTORY.

Harrisburg was originally known as Harris' ferry, and was laid out as a town by Mr. Harris' son, about the end of the last century. The same gentleman was late a member of Congress, and still resides in Harrisburg, though I had not the pleasure to see him. I saw, however, the famous Mr. Blair, who, though a rank blue-skin, deserves

much credit for making the northern turnpike -he was an old man, and as sour as a crab-apple. I met ,, h several Jews in my tour, very fine men

About to take leave, I have a word of praise to bestow on Mr. Buehler of the tavern, that in attention, rooms and table, he deserves the patronage of the public: and no less does Mr. Wilson. Harrisburg excels in good taverns and boarding-houses: and as to members of the state, they are not behind any men in America in courtesy, good sense, and good hearts. Long may they remain the strongest pillar of the Union!

VISIT TO YORK.

On the coldest, snowy, blustering day I ever felt, about one o'clock, P. M. I took the stage for York with my friend and favorite, Mr. Welsh of that town. We passed through the same beautiful country, I travelled upon my route to Pittsburg, viz. through Middletown, and over Swatara river—but the snow poured down to such a degree that we could not see ten steps before us, and I became so chilled with the cold that Mr. Welsh, one of the humane fraternity, pulled off his upper cloak and put it round me. The Susquehanna, we crossed little a above Columbia. But the sight of the river was terrific; the waves rolling high, the ice running, and a demi-flood from the melting of the snow, and nothing but a skiff to cross in. My trunks were piled up in the bow, and wrapped up in Mr. Welsh's cloak, which he held round me, and laid across his lap that the wind might not blow me overboard, we stood for the opposite shore, contending with ice, snow, wind, and flood, one mile—no other woman, excepting a *squaw*, would have crossed the river this day.

We had now a long way to go after sunset, and as cold as Greenland. About nine o'clock we arrived at

YORK,

When I was met at the door of the tavern by five or six gentlemen, who expected me in that evening's stage, and who literally carried me into the house.

Here was great joy. Mr. Barthee, a French gentleman, and several others whom I had seen in Harrisburg, apprised of my intended arrival, were at the tavern ready to receive me. Thus carressed, as I was, on all sides, a warm room and a hot cup of tea soon restored my spirits and converse. They had heard every thing about me from the papers and from my friends. I was perfectly acquainted. We laughed at the missionaries, tracts, and bible societies; and the house rang with mirth and glee till a late hour, when Mr. Welsh, who never yet left my side, took leave and I retired to my chamber.

York is situated in a rich plain, on a stream called the Codorus, and used to be called Little York in the time of the revolution, and is famous in the history of the war. It is an old town and contains nearly 5,000 inhabitants; and is the capital of York county. It is about 80 miles south-west from Philadelphia, and about a days journey north of Baltimore. It contains a court-house, prison, an academy, several churches, and does much business; though it is about stationary, as it is cut off from all advantages of trade in the canalling business. It appears that Philadelphia is determined to sacrifice York to its own selfishness, lest by extending navigation to the latter, Baltimore would be benefited. I cannot say I feel much interested for the tongue boring Baltimore, as they encourage missionaries rather too much for me. But I do think it is hard on York; the legislature will not consent to its making a rail-road, even at its own expense, so that they are held as slaves to the caprice of Philadelphia, consequently York must go down.

York is regularly laid out like Philadelphia, and some of the houses are well built of brick, some of wood, and a few of stone. The court house is an ancient and respectable pile, built by Penn in 1749. In this building the

sword presented to General Lafayette by the state, was delivered to him; I was in the room, it is on the second story to the left. The court sits in the lower story on a plain unpainted bench—every thing plain; nor has the bar, box, or bench, ever been painted.

Court was in session at the time, and whom think you, was the presiding judge? Even the wooden nutmeg man, mentioned in the 1st Vol. who travelled with me from Lancaster.

It would actually appear that mankind was not intended to be free—here is a race of men as brave as Cæsar, fought and bled, and suffered untold hardships. Who fought harder for liberty than Pennsylvania? I never read of their bleeding feet, but I shed tears. This is forgot! A new race has sprung up, unworthy as they are ignorant of the blessing.

What under Heaven, but their inability to govern themselves, could possess them to make this blue-skin Yankee a judge over liberal, honest men? Could they not find a native Pennsylvanian? They are guilty of treason to themselves.

His honor had not taken his seat, and a number of good honest farmers being assembled in the court-house—I made them a speech upon the subject, which was received with great approbation. I told them of the danger of encouraging these blue-skin pedlers, and how they would peddle themselves into favor with the women, and then into their money chests. They gazed at me in astonishment—never came into their heads that Pennsylvanians would make as good judges as Yankees.

My pursuits left me but one day to spend at York, and my parlor was thronged during the time, the crowd was formidable, the house could not contain them; the street and back-yards were covered. But my guardian angels formed a phalanx around me; look behind when I would, Barthee, or some of the fraternity was always at my back. Mr. Barthee, is a light figure, dark complexion, thin oval face, with a soft black eye, and a countenance of uncommon sweetness; his manners, what we might suppose, candid and genteel.

Gen. Ash, is a tall, slender, middle aged man, of fine appearance, and elegant manners

Gen. Jacob Spangler, is likewise a noble figure, and a most excellent man.

Gen. Michael Daudel, Col. James A. Connelly, Messrs. James B. Webb, David Ducky, Henry Snyder, and Mr. Porter, with those who have gone before; are the cream of York, and are some of our best men. The tavern-keeper, M'Grath, was very attentive and keeps a good house.

I met with Mr. Charles G. A. Barnetz and Mr. Farel-er, (I cannot distinguish the last name,) and Mr. William Harry. The latter lived ten miles from York, a most gentleman-like man I am under great obligations to this gentleman, and hope we may meet again. Mr Barnetz, lives about a mile from York, and is one of the most useful men in the state. He is one of the best farmers in the first place, and in the second place, he employs a larger capital in the improvement of stock of all sorts, from the horse down to the goose. He is said to have the best breed of cattle in Pennsylvania; he has sold $4,000 worth of cattle in one year, of his own raising! independently of other stock John Bull may boast as he pleases about his fine farms—Germany may boast of her princes and Scotland of her lairds and her kail; but give me a Pennsylvania German farmer.

The Germans are the foundation and the top-stone of the wealth, strength, and independence of Pennsylvania.

I have just heard from Congress and the Sunday mail men, the amount of which is, whether we will surrender our liberties or not! There ought to be a decided negative given to such an insolent request at once, and put the matter at rest forever. If Congress has not the power to do so, warranted as they are by the constitution, then they are like the "Indian's knife, a great gew-gaw handle without a blade." They certainly have the power to declare all public enemies, who are such

I had the pleasure of meeting with Mr. John Smith and his lady, at York. Mr. Smith is mentioned in 1st Vol. of the Black Book; he is a citizen of N. York, and has a summer residence at Sing-Sing, on the Hudson river.

I had often met with Mr. Smith, but never saw his lady until now; she is the handsomest and at once the most accomplished female I ever saw from that city. They were returning from Washington city, where they had been on a visit.

I had intended to visit Gettysburg and Emmitsburg—my heart was particularly set on these two places, especially, as I had known one of the proprietors of the former. I was furnished with letters to Rev. P. Egan, president of "Mount St. Mary's Seminary," of whom I had heard the highest commendation. But unfortunately there was no regular stage, and I hastened to Washington.

APPENDIX.

I MET with nothing extraordinary upon the road from York to Washington, where I arrived 23d January, 1829.

I had written to Washington—"I would arrive on that day"—and sent money to purchase wood, and gave instruction to have a fire in my parlour and every thing in readiness, for the moment I arrived I must go to writing.

What was my astonishment to find my young woman absent. No fire! no wood!—and my time having nearly run out for the third Black Book, I went to writing without a fire! and to my astonishment not a neighbor could give me any intelligence of my woman.

Late one evening, about three weeks afterwards, she came in with a thumping young Missionary under her cloak—a fine boy, the very image of Holy Willy. And "whose is that?"—"I don't know, madam. "Why do you bring it to me?"—"I don't bring it to you, I am taking it to my sister to *nurse*, and just called in to see you." Why cannot the mother nurse it?—"O she is a young lady and a great family, and the thing is a secret, and I got good wages," &c. &c. This is the beauty of religion, and much better than throwing them in the canal or cutting their throats at church doors. This child is now eight months old; well grown, and begins to say "tracts" already. Mr. Danforth of the Infant School, it is said, is to have him.

Meantime it appears a scheme had been laid amongst the godly of Capitol Hill, to convert me

either with or without my consent. To this end holy mobs of boys (black and white) would beset my house with showers of stones—yel—blow horns, and call me holy names.

This was usuall yat night, when the "out-pouring of divine goodness" is most powerful. All this has been published.

Meanwhile, as I still testified a stubborn spirit, Holy Willy, moved with compassion for my lost state, would often be seen under my window with his hands and eyes raised to heaven in silent prayer for the convertion of my soul. In this, however, I might be mistaken as there was another lost sinner under my room. She had strayed from the path of rectitude and had two *douce* colored children; and whether the holy man's prayers were designed for her or me, I am not able to say. But it is clear he could have nothing but the good of our souls in view. What else could bring so pious a man there?

But I was a hardened sinner. Neither the praying in the Engine house, or the pious stone throwings—Holy Willy's visits, nor even Preacher Thunder (who has returned with a large recruit of twenty-four pounders) was likely to have any effect, and I was lost if some more pious method was not resorted to.

About this time a council was held to which all the good *pious* men of Capitol Hill repaired.

Amongst these were some mighty good pious souls who were turned out of office, and others who expected to be turned out. This revived good holy pious feelings in their bosoms, and glorious were the out-pouring of the divine grace.—"Oh that we had our holy religion established," said Mucklewrath, "we would bring this heretic to a speedy repentance. "Yes," said Hallelujah, holding forth, "the inquisition is the thing: it would open her eyes to the light of our holy and precious religion."

Simon Sulpher who had been closely engaged with the Lord, breathing pious ejaculations, beged leave to be heard. My friend Coldkail, who had been chosen moderator, said "Speak on brother, for, Lord be thankit, I hae nae ill will against the leddy, gude though she hae call'd us names, and 'has set the world in a roar o' laughing at us.'"

"I think, for my part," said Simon Sulpher, "this woman is beyond grace, and if we can fall on some plan to *remove* her, that we might serve the Lord in peace, it would be best and never mind her soul, a civil prosecution is our only hope."

"I second the motion," said Holy Willy, "a little coertion is sometimes attended with salutary effects. Our holy meetings yeilds no refreshment to my soul so long as this heretic eats, drinks and sleeps, in peace." He spoke this with power and great boldness in the Lord—took a drink of water from a glass which stood before him, wiped his mouth, and sat down. Mucklewrath spoke next: not being a gifted man, he said but little. One of the Raws spoke next:—"Gentlemen, if we let this woman alone, I mean if we suffer her, gentlemen to write more Black Books, she will Black Book us all out of the office, I can swear to that. I suppose you've heard of —— being turned out to-day, and I'm of opinion she ought to be had up, that is I think, she ought not to be let alone for writing these Black Books. They say she is writing one now that's as bold as Beelzebub, and all them members of Congress bleevs every word that's in them books, [quite probable] and I'm sure there's not a word of truth in them to my sartin knowledge. I can swear that any day." "Well well," said Holy Willy, "we'll see about that very good idea, Mr. Raw." Mr. Love Lady rose next—"Gentlemen, I am partly of your opinion, yet I would rather recommend mild measures. Love overcomes all things you know, and you'll admit that I have been a useful member in the church. I have

brought many a wandering sister to a true sense of the love of God; and if I may express myself, I must say my bowels yearns over this poor lost sinner. Let me try what can be done.* Holy Willy shook his head, and a murmur ran through the assembly, and no one seconded the motion, as my friend (who was present) informed me. For some time there was a dead silence, when counsellor Raw took the floor. He began by saying—"He was clearly of opinion that I might be prosecuted on various grounds. She is a disturber of the peace. Even cats could not mew for her. She wished to stop good pious boys from throwing stones on the Sabbath, and objects to mobs parading the streets at night, or pulling down houses, carrying off carts and steps, and other pious things; she even refused to let Justice Young and Judge Throwstones' sons play ball against her room door. Why it is only the other day she had the assurance to go to our corporation for a warrant to turn some mighty good pious ladies of Capitol Hill out of her own house. This you'll all admit is not to be suffered amongst us good pious people of Capitol Hill. This, gentlemen, will support an action of itself: only put the law on her, and she'll soon leave our good pious neighborhood, so that cats may mew in peace, and our pious young ladies and girls may walk the streets—ay, did she not say in the hearing of some very good people of Capitol Hill, that it was audacious for parents to let girls walk the pavements with colored boys.—Now, gentlemen, you all know that she is a heretic by this."

Counsellor Raw's speech was received with great

* It was about this time that Love Lady's son-in-law, *Johnney Raw*, walking with several gentlemen and ladies through the Capitol, came suddenly upon this shining light of the gospel, while he was in the act of converting a colored woman. They were both in a state of nature, so that it seems even our Capitol is also appropriated to holy purposes. It was his daughter that liked to have fainted when I drove the cats away.

applause. Some praised his wisdom, while all applauded his piety.

Holy Willy seemed rather doubtful—"Statutes" said he "some old laws for slight crimes, and our business is to find evidence. For instance, drunkenness—let us take up that—you know—all the ladies—you understand; that will put her in the Work-house. Can any of you say."

Had I been a drunkard, a street-walker or a missionary, I should have been safe enough; for it is well ascertained I was the only woman on the Hill who was clear of those virtues.

"No," replied Hallelujah, holding forth, "I have enquired the whole city over, and all those who knew her, says she never drinks even a glass of wine."

It appears my godly friends had been at great trouble enquiring over the whole country wherever I had travelled, and corresponding with pious good men to pick some hole in my reputation for the good of my soul. Which of them could sustain such a trial?

"Weel, weel," said Coldkail, "we'll mack nae bustle aboot it noo. Let's a' meet this day eight days, and I'll hae a few cannie books. I'll con them owre wi muckle care at hame. She's as douce a hereteek as e're was stretch'd on eeron spike, prying into a' focks business. For, by myself, then, honest Toby and holy Nurse mon be turned oot o' house and hame by her glibe pen; and she'll ne're stop, I ken her weel freends, till she clears us a' oot o' office; and gin ye find eveedence I'll find law: so gude een' freends: a' must meet here as we at first decreed.

The assembly broke up for that time, and every one was engaged in prayer and supplication to heaven during the interval, that the Lord would come down in his power and aid them in converting so obdurate a sinner.

Love Lady would carry loads of tracts by my

door, and crying out, in the fervency of his heart "who wants to go to heaven? here is your passport: read this." His soul seemed as though it had wings. One night, after praying amongst those mighty good *pious* ladies—"Ah," said he, smacking his lips, "I'de rather spend on hour in this way than to be at the greatest feast in the world." For the best of reasons.

Meantime the day of adjournment came round, and a larger party than before assembled. Coldkail in his researches had succeeded beyond his wishes, and counsellor Raw had not been idle.

"Oh I have it freends, (taking a bundle from under his arm) I have seen his honor, and he is oors. He has a right gude will to oor side, de ye know. I stepid ower to his Honor's for a book, ye'll mind, and there I lights on the vara thing itsell; and, for by that, I larend this hereteek has offered a great indeegnity to his honor. All the better, ye mind—so gin ye'll mack oot the *ae* thing, I'll mack oot the tither. To be plain wi ye; gin ye'll find witnesses I'll find law. But why do I talk, here's the books."

Coldkail now opened a large book, while the assembly drew up in breathless impatience. Many places were marked in the book, which were pointed out to the pious ssembly. Some were read, and others merely pointed to with the finger of christian love and evangelical exultation. The scene that followed was a complete REVIVAL. The house rang with praises to ——, and all present *felt* the worth of the Bible and *evangelical* tracts. It was a complete out-pouring.

My friend, being elbowed out, could only distinguish broken sentences, such as "Cart-tail—Ducking-stool—Sabbath-School—Fine and imprisonment—Outpouring—Nuisance—Lord Mansfield—We'll tie her neck and heels—Glorious gospel—Virago—Only let us get hold of her—Vital religion—I wish we could hang her—The Holy Bi-

ble—Drowning will do as well—Judge Holt, page 326—Revealed religion—Statute, Henry the VIII. —Refreshing revivals."

All the statutes of England were read or searched down to George III. in the true christian spirit. I was pleased that the gospel spreaders were so deeply interested for my soul [my body was to go to pot] that the *evangelical*-tractical-biblical-sabbath school-prayer meeting, good, honest, pious, sound Presbyterians of Capitol Hill, had come to a resolution to convert me.

After uniting in solemn prayer and thanksgiving, the meeting broke up. Meantime a number of drunken characters came to my house daily—sometimes in the dead of night to buy *sweet drams.* Some would want one thing, some another.

One of these fellows stole in one day without knocking I lived in the second story, and hearing footsteps. I walked to the head of the stairs and beheld a shabby man with a woman's checked apron in his hand. He continued to advance. "Stop, sir," said I, "what do you want?" "I came to buy some meal." "Who sent you to me for meal?"—"The people at that blue house," meaning Captain Coyle's, to which he pointed. Every one may guess what this was done for. While these were sent to my door, a holy shoemaker, opposite, kept watch. He could swear that this kind of company visited my house. The good pious shoemaker, however, discovered too many coaches, &c. stoping at my door. This was cold iron to the party.

It may as well be explained here, that the good pious people of Capitol Hill were only the cat-paws of Dr. Ely and Pope Duffield, the agents of the General Assembly* But these would never have *dared* to make the attempt but for the *items* in first

* Thank God Dickinson College is broke up, and Miss S., the old maid, and the professors turned into a comedy I just saw a copy of the play, lately printed at Carlilse. Gen. Gibson and Col. Towson, it is said, is to have a place in the next edition.

volume of my Pennsylvanian. These items raised the wind; and all the discarded officers, and those that expected to be turned out, offered their services. I had long thwarted the godly people. Now was their time to measure their strength, if ever. Many weighty state matters were at stake—the new Congress was soon to meet—I had influence there—I would be infavor of *turn out*—I would unite with my friends in Congress to oppose the Sunday-mail-bill—I was a bar to all their out-pourings—I even foretold the swindling of Nurse and Watkins—I told too many truths—I must be put down—but how was it to be done? I had powerful friends—Who can they be? She must have powerful friends or she would never dare to attack the first people in the government. She must have some secret friend. She has thrown off the mask and came out a Jackson man. It must be some of these. A prosecution is the thing to draw them from their hiding places. We will then attack them separately, and may finally overcome." Of all this, I was apprised; and to save trouble, if Dr. Ely, Duffield, and their tools of Capitol Hill wish to know my friends, their names are at their service, viz:—*Truth* and *Independence*. It is needless to name my enemies. Had they not been fools as well as knaves, they might have known my friends. Those who vindicate truth have the whole world for their friends. "Law, law, law, is the thing. [The gospel was taking a nap.] Put her in jeopardy, you will soon find her friends. This will show how far the administration is with us. It will prove whether the President is of the true evangelical faith or not." The party prayed again and had a precious out-pouring. All who opposed reform flocked to the holy standard. These were backed by the good sound Presbyterians throughout the union, with oaths and money at their service. So that my convertion might be called a law-full convention and full of law. Thus armed the crusade be-

gan against an old woman. It was David and Goliah.

Meantime, as success was doubtful, desparate attempts were made to dislodge me from my strong hold—my house tormented them—I could see all their out-pouring—It overlooked the whole city—"yea even unto Dan," and as darkness favors villainy, these mobs always came in the night.—But I was firm as a rock, and to the Grand Jury they went; and not being agreed on the crime, resolved to trust to the Lord and a good conscience. But such another indictment [it ought to have been in the play] was never upon record—"I being an evil disposed person, abused the mighty good pious people of Capitol Hill, in such things as saying, the child found in the canal was the fruits of their catter-walling, as she is pleased to call prayer meeting," and here we had [drawn up by Justice Young] "such as saying" in every sentence. The paper was copied and handed about, and laughed at for a week, and I was summoned to appear, to the disgrace of America, on this paper. I burst into a laugh in the face of the Court, and was dismissed. But they sought the Lord, day and night, and by his help the Grand Jury, in about eight days writing, found another bill, for simple misdemeanor only; and upon this, I was tried. The indictment contained three charges, viz:—"A public nuisance, a common brawler and a common scold." Every legal man will be astonished, that the Grand Jury of our metropolis, should be so ignorant as not to know these charges could not be brought before them. A drunkard, or an abandoned woman infesting the streets can be committed to the workhouse as a common nuisance; but no such thing is cognizable by a Grand Jury; and had I been one of those characters, I should have been safe enough, as they are too popular on Capitol Hill or any other hill in the city.*

* Every one recollects Doctor May's pulling a tooth for Mrs. Coyle.

Meanwhile the pious prosecutors, wishing to feel the pulse of public opinion before the Grand Jury found (what no one else would find,) a true bill, circulated through the city, that I had fled from prosecution—that I was in prison, and various other out-pourings of the gospel. One man says to me, "Why, when did you return to the city? I have a letter for you several days, but did not know where to send it." Another, "When did you get out of prison?" I do not blame the holy people for lieing, but I blame others for believing them.

At length the trial came on. Two of the counts were quashed by the Court, and that of a common scold was sustained, and I made my courtesy before their honors, Judges Cranch, Thruston and the sweet Morsel.

Judge C. was described formerly as resembling Judge Marshall. This is incorrect, owing to my having seen him but once in the dusk of the evening. He is younger than the Chief Justice; has a longer face, with a good deal of the pumpkin in it, [though my friend said the pumpkin was in his head.] Let this be as it may, I was always partial to Judge C. because he was a *Yankee*—a *Unitarian*, and a near relation of my friend the ex-president Adams, whom I shall always remember with gratitude and esteem. Let my Jackson friends say what they please, I never blamed him for the corruption that has crept into the government. I blamed Mr. Madison and Mr. Monroe for putting such people into office, and why Mr. Adams should be saddled with other people's faults, I confess I have not sense enough to discover. In short the government, upon its first trial, is like any other machine, some parts proved unsound, others not fitted to the place intended.—This being ascertained upon trial, the people resolved to new-moddle it. They have the best right to do so. Let them go on. But to return. Judge Thruston is about the same age as Judge Cranch, and harder featured. He is laughing proof. He

looks as though he had sat upon the rack all his life, and lived upon crab-apples. They are both about fifty years of age. The sweet Morsel, who seems to sit for his picture, is the same age, his face round and wrinkled, and resembles the road on Giandott, after the passage of a troop of hogs. He is thick and short. They all have a worn look, and never was three judges better matched in faces. This was the court called the long parliment by whom I was to be tried. I did not know for what. The Bar of Washington I have mentioned, but it was the first time I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. *Cox*; also Mr. *Key*, the author of "The Star Spangled Banner," Mr. Hall, of the city, and a few from Alexandria. Mr. Cox and Mr. Jones undertook my defence, though Mr. Jones was called away before the trial was over and the whole of it fell upon Mr. Cox. Mr. Cox is a young looking man—a tall, erect figure—an oval, fair face and sparkling blue eyes. His features are fine and his countenance is defused with an engaging softness. His manners are elevated and prepossesing. He acted gentlemanly throughout the whole trial, and made an able defence. Mr. Smith, his partner, was also my friend, and is at once one of the handsomest men in Washington. The Court House was crowded, as the trial was the first of the sort ever tried in the United States, and excited much interest. I was seated in the midst of the Lawyers, who with the Marshal, Clerks, &c. paid me all possible attention and respect. The Jury sat to the right of the Bench. I did not challenge any as I hoped to be out when they were sworn; but I would suppose twelve more ignorant men could not have been picked out in the District. There was George *Upper Leather*, Will *Chissel*, Over*done Carr*, Jack *Pill Box*, John *Stirrup Leather*, Phill *Yardstick*, Tom *Lapstone*, Dick *Tape*, Bob *Bouncer*, Hall *Saucepan*, and the others I did not know: but it would puzzle Hogarth to paint them; and as to

the witnesses, there was an out-pouring of them.—Fifteen were summoned against me: only eleven of these attended, viz:—Captain Coyle, son, and son-in law, two Dunns, some of the McCormacks, Mr. Watterston, Messrs. Frost and Harry Hedgehog, an insane man, and Machen.

I shall make a proposition to my friends in Congress to have the whole painted and put in the Rotunda with our national paintings, reserving a conspicuous place for myself. "Hear, O Isreal," the testimony of Captain Coyle He began to place his feet as though he had set in for a four hour's sermon. It was quite an out-pouring of christian love; but I have only room for a short extract. He said "I called him a d——d old bald headed son of a b——h;" not only once but *three* times! I thought his platter face grew broarder.

Now it is unnecessary for me to make any remark upon this, as I am personally known to more people than any one person, perhaps, in the Union. This was the identity of conscience. It was double distilled. He is the only person in the world that ever heard me sware. Mr. John Coyle, Jr. and a son-in-law followed. Their testimony was nothing but a long tale of labored nonsense of no weight. But I was too much diverted with their long faces to attend to what they said. They had seated themselves together, flat on the carpet several hours—held down their heads, and seemed to be seeking the Lord. But such another hideous pair of doleful faces never faced a Court. They drew the eyes of every one in the Court House. They had sat so long they appeared to be hipshot when they got up. I think my friend Watterston followed. He being a learned man in Isreal, paid me many compliments, alike honorable to himself and me. He said "I called all the Presbyterians cut-throats." I suppose he learned his speech out of the Sunday-School-Union-books.

Mr. Metchen of the Senate, came next. He

looked like Satan's walking staff.. His long face, roached hair, and affected gaiety had complete stage-effect. His testimony amounted to nothing but a history of *our* acquaintance, of no consequence. In short there was neither sense nor weight in the whole of it, excepting Captain Coyle's. "I came into the office one day, and I said so and so." A perfect burlesque.

But they were frightened to death. They shook like aspins.

But one of the McCormacks set the house in a roar. He was a good natured simpleton: his very countenance was the talisman to mirth. This was sport for the lawyers: they saw at once he was their man, and set him down for the *butt.*

When he was through the testimony (a silly jargon.) He said "I sat in my window, one sunday, with a book in my hand, which he supposed was my Black Book." Mr. Swann (U. States Attorney) asked—"If that was all?" "Why he could say more, but he did not like to do it in that place.—He'd rather not." We must have it, sir: it is important that you tell the whole truth." "I was walking with some ladies, one day, and she asked me if I was not ashamed to walk with them old maids." "Well may be they were old maids."—"No they wasn't, for one of them was my sister." Poor Swann was seized with such a fit of laughter, there was an end to asking questions.* In the course of his testimony he mentioned Tom Oystertongs, some clerk. My lawyer asked him "how he knew that was Tom Oystertongs?" "Why by the description, he knew it must be him. "It was so exact, was it? "Yes, I knew him by the description." He was asked, what he thought I sat in the window for?—"Why he supposed to see what was going on in the Engine House at the prayer meetings." "She could see in then?" "O yes, she could see every thing that passed."

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*Those who have the laugh upon their side have the victory.

"When ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

Another of the McCormacks, if I am not mistaken, the Postmaster of Congress, *that* one who looks as though his face were stung by hornets—another Solomon—being sworn, he steped forth, and hemed and hawed, and seemed to be turning his words over and over in his mouth by way of cooking them. At length——

"———————— silence broke
"And with so grum an aspect spoke,
"Those people that the circle stood in
"Fancied his mouth was full of pudding."

One of the Dunn's was also amusing. Every one may guess what raised the wind with them—they oppose reform. I went to Mrs. Dunn's boarding house.* last winter, to see a friend, the hon. Mr. Holmes of N. C., when lo! I met an old snap-dragon, who had like to have devoured me, and certainly would with the aid of this flourishing Fill, if I had not been rescued by Secretary Branch.

But on my way to the Court, a letter was put into my hand containing a caricature of a ducking car, accompanied with a letter suited to the occasion. In this picture I was drawn, chained hard and fast in the car. The car drawn by a horse—drove by Tench Ringgold, naked with a tail like a monkey. [This is the good people of Capitol Hill.] And that he might show to advantage, he was standing up. I had a hint it was one of the Dunn's. [It is time for reform, and I hope Congress will not insult their constituents by retaining such officers.] I showed the picture to the gentlemen, who were much amused at Mr. Ringgold, but he by no means relished the joke. But Dunn is another walking-staff—his hair mackarony—his arms over six feet extended—his face pale—nose hooked, with a grey goggle eye, Shakespeare's smile. His

* I hope no decent member of Congress will patronize such a house. Poor Tyler—the hounds have drove him out of the pack.

testimony was about my rencounter with the snap-dragon, of no import; but had you seen his swells. He has seen some gentlemen pick their teeth and extend their arms. Finding the picture excited a good deal of laughter, and he often pointed at, he rolled his goggle eyes upon the company—

"With a science most profound,"

Which proved he could

"Distinguish rotten eggs from sound."

He went, crying, home to his mama

"She saw he'd almost broke his heart,
And like a good mother took his part.
"My son I'm vexed to hear thee cry:
Come tell mama the reason why."
From the bottom of his wame he sighed,
And to his mama thus replied—
"Oh—that Alligator"—the rest was lost in sobs.

There was another of these Bobby Dills—but Harry Hedge Hog—his voice was like "the dieing notes of a saw under the hands of the butcher." My friends advised me to take out a "writ de lunatico inquirendo" against him. I had a notion of taking out one against the whole of them. This was all worth naming.

I had but few witnesses, knowing how it would end—Secretary Eaten and a few ladies. Their testimony was clear and unequivocal, and directly opposed to the testimony of the prosecution. But, as I understood, several of the officers of Congress were summoned on the part of the District, I summoned a few too, particularly General Bailey, to rebut the testimony of Machen. The General took sick upon the strength of it, and did not appear.—The next day, walking round the Capitol Square, I saw the General walking toward me, and as soon as he turned the corner he began to limp, and seemed ill. Mr. Hickey did attend, but unfortunately he was deaf in one ear [hope Congress will find a clerk that can hear out of both ears] and the good

ear was always turned to my house and the deaf one to the Blue-skins.

But Mr. Tims, was pure gold, he never flinched. I hope the Senate may keep *him* in office as a reward for his honesty. He ought to have a statue to perpetuate the fact that one honest man was found in the government. He said "he never knew me to slander but two people in his life, and that was himself and Mr. Watterston, and that was when she said we were the cleverest men in the city." This, we may say, put an end to the business for that day, as the whole were convulsed with laughter, except Judge T. In fact the whole of the examination kept the house in a roar. Such another ludicrous farce was never played before a judicial tribunal.

Mr. Swann being worn out by his long attendance upon the long parliament, proposed to let the cause go to the jury without argument to which my counsel agreed, and after a short address by myself, the jury retired, but soon returned with a verdict of guilty. It was said they were all Bladensburg-men!

This was *pumpkin pie* to Judge Cranch—the sweet Morsel licked out his tongue, and Judge Thrust-on looked as fiery as Mount Ætna, so displeased with the verdict. The sound Presbyterians returned thanks, and I requested the Marshal, the next time I was tried, to summon twelve Tom Cats instead of Bladensburg-men.

One would have thought Overton Carr would have hung the jury forever, as he knew the prosecution was contrary to the laws of the United States. Thus we see the danger of not changing the officers of the government. See how all hung together—the chivalrous Bailey and Hickey—every soul of them but Tims, though they hated each other. Such another instance of corruption is not surpassed by any department in the government. Had I, or any other innocent person, been

tried for murder, it would have been the same thing. Are these men fit to be retained in government? But the blackness of the plot is yet to unfold. Meantime, I hope Congress will see to this, as one of their wives or even themselves (as I see they have the insolence to talk of impeaching the President) may be the next person brought up.

Mr. Cox arrested the judgment, and another laughable scene took place. As soon as I was called on for security, my friends (sunshine friends I mean) were all seized with the epidemic, and flew out of the Court House. Somebody said "there is your friend General Van Ness, Mr. Royal." Not with a view of asking him to be my security but to enquire after Mrs. Van Ness, I advanced towards him. He walked off in the opposite direction. I soon overtook him—"How do you do, General?" but he, like Mr. Hickey, was deaf on that side; but he had the use of *both* legs, and so they eat up the hog amongst them.

The sun was now down, and I steped over to the other end of the Hall, with a view of sending to apprize my friends; but they had heard what was wanting, and I met them in the door, and they went my security. These were two young gentlemen, attached to the office of the National Intelligencer, Messrs. *Thomas Dowling* and *Donohoo.*—Mr. Dowling* I never saw before, and never spoke to the other! and though these gentlemen have done themselves and the noble fraternity to which they belong, immortal honor by this generous act, yet all the water of the Potomac will never wash out the foul stain of this infamous prosecution.

Counsellor Jones, it has been said, was compelled to go to Annapolis to attend the Supreme Court; but before he left the city, he sent me word by a friend, there was no law to convict me upon the indictment, and that not only the bill of rights of

* I would put those corrupt clerks out and put these honest men in their places, if I had a vote.

Maryland, but the constitution protected me—that the statutes of England was done away by the bill of rights—that the common law only of England was in force in this country, and my case did not come under the common law, and the constitution protected the citizen from all cruel and unusual punishments.

After he went away, however, Judge Cranch hunted up an old statute of England, which was never in force in this country and was even obsolute in England, since the reign of Queen Anne.

It had been enacted when England was in a barbarous state, and was only then in force against pick-pockets and lude characters!!! and the punishment was ducking* An eminent lawyer, in a neighboring city, apprized me of this also, and Mr. Cox himself said "there was no law to punish you yesterday, madam, but it appears the Court has found one to day!"

Now I wish to know, if instead of hunting up old obsolete statutes, it be not the duty of every Judge to support the constitution and the bill of rights which are in force in this District? I wish to know if every act of a Judge is not upon oath, and if it be not their duty to tell the jury what is law and what is not law? This they are sworn to do! This the Court did not do on this trial. Why did the Court not sum up the evidence, and tell the jury what it was? I trust the Senate of the United States will seek into this matter, and if the Judges have violated the constitution, put it out of their power to do it a second time. Since our Judiciary unites with the good sound Presbyterians, it is time for honest men to unite too, if there be any. No man's life is safe now, as I shall show more clearly before I have done. But to go on: all this was done, *observe*, to discover my friends. Now

* I understand that Cambridge University has rewarded him by L. L. D. I had a better opinion of Cambridge. Oh fie! They expect another visitation from the witches.

see the piety of these hypocrites. This was late on Saturday evening. The next, day on the blessed Sabbath, those wretches circulated a report through the city that I was in prison. This report was carefully forwarded to Secretary Eaton's. From the testimony he gave in Court he was suspected to be one of those secret friends. General Eaton not knowing them as well then as he does now,* immediately signed a bond together with the Postmaster General and others who where at his house, and sent a messenger off with it to the Marshal to release me:—And any man who would not have done so, must have had the heart of a beast. But Secretary Eaton had not the honor of being my security, though doubtless he would have considered it so.

In a few days the case was argued, and Mr. Swann was beset by the parties, night and day, for his tenets. He acted the gentleman throughout. His address to the Court was marked with great mildness, delicacy and tenderness. He had dressed himself uncommonly neat that morning, and seemed to court the graces; nor did he court them in vain. He deserves much credit for the gentlemanly manner he conducted the prosecution, though he very innocently raised a great laugh, by saying "he did not wish to press me too hard."

Whilst he was speaking, I amused myself looking over the hard names in the old English statute. It was equal to Obediab's knots.

Mr. Cox had collected all the law in the city, and proved in the clearest manner I was NOT a common scold† as both the Coyle's swore this scolding should have been in the Treasury Department! and Watterston swore it was in the Library! and never once in the streets! whereas a common scold is one who infests the streets‡—

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* These men, as I expected, discovering Secretary E. was not a brute like themselves, immediately attacked Mrs. E. (whose worth they cannot immitate) with charges as foul as they were false and malicious. The dastardly cowards! thus to make war upon women! One Whiteside, now in the pay of the government (to its disgrace) said "he was glad Mrs. J——n was dead, as she was not fit to keep company with the ladies of Washington." The members of Congress may judge of that. But Mrs. E. being very popular from the elegance of her manners and her superior understanding, stands in their way. Thus the people can see these Sunday-mail-men are for moving every obstacle that opposes them. Another falsehood—"I am in possession of some SECRETS of Secretary E's and lest I might disclose them, he is compelled to do every think I ask him." I ask no favors of Secretary E!—I want none! nor have I but one fault to find with him, and that is no secret—which is keeping such knaves as they are in office.

† One who writes as much as I do has not much time to scold. From 23d January to 15th May, I wrote and published 3,500 vols.

‡ Even Webster's Dictionary was appealed to. By the way, I have a crow to pick with my friend the North American, for lending his paper to some idiot to puff off this twenty years labored nonsense. Does the North American think his paper can change dross into pure metal? The North American well knows that Webster and his Dictionary too, are nothing but a laughing stock for the whole country.

Capitol Hill being deserted by every thing but copper heads and cats, the cats have taken possession of the empty houses: these have increased till they are formidable. Meeting a troop of these cats one evening at my door with a few Toms at their head, I told them the next news would be the c——d's drowned in the canal.

It appears some of the holy people were going to pray in the Engine House, and heard me (so they said on the trial) and took it to themselves. How could I help that! I saw some people standing near my house at the time, but it being dark I could not tell whether they were black or white In justice to the witness, he said I mentioned no names I am sorry, however, I spoke to the cats, as I have since been told there are a class of females in Washington called CATS. A singular name for a woman. This was all the scolding sworn to be in the street!

Much to the honor of Mr Cox, his defence was able, clear and pointed He adverted to the bill of rights! to the constitution!—and proved this savage statute had never been in force in this country; and deprecated the disgrace of introducing such an inhuman law into our country—too shocking for men much more an aged and respectable female, whose husband had fought for our independence. He appealed to the justice and humanity of the Court, in a style of feeling, energy and pathos, that would have touched the heart of the most untameable savage, and urged the illegibility of the law in toto. Being thrown so many ages back, Mr. Cox was compelled to use the phrases of those barbarous ages, which was a mixture of Saxton, Roman, and Norman. While he was pleading, I was amused with my sweet Morsel. He kept his eyes shut, and looked as though he was peeping into rat holes.—There was not much amusement in the looks of the other two.—Whether it was Coke upon Littleton or Littleton upon Coke, I am at a loss to say. Their faces grew as black as the hour they were appointed; and seemed to be taking different shapes It was complete stage effect—nothing wanting but the rack, which was at that moment actually secreted in some part of the building, of which I shall speak shortly!

As it was a case of much importance, the Court took several days to make up their opinion It was surmised this interval was to ascertain the public voice—"Whether the punishment of ducking would be suffered to be carried into execution" What the object was I know not. It would have been a serious business, to say the least; and no doubt the Court had a hint of this. One RED JACKET, at least, was in readiness for them. The judgment was a fine of ten dollars—the cost fifty—but who paid it, or whether it was ever paid or not, I never heard. I was bound to keep the peace one year!!! No one hereafter will be surprised at the Bladensburg Races, when they are afraid of an old woman!!! Every one recollects the drunkards of Capitol Hill, in the Black Book—Why were they not bound over to keep the peace? But the main plot is yet to unfold. Between the pleading and the decision of the Court, Mr. Swann was harrassed to death by the Black-coats and every effort was made to incense him against me, and was even threatened (this is gospel) for being too lenient. Finding appearances against them, old Mr. Coyle, generally sculking round my house, made affidavit that "I met him in the street and abus-

ed him, and called him perjured." "Oh, dear sir," to Mr. Swann, "wrap* the mantle of the law around me, and save me from this woman." A great beast like him How could so small a woman as I, hurt him? If he was afraid, why did he not keep away from my house? What brought him there? Now the fact was this:—running down my steps in a great hurry, one evening, I ran plump upon Mr. Coyle. I laughed as usual, and said "we would have the pleasure of walking together." "Ah, old woman," said he "your time is short." What do you you threaten, sir? Take care—don't go too far." He either wrote or went to Judge Cranch, (can't tell which, though I heard the Judge tell it) to complain, and the Judge told him the substance must be in the form of an affidavit, and he produced the affidavit in Court, which I immediately contradicted by another. Now I should like to know, whether Judges, consistent with their oaths, can give advice in matters pending before them?

This rash effort was made to induce the court to condemn me to the punishment of ducking, so it is thought.

To be prepared for this event, they had a machine made at the Navy Yard, so constructed, that I could not have survived the operation! The model was at the City Hall, and consisted of a shaft, which, was to be from eleven to fifteen feet in length, and at the extremity of this, I was to be fastened—this shaft was to be worked by a windlass, by a great number of people, and was to go round like a windmill, with such rapidity, that, from the circumferance of the sweep, thirty six or perhaps an hundred feet, first in the river and then in the air—it was said, I could not have survived one sweep of the machine! The model* was made at the Navy Yard, and brought to the holy people for their approbation, and being approved, every thing was to be in readiness at a moments warning; when I was to be instantly seized and carried off before my friends could fly to my aid—all the boys and negroes, and holy people were to be there, and shout and make a great noise; and my death, which would have been inevitable, would have been ascribed to the coldness of the water! Mr. Coyle could have easily sworn to that. Now these men are (three months since,) still in the pay of the government!! Old Mr. Coyle and his son, both hold an office under Mr. Ingham at $2,300 per annum, and the son in law holds an office, I think, in the General Post Office.* So goes on reform—I do not say they are to blame, but I do say Mr. Ingham ought to be displaced for not ridding his office of every knave he found in it.

These are the pious people of Capitol Hill, who convert the heathen—if all the world was like them, how long would it stand?

The odium of this infamous persecution, blackens the very face of humanity, and will remain an eternal blot on the American character—and as to the Navy, I hope Congress will regulate that—This confirms my suspicions of that department. It is high time to dispense with a set of men, who has nothing to do but to make machines of death for those who feed and cloath them! The Se-

* His holy cloak droped off.

* The inventor ought to have a patent right.

* Old Mr. Coyle has been in nineteen years.

cretary of the Navy, had better hire these fellows out to work on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Secretary Branch, an upright, honest man, doubtless, was ignorant of this treachery; but I trust he will investigate the matter, and bring the man to that punishment he merits, and as to the Marine Barracks, it is a den of pirates and it is no longer safe to enter the enclosure.

It is due to Mr Ringgold, to say, he treated me throughout with kindness and decorum, and Col Brent watched over me night and day, though I had a strong party doing the same, of which the Colonel was ignorant But of all the human beings, Master Wallack was the most attentive This amiable youth hung over my chair the whole time, with the affection of a son, and with his head bent to my ear, "What can I do for you Mrs. R, tell me what you want, I will do it for you." The bar was also, perfectly respectful, while the holy people were treated with scorn and contempt.

Having got through with the trial, I have only room to touch on a few leading considerations for the people in their instructions to their Representatives in Congress. These thoughts are the more readily offered to the people, as they must be convinced I am under the influence of no party—I have no office to hope for, nor any reward separate from the common good. The subject which calls for serious attention, is the efforts making to renew the Sundy Mail business next session—their efforts are to be double this winter, and their point is to be carried if possible—fearful and dangerous combinations are forming over the whole country, to effect their purpose. Should they fail, Congress and the nation are to be pronounced infidels, of whom Hon R. M Johnston is the principal, and of course a holy crusade will be preached up—and what many have expected a civil war must ensue. To reason on such a case, would be madness—it is time to act—they are powerful in numbers and wealth, and absolute power is their aim.

If they succeed in stopping the mail on Sunday, they have gained their point and our liberty is done. They have lost ground in Pennsylvania, but have gained a most alarming ascendency at the seat of government. They have succeeded in gaining the Secretary of the Treasury, indirectly on their side, through their vice-general, St. Clark, clerk of the H R. Whose fault is this? Some will say the President's—I say it is the fault of Congress for keeping that sly Presbyterian in office Clark knew their weak side, and the weak side of Mr I. and expecting to be dismissed next session, he has played a capital game—he slipped over to a house next door to Mr. Ingham, and the first we knew, was no two men so thick as Mr. I. and Mr C.—one could not walk or ride, or take tea without the other. This accounts for Secretary Ingham retaining the Coyles and several others of this dangerous sect in the department. Here they are as spies, and communicate every thing to their friends. If the venerable President happens to step into the department, or speak a word, even his manner of walking is turned into a subject of ridicule. His house is filled with spies under various pretenses—the city is full of them, and Dr. Ely often amongst them.* They have also, a fearful ascendency in our courts.

* Dr Ely and Chaplain Post, is very thick—hope Congress may change their Chaplain, the people want no traitors encouraged.

Many severe and shocking prosecutions have lately taken place, under charges of blasphemy, all tried by obsolete laws. They have but one step to make—may they fall to rise no more

Reform goes on quite too slow, though it does require time, and to tell the truth, though some very judicious removals have been made, I think our new Cabinet is rather cowardly—as one of the sovereign people it is just my opinion. I think the fine champaign causes the whole of them to forget what they were designed for.

On the other hand this reform has taught the people a lesson, which I trust they will improve substantially for their good. They have discovered that the want of rotation in office has created a host of nobility in fact, who consider their fellow-citizens born their vassals and bound to maintain them, and that because Lord John has succeeded to the place and title of his father—his son, the young Count, ought to succeed him, and so on—and though they are not called by their titles, they assume the pomp, receive the revenue, and exercise uncontrolled insolence over their fellow citizens—the very source from whence they received their power.

They have also learned that because one of these Lords has a pauper relation who may have six or eight children, these servants, the People, must maintain him too. Nor it is not enough that he be maintained himself, but his whole kindred is clapped into office, not because they are capable, but because they are akin to the Lord. I know several families of these Lords now at this moment in office upon no other terms ! ! ! But the recommendation is a large family of children ; so that the Government is turned into a noble Poor's House, and one class of citizens have nothing to do but "to beget sons and daughters" for the other class to maintain. The People have learned this, though some perhaps may not. I will cite a case.—Congress found more clerks in the Land Office than necessary sometime back, and dismissed a part of them by lot, and amongst others the lot fell on one Lord Henson. Sometime after this, Lord H. being a kinsman of the nobility, gets their vouchers that he has six children, and of course the vulgar people ought to maintain them, and he was accordingly taken back, and receives $15,00 per annum. These young Lords are fed and clothed by the hard working people, and in their turn lord it over them ; and should one of these same people presume to enter one of their Lordship's palaces, a black negro would slam the door in his face "But why do members of Congress and the Cabinet select mean, unprincipled men for office ?" This has led me to the root of the evil in our Government—because these unprincipled dependents will not tell what they do.

Now, I would advise Col. Graham as a friend (which he is assured I am) to discharge Lord Henson, and if he cannot maintain his own children, let him send them to the Poor's House. Is Government to maintain every pauper? I can pick out a dozen superanuated old men, perhaps double the number, not worth one

cent—old Baker, McCormack and others, and a dozen in Col. Anderson's office, that are cheating the Government, and have these twenty years. Let Congress give them a pension if they must have the People's money, and not keep them stuck up there, by which the People are double loosers. These old codgers have been in since I have known Washington, not worth one cent. This is a shameful imposition, and the blackcoats too, the traitors, I can not tell how many there are, for they always run and hide when I go into the Departments. Another thing, the people complain of, is keeping negroes in office They will, however, soon have no other sort, as they outnumber the white—In short Congress ought to appoint a sharp eyed committee, and scour out these offices, and fill them (if we are to pay them 14 to 1500$ is the least,) with men of principle, and who know how to do the business. The Cabinet have no right to support paupers on the people's money.

These are the fellows who cry out, "unwarrantable stretches of power." "It has created sentiments [a wise sentence] of universal disapprobation." You may see they are knaves by the way they write. "Desolating policy." Was there ever such impudence. They see like my judges, all on one side. Now the people have maintained these fellows, (besides what they filched,) say twenty years, without a murmur.—Now what provokes me, is that the President is blamed for this, which I known to be false, as he was elected for this very purpose.

And here we have his Grace St. Clark, Lord Burch, Lord Sprig, Viscount Dunn and fifty others whom his Grace has taken under his gracious protection. He is said to have secured the Pennsylvania delegation to keep him and his tenantry in office. They have pilfered the people this thirty years. But his Grace will find there are other members who are not blind to the designs of his Biblesip and his pilfering rabble. If you drop a dollar, it is gone—your handkerchief the same. A fine marino shawl was sliped of a lady last session. Wood, candles, and stationery goes daily from the Capitol. Will the people hear this any longer? I fancy not. Thousands of dollars are filched from the people in this way. The Senate too!* It is hoped the nation may be no longer insulted by Lowry and Machen, thorough going Presbyterians. I have just seen a piece on the subject of Sunday-mail, which must fill every one with horror. "We will let Congress know that our rulers shall obey us." This is from the Maine Christian Intelligencer. It would be treason to cherish such vipers in the government; and as for Gen. Baily. Gen. Burch, and General Tobias who appears to be kept in office upon the ground of charity. Let Congress give them a pension, if they can make so free with the people's money, and put officers in who are capable of doing their duty. Please let the people no longer be burdened with the paupers of Washington.

I should like to know why old Love-Lady, usurps the control of a part of the Capitol. He has taken possession of some part of it, and turned it into an engine-house to convert negro women—suppose viscount Dunn gave him liberty—hope Congress will ferrit him out.

And there is the Prince Regent Elgar, he has had the caps put on the railings at last. Why was this not done five years ago? The men carrying a spade full of earth at a time, and too hands sweeping the pavement at fifty cents per day, took them a week to sweep from the east to the west end of the square.

He hires by the day to spin out the time, and pulling down work this year, put up last, and this is to be pulled down the ensuing year, and whilst he is receiving 18 or 2,000$ per annum. I fancy if the people saw his splendid corriage and horses, they would instruct their representatives to put an end to his regency.

The army and navy wants a thorough overhauling, particularly as the great struggle is at hand. There appears to be a christian party in politics in both, and we may judge to what side the navy will lean; for the machine made at the navy yard, and Gen Gibson, Gen. Towson and Maj. Hook are at the head of the CHRISTIAN party in POLITICS in the Army. This is the work of Dr. Ely and Pope Duffield of Carlisle.

NOTE.—I deeply lament that the inauguration of the President—the balance of the members of congress—the cabinet, the new clerks, and chiefs—many new and interesting acquaintances of Washington—several respectable strangers—arrears of New York—with sundry complaints from abroad, Georgetown and Alexandria, are unavoidably postponed for want of room—but will soon appear.

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*Fletcher's the only clerk I would praise.

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